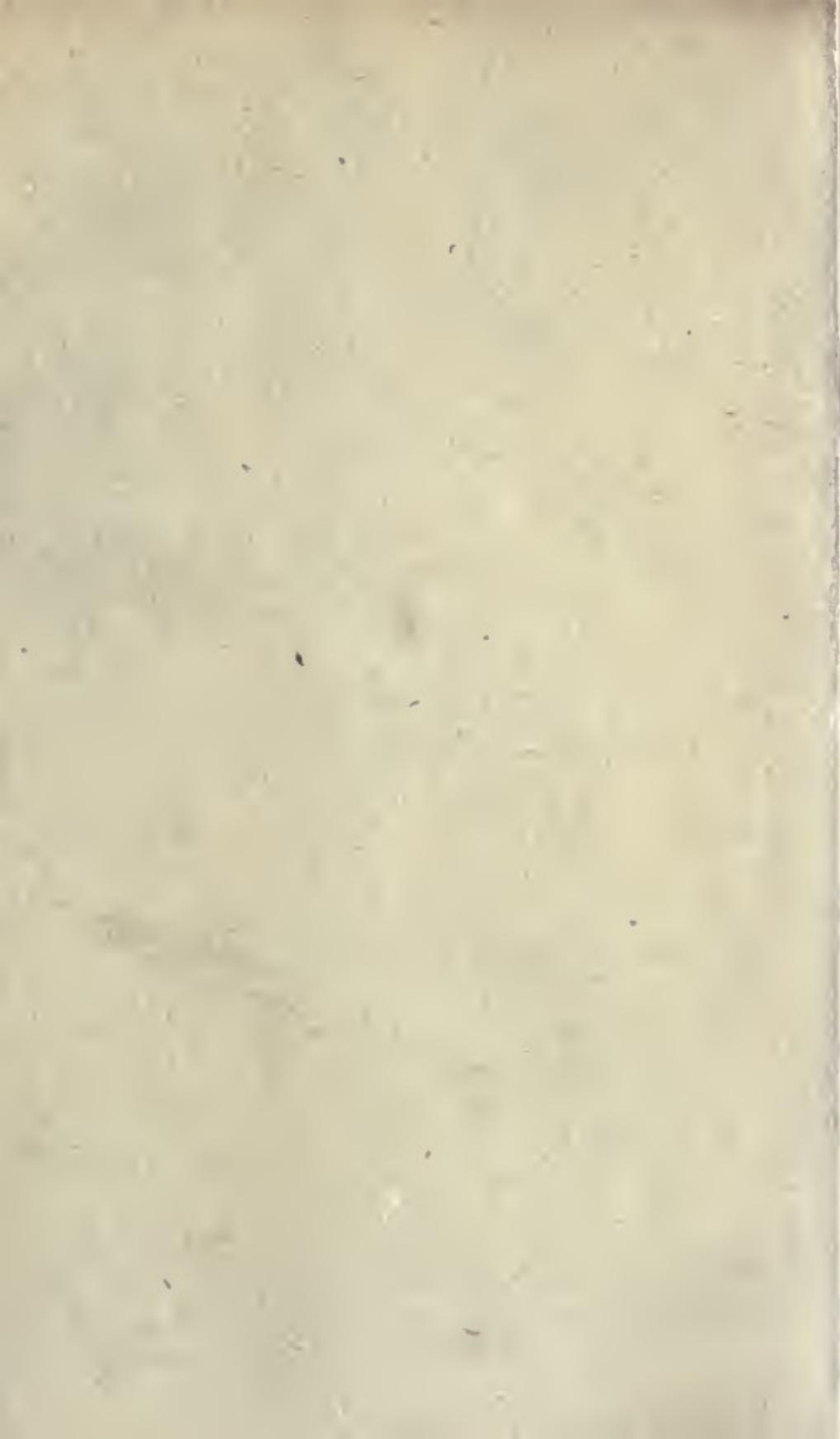
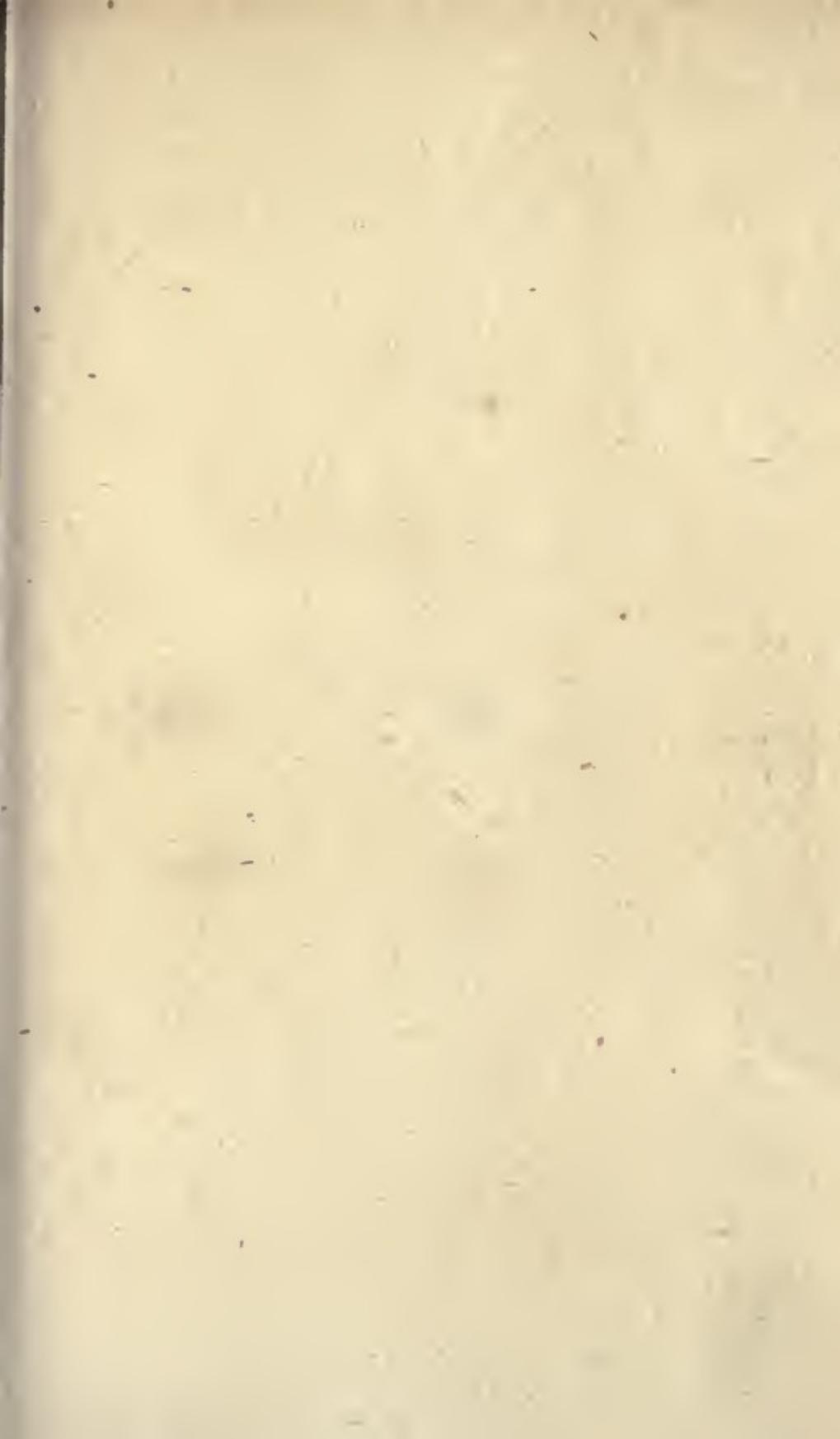
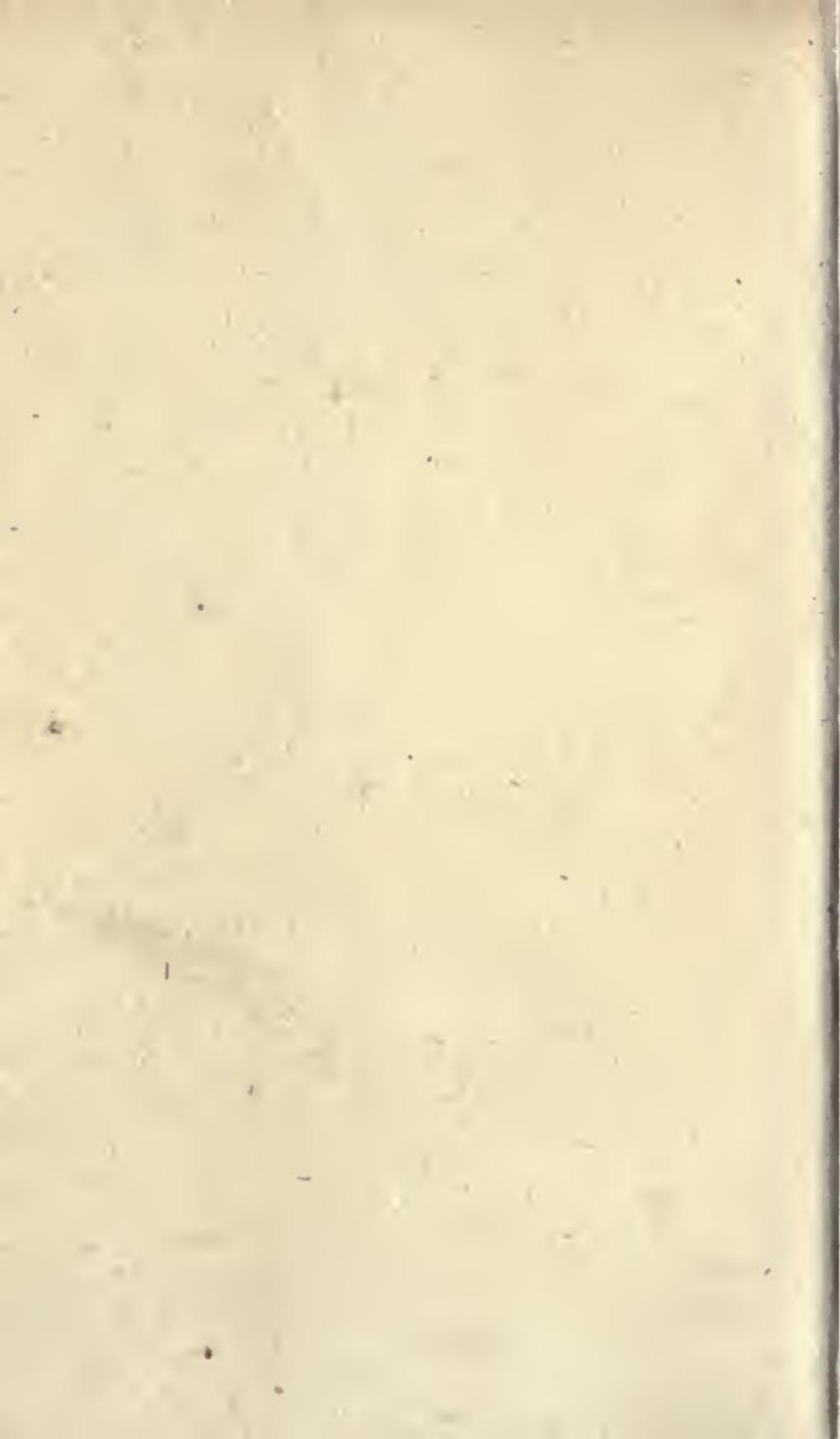


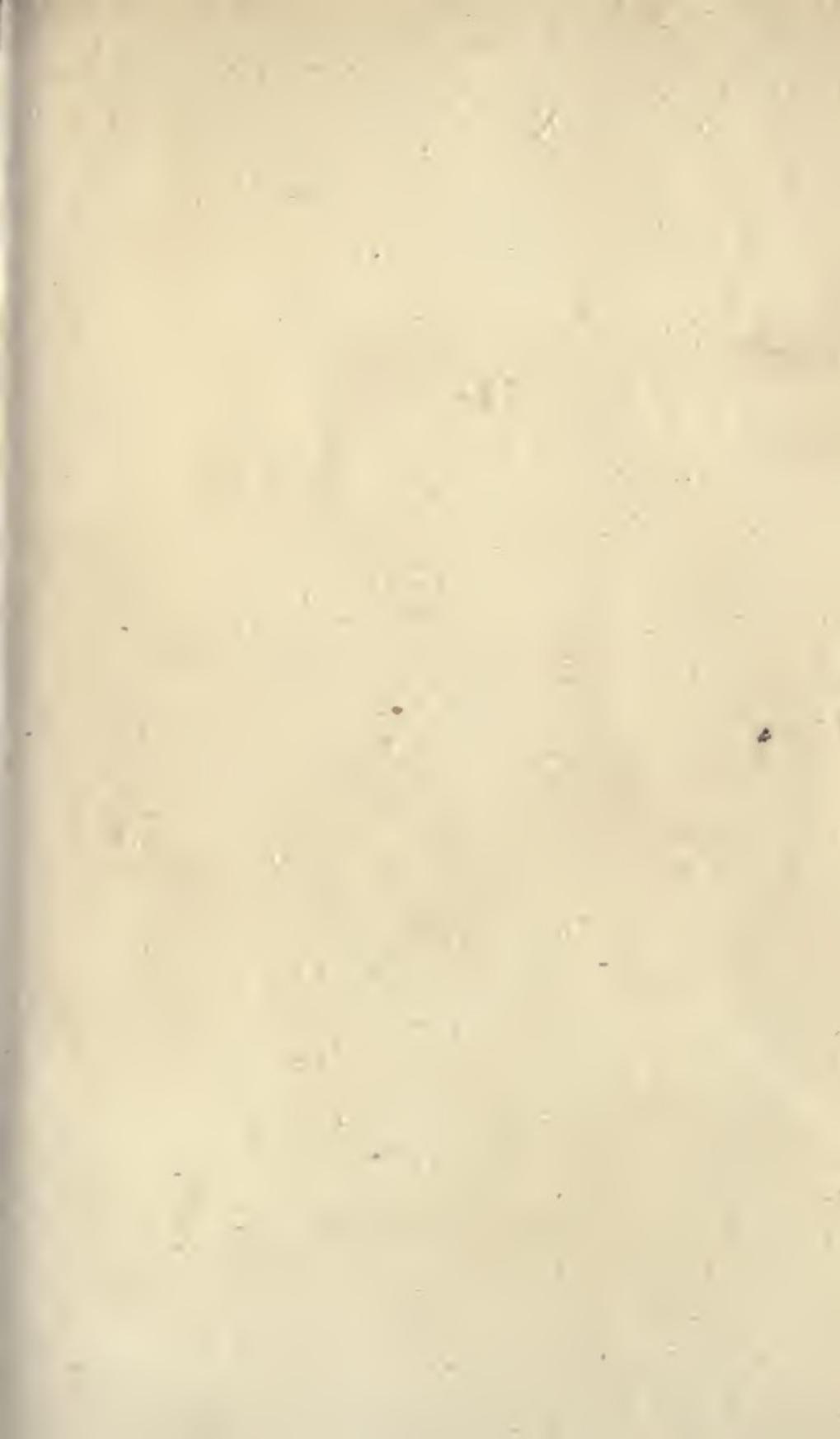


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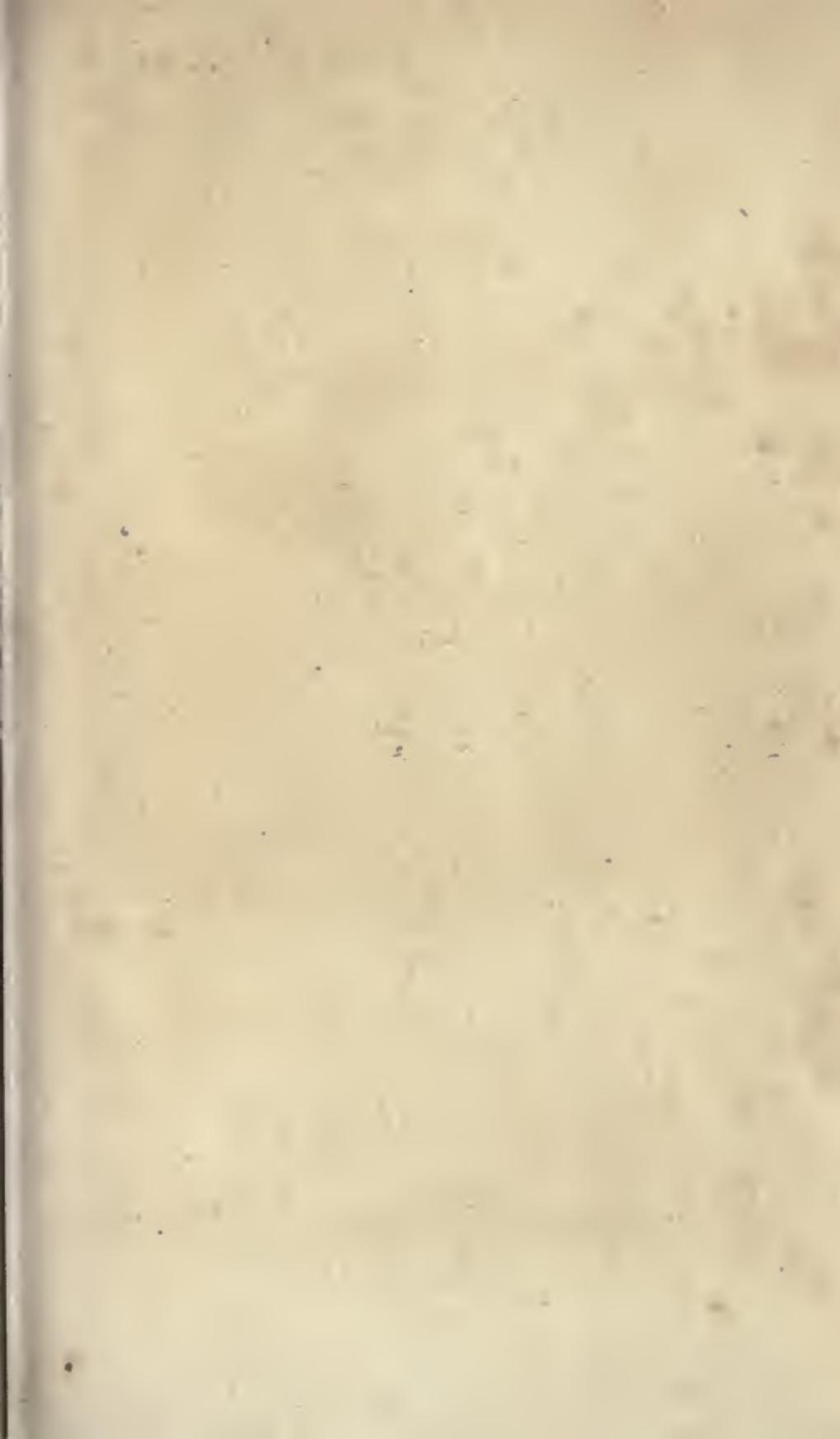














C A W T H O R N.

Methinks I see a radiant croſs display'd
A wounded Saviour bleeds along the shade.
A Picture in Famine.

L.E.C.
B8G25P

THE
BRITISH POETS:
WITH THE MOST
APPROVED TRANSLATIONS
OF THE
GREEK AND ROMAN POETS,
WITH
DISSERTATIONS, NOTES, &c.

The Text collated with the best Editions,
BY THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F.S.A.

ILLUSTRATED BY A SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS, BY THE
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IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.
VOLS. LXIII, LXIV.
CONTAINING THE SELECT POETICAL WORKS OF
HARTE.
WEST. CAWTHORNE, &c.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR J. SHARPE.

1810—1824.

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William Wilson

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MINOR BRITISH POETS.

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BY
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IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

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CONTENTS.

SELECT POEMS OF WALTER HARTE.

	Page
An Essay on Painting	3
An Essay on Satire.....	21
A Simile upon a set of Tea-drinkers.....	36
The same, diversified in ancient Metre.....	37
A Soliloquy, occasioned by the Chirping of a Grasshopper.....	37
To Mr. Pope.....	38
Contentment, Industry, and Acquiescence, under the Divine Will.....	40
The Enchanted Region: or, mistaken Pleasure	46
Macarius ; or, the Confessor.....	51
Meditations on Christ's Death and Passion....	60

SELECT POEMS OF RICHARD WEST.

Ad Amicos	67
Elegia	70
Elegia. (Addressed to Mr. Gray).....	71
Lines written at Four o'Clock in the Morning.	72
Ode to May.....	73
Addressed to his Lyre.....	74

SELECT POEMS OF JAMES CAWTHORNE.

To Miss M—, of Horsemanden, in Kent	77
Abelard to Eloise. 1747.....	79
Elegy to the Memory of Captain Hughes.....	89
The Equality of Human Conditions.....	92

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Regulation of the Passions, the Source of Human Happiness.....	100
Life unhappy, because we use it improperly...	106
Nobility. A Moral Essay.....	112
A Father's Extempore Consolation on the Death of two Daughters.....	118
The Antiquarians. A Tale.....	119

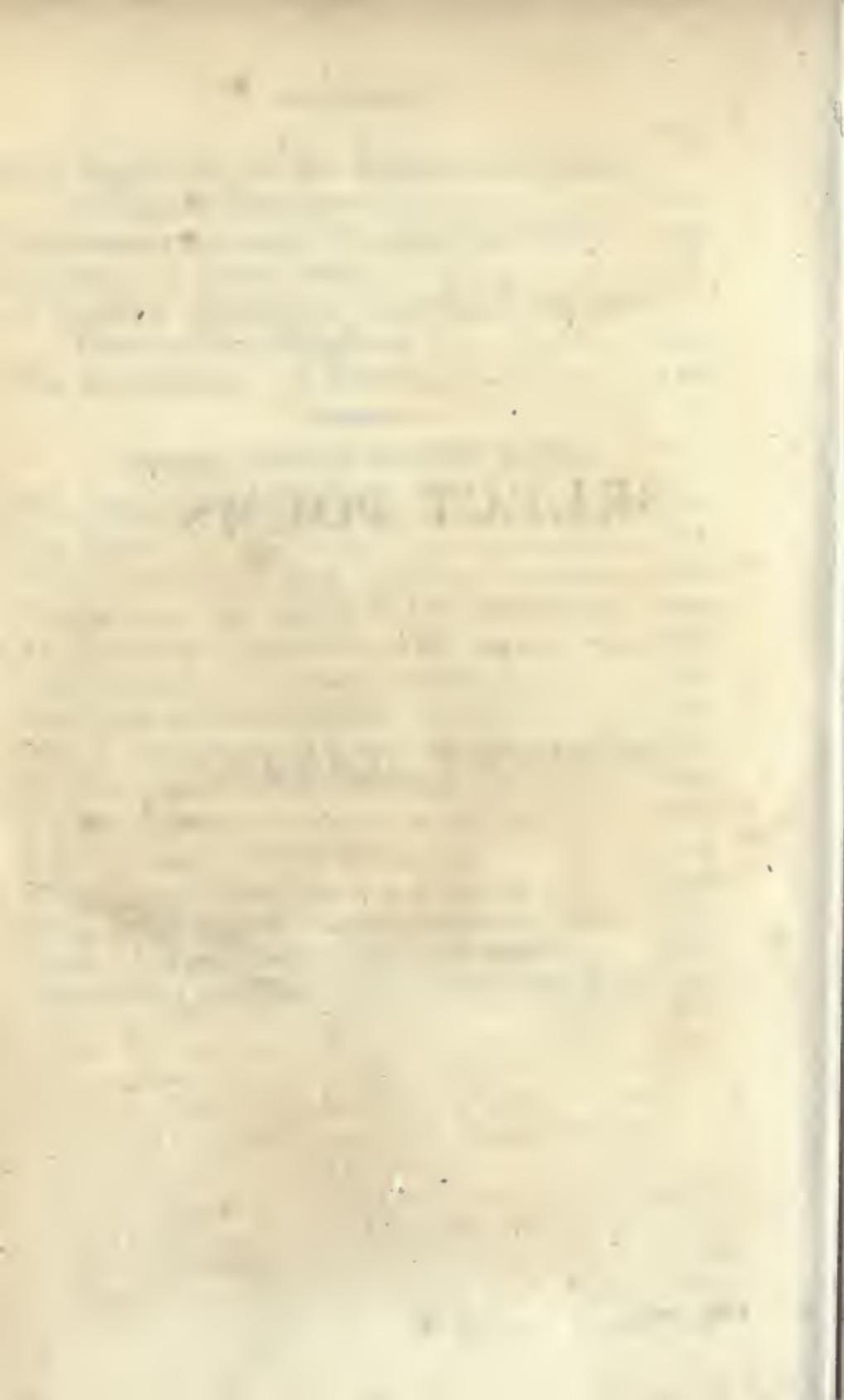
SELECT POEMS OF ROBERT LLOYD.

The Author's Apology.....	131
The Actor.....	137
The Cit's Country Box. 1757.....	145
Shakspeare. An Epistle to Mr. Garrick.....	149
An Epistle to Churchill.....	154
Ode, spoken at Westminster School	161
The Spirit of Contradiction. A Tale.....	163
Ode to Genius.....	166
An Imitation from the Spectator	168
To the Moon	171
Sent to a Lady with a Seal.....	175
Epistle to a Friend	175
Song, ' For various purpose serves the fan'....	178
Song, ' If tyrant love with cruel dart'... ..	178
Song, ' Why should I now, my love ! complain	179

SELECT POEMS

OF

WALTER HARTE.



AN
ESSAY ON PAINTING.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THOMAS EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Μιμητικη [Ποιησεως] τεχνη και δυναμις εσιν αγλισθοφος τη ζωγραφια. Ζωγραφιαν μεν λεγυστιν ειναι ΦΘΕΓΓΟΜΕΝΗΝ την Ποιησιν, Ποιησιν δε ΣΙΓΩΣΑΝ την ζωγραφιαν.

PLUTARCH, *de audiend. Poet.*

Poema
Est Pictura loquens, mutum Pictura Poema.

ARGUMENT.

A parallel between painting and poetry—Advice to a good painter; instanced by Titian—An universal notion of beauty—That we must not despair—A luxuriant fancy, or too much exactness often faulty—Decency still to be preserved—Repose and solitude—Nature to be imitated—in a fault whether to be corrected or not—The *Je ne scai quoi* of beauty—Drapery—An encomium on painting—The episode of Mimicina—Sculpture—Innovations faulty.—Sometimes to be admired—Invention—Union of colours—Immoderate ornament—The Landscape—Design—The principal figure of a picture—Modesty in a painter—Harmony of colours—The surprise—Optics—The obscura camera described; its use in painting—Disposition of objects—Two equal lights to be avoided in the same picture

—Truth to be observed—Travelling, its use—Another parallel between poetry and painting—Their distinct excellencies considered—Painting far more lasting and universal—Yet derived its light first from poetry—Its rise and progress through all ages—An account of the most celebrated painters, with their several characters—Conclusion, with an address to the Earl of Pembroke.

WHATEVER yet in poetry held true,
If duly weigh'd, holds just in painting too :
Alike to profit and delight they tend,
The means may vary, but the same their end.
Alike from Heaven congenial first they came,
The same their labours, and their praise, the same :
Alike by turns they touch the conscious heart,
And each on each reflects the lights of art.

You nobler youths, who listen to my lays,
And scorn by vulgar arts to merit praise,
Look cautious round, your genius nicely know,
And mark how far its utmost stretch will go ;
Pride, envy, hatred, labour to conceal,
And sullen prejudice, and party-zeal ;
Approve, examine, and then last believe—
For friends mislead, and critics still deceive.
Who takes his censure or his praise on trust,
Is kind, 'tis true, but never can be just.

But where's the man with generous zeal inspir'd,
Dear in each age, in every art admir'd ?
Bless'd with a genius strong, but unconfin'd,
A sprightly wit with sober judgment join'd,
A love of learning, and a patient mind ; }
A vigorous fancy, such as youth requires,
And health, and ease, and undisturb'd desires :

Who spares no pains his own defects to know,
 Who not forgives, but ev'n admires a foe ;
 By manners sway'd, which, stealing on the heart,
 Charm more through ease and happiness than art.
 Such Titian was, by nature form'd to please,
 Bless'd in his fortunes, born to live at ease :
 Who felt the poet's or the painter's fire,
 Now dipp'd the pencil, and now tun'd the lyre :
 Of gentlest manners in a court refin'd,
 A friend to all, belov'd of all mankind ;
 The Muse's glory, as a monarch's care¹,
 Dear to the gay, the witty, and the fair !

But ah ! how long will nature ask to give
 A soul like his, and bid a wonder live ?
 Rarely a Titian or a Pope appears,
 The forming glory of a thousand years !

A proper taste we all derive from Heav'n,
 Wou'd all but bless, and manage what is giv'n.
 Some secret impulse moves in every heart,
 And nature's pleas'd with gentle strokes of art.
 Most souls, 'tis true, this blessing faintly charms ;
 A distant flame, that rather shines than warms :
 Like rays, through wintry streams reflected, falls
 Its dubious light, in glimmering intervals.

Like Maro, first with trembling hand design
 Some humble work, and study line by line :
 A Roman urn, a grove-encircled bow'r,
 The blushing cherry, or the bending flow'r.
 Painful and slow to noble arts we rise,
 And long long labours wait the glorious prize ;
 Yet by degrees your steadier hand shall give
 A bolder grace, and bid each object live.

¹ Titian was created Count Palatine by Charles V. and most intimately acquainted with Ariosto, Ariette, &c.

So in the depths of some sequester'd vale,
The weary peasant's heart begins to fail :
Slowly he mounts the huge high cliff with pain,
And prays, in thought, he might return again :
Till opening all at once beneath his eyes,
The verdant trees and glittering turrets rise ; }
He springs, he triumphs, and like lightning flies.
Ev'n Raphael's self from rude essays began,
And shadow'd with a coal his shapeless man.
Time was, when Pope for rhymes would knit his
brow,

And write as tasteless lines—as I do now.

'Tis hard a sprightly fancy to command,
And give a respite to the labouring hand ;
Hard as our eager passions to restrain,
When priests, and self-denial, plead in vain :
When pleasures tempt, and inclinations draw,
When vice is nature, and our will the law,
As vain we strive each trivial fault to hide,
That shows but little judgment, and more pride.
Like some nice prude, offensive to the sight,
Exactness gives at best a cold delight ;
Each painful stroke disgusts the lively mind ;
For art is lost, when overmuch refin'd :
So nice reformers their own faith betray,
And school-divines distinguish sense away.
To err is mortal, do whate'er we can,
Some faulty trifles will confess the man.
Dim spots suffuse the lamp that gilds the sky,
If nicely trac'd through Galilæo's eye.
Wisest are they, who each mad whim repress,
And shun gross errors, by committing less.

Still let due decencies preserve your fame,
Nor must the pencil speak the master's shame.

Each nobler soul in every age was giv'n
To bless mankind, for arts descend from Heav'n.
Gods ! shall we then their pious use profane,
To' oblige the young, the noble, or the vain?
Whoever meditates some great design,
Where strength and nature dawn at every line ;
Where art and fancy full perfection give,
And each bold figure glows, and seems to live :
Where lights and shades in sweet disunion play,
Rise by degrees, or by degrees decay ;
Far let him shun the busy noise of life,
Untouch'd by cares, uncumber'd with a wife:
Bear him, ye muses ! to sequester'd woods,
To bowery grottos, and to silver floods !
Where peace and friendship hold their gentle reign,
And love, unarm'd, sits smiling on the plain ;
Where nature's beauties variously unite,
And in a landscape open on the sight ;
Where Contemplation lifts her silent eye,
And, lost in vision, travels o'er the sky.
Soft as his ease the whispering zephyrs blow,
Calm as his thoughts the gentle waters flow :
Hush'd are his cares, extinct are Cupid's fires,
And restless hopes, and impotent desires.

But Nature first must be your darling care ;
Unerring Nature, without labour fair,
Art from this source derives her true designs,
And sober judgment cautiously refines :
No look, no posture must mis-shap'd appear :
Bold be the work, but boldly regular.
When mercy pleads, let softness melt the eyes ;
When anger storms, the swelling muscles rise.
A soft emotion breathes in simple love,
The heart just seems to beat, the eye to move.

Gently, ah! gently, languor seems to die,
 Now drops a tear, and now steals out a sigh.
 Let awful Jove his lifted thunders wield;
 Place azure Neptune in the watery field:
 Round smiling Venus draw the faithless boy,
 Surmise, vain hopes, and short-enduring joy.
 But should you dress a nymph in monstrous ruff,
 Or saintly nun profane with modish snuff:
 Each fool will cry, 'O horribly amiss!
 The painter's mad; mend that, and alter this.'

From Heaven descending, beauteous Nature
 One clear perfection, one eternal flame, [came,
 Whose lovely lights on every object fall
 By due degrees, yet still distinguish all.
 Yet, as the best of mortals are sometimes
 Not quite exempt from folly or from crimes;
 There are, who think that nature is not free
 From some few symptoms of deformity.
 Hence springs a doubt, if painters may be thought
 To err, who copy nature in a fault,
 Led by some servile rule, whose power prevails
 On imitation, when the example fails.
 Poets and painters, here employ your skill;
 Be this the doctrine of your good and ill,
 Enough to pose the critics of a nation,
 Nice as the rules of puritan-salvation.

Yet if the seeds of art we nicely trace;
 There dawns a heavenly, all-inspiring grace,
 No tongue expresses it, no rule contains;
 (The glorious cause unseen) the effect remains:
 Fram'd in the brain, it flows with easy art,
 Steals on the sense, and wins the yielding heart.
 A pleasing vigour mix'd with boldness charms,
 And happiness completes what passion warms.

Nor is it thought a trifle, to express
The various shapes and foldings of the dress,
With graceful ease the pencil to command,
And copy nature with a hasty hand.
Through the clear robe the swelling muscles rise,
Or heaving breasts, that decently surprise ;
As some coy virgin with dejected mien
Conceals her charms, yet hopes they may be seen.
Be every person's proper habit known,
Peculiar to his age or sex alone.
In flowing robes the monarch sweeps along,
Large are the foldings, natural, and strong ;
Wide ample lights in spreading glories play,
And here contrasted, deeper shades decay.
The virgin-powers who haunt the silver floods,
And hoary hills, and consecrated woods,
Soft strokes, and graceful negligence, demand,
The nice resultance of an easy hand ;
Loose to the winds their airy garments fly
Like filmy dews, too tender for the eye.

But ere these charms are to perfection wrought,
Adapted manials must be nicely sought :
Gay vivid colours must the draught inspire,
Now melt with sweetness, and now burn with fire.
A northern sky must aid the steady sight,
Else the shades alter with the transient light.
Methinks the loaded table stands display'd,
Each nicer vase ' in mystic order laid.'
Here ocean's mistress heaps around her shells
Beauteons, and recent from the sea-green cells ;
The taper pencils here are rang'd apart,
There chalk, lead, vials, and loose schemes of art.
So when bold Churchill, with a general's care,
Eyes his brave Britons crowding to the war ;

Watchful and silent move the duteous bands,
One look excites them, and one breath commands.

Hail happy Painting ! to confirm thy sway,
Ocean and air their various tributes pay.

The purple insect,² spreads her wings to thee,
Wafts o'er the breeze, or glitters on the tree.
Earth's winding veins unnumber'd treasures hold,
And the warm champaign ripens into gold.

A clearer blue the lazuli bestows,
Here umber deepens, there vermillion glows.
For thee, her tender greens and flowerets rise,
Whose colours change in ever-mingling dyes ;
Ev'n those fair groves (for Eden first design'd)
Weep in soft fragrance through their balmy rind :
Transparent tears ! that glitter as they run,
Warm'd with the blushes of the rising sun.

Here cease my song—a gentler theme inspires
Each tender thought, and wakes the lover's fires.
Once more your aid, celestial muses, bring ;
Sacred the lays ! nor to the deaf we sing.

In ancient Greece there liv'd, unknown to fame,
A nymph, and Mimicina was her name.
Smit by a neighbouring youth betimes she fell
Victim to love, and bade the world farewell.
Thoughtful and dull, she pin'd her bloom away
In lonely groves, nor saw the cheerful day.
This might be borne—but lo ! her lovely swain
Must part, ah, never to return again !
One mutual kiss must mutual passion sever,
One look divide 'em, and divide for ever !
See, now she lies abandon'd to despair,
And to rude winds unbends her flowing hair :
Beauteous neglect ! when melting to her woes
A sylvan maid from her dark grotto rose :

² The cochineal.

(Long had she view'd the solitary fair,
Her bleeding bosom heav'd with equal care)
A heavenly picture in her hand she bore,
She smil'd, she gave it, and was seen no more—
Pleas'd Minicina, speechless with surprise,
Ey'd the fair form, and lightning of the eyes :
She knew—and, sighing, gave a tender kiss ;
Her noble passion was content with this :
No more his absence or her woes deplor'd,
And as the living, she the dead ador'd.

Thus Painting rose, to nourish soft desires,
And gentle hopes, and friendship's purer fires :
Thus still the lover must his nymph adore,
And sigh to charms, that ought to charm no more.
Thus when these eyes, with kind illusions bless'd,
Survey each grace Pathenia once possess'd ;
Her winning sweetness, and attractive ease,
And gentle smiles that never fail'd to please ;
Heavens ! how my fancy kindles at the view,
And my fond heart relents, and bleeds anew !
Fair faithless virgin ! with constraint unkind,
Misled by duty, and through custom blind :
Perhaps ev'n now, from pride and interest free,
Thou shar'st each pang of all I felt for thee ;
Ah, no—my prayers, my tears, my vows resign,
Alas 'tis now a crime to call me thine,
To act the tender or the friendly part ;
No—hate, forget me, tear me from thy heart.

Yet still thy smiles in breathing paint inspire,
Still thy kind glances set my soul on fire,
Thither each hour I lift my thoughtful eye,
Now drop a tear, now softly breathe a sigh ;
Sacred till death my gentlest vows shall be,
And the last gasp of life be breath'd for thee !

You too, O Sculpture! shall exalt my lays,
 Pictura's sister-candidate for praise!
 Soft Raphael's air divine, Antonio³ shows ;
 And all Le Brun in mimic Picart³ glows.
 Hither, ye nations, now direct your eyes,
 Rise crown'd with lustre, gentle Albion rise !
 Now thy soft Hollar, now thy Smith appears,
 A faultless pattern to succeeding years ;
 There sacred domes⁴ in lengthening vistas charm,
 And British beauties here for ever warm.

Most painters, of less judgment than caprice,
 Are like old maidens, infamously nice :
 It matters nought if rules be false or true,
 All should be modish, whimsical, and new ;
 Fond of each change, the present still they praise,
 So women love—and actors purchase plays.
 As if self-love, or popular offence,
 Receiv'd a sanction to mislead our sense ;
 Or party-notions, vapours, faith, and zeal
 Were all, at proper times, infallible.
 True wit and true religion are but one,
 Though some pervert 'em, and ev'n most have none.
 Who thinks what others never thought before,
 Acts but just that, his sons will act no more.
 Yet on a time, when vigorous thoughts demand,
 Indulge a warmth, and prompt the daring hand :
 On purpose deviate from the laws of art,
 And boldly dare to captivate the heart ;
 Breasts warm'd to rapture shall applaud your fire,
 May disapprove you, but shall still admire.

³ Two engravers, famous for their prints copied from Raphael and Le Brun.

⁴ Alluding to Hollar's etchings in the Monasticon.

The Grecian artists, at one dash, supplied
 What patient touches and slow art denied.
 So when pale Florio in the gloomy grove
 Sits sadly musing on the plagues of love,
 When hopes and fears distract his timorous mind,
 And fancy only makes the nymph unkind :
 Desperate, at last, he rushes from the shade,
 By force and warm address to win the maid :
 His brisk attack the melting nymph receives
 With equal warmth, he presses, she forgives ;
 One moment crowns whole tedious years of pain,
 And endless griefs, and health consum'd in vain.

Of every beauty that conspirés to charm
 Man's nicer judgment, and his genius warm,
 To just invention be the glory giv'n,
 A particle of light deriv'd from heaven.
 Unnumber'd rules to' improve the gift are shown
 By every critic, to procure it, none.

Some colours often to the rest impart
 New graces more through happiness than art.
 This nicely studied, will your fame advance,
 The greatest beauties seldom come by chance.

Some gaze at ornament alone, and then
 So value paint, as women value men.
 It matters nought to talk of truth or grace,
 Religion, genius, customs, time, and place.
 So judge the vain and young ; nor envy we :
 They cannot think indeed—but they may see.
 Excessive beauty, like a flash of light,
 Seems more to weaken than to please the sight.
 In one gay thought luxuriant Ovid writ,
 And Voiture tires us, but with too much wit.

Some all their value for grotesque express,
 Beauty they prize, but beauty in excess :

Where each gay figure seems to glare apart,
 Without due grace, proportion, shades, or art.
 (The sad remains of Goths in ancient times,
 And reverend dullness, and religious rhymes)
 So youthful poets ring their music round
 On one eternal harmony of sound.

‘ The lines are gay,’ and whosoe’er pretends
 To search for more, mistakes the writer’s ends.

Colours, like words, with equal care are sought,
 These please the sight, and those express the
 thought ;

But most of all, the landscape seems to please
 With calm repose, and rural images.

See in due lights the obedient objects stand,
 As happy ease exalts the master’s hand.

See, absent rocks hang trembling in the sky,
 See, distant mountains vanish from the eye ;
 A darker verdure stains the dusky woods :
 Floats the green shadow in the silver floods ;
 Fair visionary worlds surprise the view,
 And fancy fornis the golden age a-new.

True just designs will merit honour still ;
 Who begins well can scarcely finish ill.

Unerring truth must guide your hand aright,
 Art without this is violence to sight.—

The first due postures of each figure trace
 In swelling out-lines with an easy grace.
 But the prime person mostly will demand
 The unweared touches of thy patient hand :
 There thought, and boldness, strength, and art
 conspire,

The critic’s judgment, and the painter’s fire ;
 It lives, it moves, it swells to meet the eye :
 Behind the mingling groups in softer shadows die.

Never with self-design your merits raise,
 Nor let your tongue be echo to your praise :
 To wiser heads commit such points as these,
 A modest blush will tell how much they please.

In days of yore, a prating lad, they say,
 Met glorious Rubens journeying on the way :
 Sneering, and arch, he shakes his empty head,
 (For half-learn'd boys will talk a Solon dead)
 ' Your servant, good Sir Paul ; why, what, the devil,
 The world to you is more than fairly civil ;
 No life, no gusto in your pieces shine,
 Without decorum, as without design.'

Sedate to this the heaven-born artist smil'd,
 ' Nor thine nor mine to speak our praise, my child !
 Each shall expose his best to curious eyes,
 And let the impartial world adjust the prize.'
 Let the soft colours sweeten and unite
 To one just form, as all were shade or light.

Nothing so frequent charms the' admiring eyes
 As well-tim'd fancy, and a sweet surprise.

So when the Grecian labour'd to disclose
 His nicest art ⁵, a mimic lark arose :
 The fellow birds in circles round it play'd,
 Knew their own kiad, and warbled to a shade.
 So Vandervaat in later times excell'd,
 And nature liv'd in what our eyes beheld.
 He too can oft ⁶ (in optics deeply read)
 A noon-day darkness o'er his chamber spread.
 The transient objects, sudden as they pass
 O'er the small convex of the visual glass,

⁵ See Pliny's Natural History, lib. 35. cap. 10.

⁶ This practice is of no late invention. Baptista Porta, who flourished about the year 1500, gives an ingenious account of it in his Natural Magic, lib. 17.

Transfer'd from thence by magic's powerful call,
Shine in quick glories on the gloomy wall ;
Groves, mountains, rivers, men, surprise the sight,
Trembles the dancing world, and swimis the wavy
light.

Each varying figure in due place dispose,
These boldly heighten, touch but faintly those.
Contiguons objects place with judgment nigh,
Each due proportion swelling on the eye.
Remoter views insensibly decay,
And lights and shadows sweetly drop away.
In bluish white the furthest mounts arise,
Steal from the eye, and melt into the skies.
Hence sacred domes in lengthening isles extend,
Round columns swell, and rising arches bend :
Oblique views in side-long vistas glance,
And bending groves in fancy seem to dance.

Two equal lights descending from the sky,
O'erpower each other, and confuse the eye.

The greatest pleasures tire the most, and such
Still end in vices, if enjoy'd too much.
Though painters often to the shades retire,
Yet too long ease but serves to quench the fire :
Wing'd with new praise, methinks they boldly fly
O'er airy Alps, and seem to touch the sky.
Still true to fame, here well-wrought busts decay,
High turrets nod, and arches sink away :
Ev'n the bare walls, whose breathing figures glow'd
With each warm stroke that living art bestow'd,
Or slow decay, or hostile time invades,
And all in silence the fair fresco fades.
Each image yet in fancied thoughts we view,
And strong idea forms the scene a-new :

Delusive, she, Paulo's free stroke supplies,
Revives the face, and points the' enlightening eyes.

'Tis thought, each science, but in part, can boast
A length of toils for human life at most :

(So vast is art !) if this remark prove true,
'Tis dangerous sure to think at once of two ;

And hard to judge if greater praise there be
To please in painting, or in poetry ;

Yet Painting lives less injur'd or confin'd,
True to the' idea of the master's mind :

In every nation are her beauties known,
In every age the language is her own :

Nor time nor change diminish from her faine ;
Her charms are universal, and the same.

O, could such blessings wait the poet's lays,
New beauties still, and still eternal praise !

Ev'n though the muses every strain inspire,
Exalt his voice, and animate his lyre :

Ev'n though their art each image should combine
In one clear light, one harmony divine ;

Yet ah, how soon the casual bliss decays,
How great the pains, how transient is the praise !

Language, frail flower, is in a moment lost,
(That only product human wit can boast)

Now gay in youth, its early honours rise,
Now hated, curs'd, it fades away, and dies.

Yet verse first rose to soften humankind,
To mend their manners, and exalt their mind.

See, savage beasts stand listening to the lay,
And men more furious, and more wild than they ;

Ev'n shapeless trees a second birth receive,
Rocks move to form, and statues seem to live.

Immortal Homer felt the sacred rage,
And pious Orpheus taught a barbarous age;

Succeeding painters thence deriv'd their light,
 And durst no more, than those vouchsaf'd to write.
 At last to' adorn the gentler arts, appears
 Illustrious Xeuxis from a length of years.
 Parrhasius' hand with softening strokes express'd
 The nervous motions, and the folded vest :
 Pregnant of life his rounded figures rise,
 With strong relievevo swelling on the eyes,
 Evenor bold, with fair Apelles came,
 And happy Nicias crown'd with deathless fame.

At length from Greece, of impious arms afraid,
 Painting withdrew, and sought the' Italian shade ;
 What time each science met its due regard,
 And patrons took a pleasure to reward.
 But ah, how soon must glorious times decay,
 One transient joy, just known, and snatch'd away !
 By the same foes, which Painting shun'd before,
 Ev'n here she bleeds, and arts expire once more.
 Ease, lust, and pleasures, shake a feeble state,
 Gothic invasions, and domestic hate ;
 Time's slow decays, what these ev'n spare, consume,
 And Rome lies buried in the depths of Rome !

Long slumber'd Painting in a stupid trance
 Of heavy zeal, and monkish ignorance :
 (When faith itself for mere dispute was giv'n,
 Subtile was wise, and wranglers went to heav'n.)
 Till glorious Cimabue⁷ restor'd her crown,
 And dip'd the pencil, studious of renown.
 Masaccio taught the finish'd piece to live,
 And added every grace of perspective.

⁷ Giovanni Cimabue, born at Florence in the year 1240 ; he was the first person who revived painting after its unfortunate extirpation.

Exact correctness Titian's hand bestow'd,
And Vinci's stroke with living labour glow'd.
Next Julio rose, who every language knew,
Liv'd o'er each age, and look'd all nature through.

In happy Paulo strength and art conspire,
The graces please us, and the muses fire.

Each nobler secret others boast alone,
By curious toil Caracci made his own :
Raphael's nice judgment, Angelo's design,
Correggio's warmth, and Guido's pleasing line.
Thrice glorious times, when every science charms,
When rapture lifts us, and religion warms !
Vocal to heaven the swelling organs blow,
A shriller consort aids the notes below ;
Above, around, the pictur'd saints appear,
And listening seraphs smile and bend to hear.

Thence Painting, by some happy genius led,
O'er the cold north in slow approaches spread.
Ev'n Britain's isle, that blnsh'd with hostile gore,
Receiv'd her laws, unknown to yield before ;
Relenting now, her savage heroes stand,
And melt at every stroke from Rubens' hand.
Still in his right the graceful Jervas sways,
Sacred to beauty, and the fair one's praise,
Whose breathing paint another life supplies,
And calls new wonders forth from Mordaunt's eyes.
And Thornhill, generous as his art, design'd
At once to profit and to please mankind.
Thy dome, O Paul's ! which heavenly views adorn,
Shall guide the hands of painters yet unborn ;
Each melting stroke shall foreign eyes engage,
And shine unrivall'd through a future age.

Hail, happy artists ! in eternal lays
The kindred muses shall record your praise ;

Whose heavenly aid inspir'd yon first to rise,
And fix'd your fame immortal in the skies :
There sure to last, till Nature's self expires,
Increasing still, and crown'd with clearer fires ;
High rais'd above the blasts of public breath,
The voice of hatred, and the rage of death.

Ah, thus for ever may my numbers shine,
Bold as your thoughts, but easy as your line !
Then might the muse to distant ages live,
Contract new beauty, and new praise receive ;
Fresh strength, and light, ev'n time itself bestow,
Soften each line, and bid the thought to glow ;
(Fame's second life) whose lasting glory fears
Nor change, nor envy, nor devouring years.

Then should these strains to Pembroke's hand
be borne—

Whom native graces, gentle arts adorn,
Honour unshaken, piety resign'd,
A love of learning, and a generous mind.

Yet, if by chance, enamour'd of his praise,
Some nobler bard shall rise in future days,
(When from his Wilton-walls the strokes decay,
And all Art's fair creation dies away :
Or solid statues, faithless to their trust,
In silence sink, to mix with vulgar dust ;)
Ages to come shall Pembroke's fame adore,
Dear to the Muse, till Homer be no more.

AN
ESSAY ON SATIRE.
 PARTICULARLY ON THE DUNCIAD.

ARGUMENT.

1. The origin and use of Satire. The excellency of Epic Satire above others, as adding example to precept, and animating by fable and sensible images. Epic Satire compared with Epic Poem, and wherein they differ : Of their extent, action, unities, episodes, and the nature of their morals. Of parody ; of the style, figures, and wit proper to this sort of poem, and the superior talents requisite to excel in it.
 - II. The characters of the several authors of Satire. 1. The ancients ; Homer, Simonides, Archilechus, Aristophanes, Menippus, Ennius, Lucilius, Varro, Horace, Persius, Petronius, Juvenal, Lucian, the emperor Julian. 2. The moderns : Tassone, Coccaius, Rabelais, Regnier, Boileau, Dryden, Garth, Pope.
 - III. From the practice of all [the best writers and men in every age and nation, the moral justice of Satire in general, and of this sort in particular, is vindicated. The necessity of it shown in this age more especially, and why bad writers are at present the most proper objects of Satire. The true causes of bad writers. Characters of several sorts of them now abounding ; envious critics, furious pedants, secret libellers, obscene poetesses, advocates for corruption, scoffers at religion, writers for deism, deistical and Arian-clergymen.
- Application of the whole discourse to the Dunciad; concluding with an address to the author of it.
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To exalt the soul, or make the heart sincere,
 To arm our lives with honesty severe,
 To shake the wretch beyond the reach of law,
 Deter the young, and touch the bold with awe,

To raise the fall'n, to hear the sufferer's cries,
And sanctify the virtnes of the wise,
Old Satire rose from probity of mind,
The noblest ethics to reform mankind.

As Cynthia's orb excels the gems of night :
So Epic-Satire shines distinctly bright.
Here genius lives, and strength in every part,
And lights and shades, and fancy fix'd by art.
A second beauty in its nature lies,
It gives not things, but beings to our eyes,
Life, substance, spirit, animate the whole ;
Fiction and fable are the sense and soul.
The common dulness of mankind, array'd
In pomp, here lives and breathes, a wondrous maid :
The poet decks her with each unknown grace,
Clears her dull brain, and brightens her dark face :
See ! father Chaos o'er his first-born nods,
And mother Night, in majesty of gods :
See Querno's throne, by hands pontific rise,
And a fool's Pandemonium strike our eyes !
Ev'n what on Curl the public bounteous pours,
Is sublimated here to golden show'rs.

A Dunciad or a Lutrin is complete,
And one in action ; ludicrously great.
Each wheel rolls round in due degrees of force ;
E'en episodes are needful or of course :
Of course, when things are virtually begun
Ere the first ends, the Father and the Son :
Or else so needful, and exactly grac'd,
That nothing is ill-suited, or ill-plac'd.

True epic's a vast world, and this a small ;
One has its proper beauties, and one all :
Like Cynthia, one in thirty days appears,
Like Saturn, one rolls round in thirty years.

There opens a wide tract, a length of floods,
 A height of mountains, and a waste of woods ;
 Here but one spot; nor leaf, nor green depart
 From rules ; e'en Nature seems the child of Art.
 As unities in epic works appear,
 So must they shine in full distinction here.
 Ev'n the warm Iliad moves with slower pow'rs :
 That forty days demands, this forty hours.

Each other Satire humbler arts has known,
 Content with meaner beauties, though its own :
 Enough for that, if rugged in its course
 The verse but rolls with vehemence and force ;
 Or nicely pointed in the Horatian way,
 Wounds keen, like syrens mischievously gay.
 Here all has wit, yet must that wit be strong,
 Beyond the turns of epigram or song ;
 The thought must rise exactly from the vice,
 Sudden, yet finish'd ; clear, and yet concise.
 One harmony must first with last unite ;
 As all true paintings have their place and light.
 Transitions must be quick, and yet design'd,
 Not made to fill, but just retain the mind :
 And similes, like meteors of the night,
 Just give one flash of momentary light.

As thinking makes the soul, low things express'd
 In high rais'd terms, define a Dunciad best.
 ' Books and the man' demands as much, or more,
 Than he who wander'd to the Latian shore :
 For here (eternal grief to Duns's soul, [whole :
 And B——'s thin ghost !) the part contains the
 Since in mock-epic none succeeds, but he
 Who tastes the whole of epic poesy.

The moral must be clear and understood ;
 But finer still, if negatively good :

Blaspheming Capaneus obliquely shows
To' adore those gods Æneas fears and knows.
A fool's the hero ; but the poet's end
Is, to be candid, modest, and a friend.

Let classic learning sanctify each part,
Not only show your reading, but your art.

The charms of parody, like those of wit,
If well contrasted, never fail to hit;
One half in light, and one in darkness dress'd,
(For contraries oppos'd still shine the best.)
When a cold page half breaks the writer's heart,
By this it warms and brightens into art :

When rhetoric glitters with too pompous pride,
By this, like Circe, 'tis undeified :

So Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
In homage to the mother of the sky, [flow'r's,
(Deck'd in rich robes, of trees, and plants, and
And crown'd illustrious with an hundred tow'r's)
O'er all Parnassus casts her eyes at once,
And sees an hundred sons—and each a Dunce.

The language next : from hence new pleasure
For styles are dignified, as well as things. [springs ;
Though sense subsists, distinct from phrase or sound,
Yet gravity conveys a surer wound.

The chymic secret which your pains would find,
Breaks out, unsought for, in Cervantes' mind ;
And Quixote's wildness, like that king's of old,
Turns all he touches into pomp and gold.
Yet in this pomp discretion must be had ;
Though grave, not stiff ; though whimsical, not mad :
In works like these, if fustian might appear,
Mock-epics, Blackmore, would not cost thee dear.

We grant that Butler ravishes the heart,
As Shakspeare soar'd beyond the reach of art ;

(For nature form'd those poets without rules,
To fill the world with imitating fools.)
What burlesque could, was by that genius done ;
Yet faults it has, impossible to shun :
The unchanging strain for want of grandeur cloys,
And gives too oft the horse-laugh mirth of boys :
The short-legg'd verse, and double-jingling sound,
So quick surprise us, that our heads run round :
Yet in this work peculiar life presides,
And wit, for all the world to glean besides.

Here pause, my Muse, too daring and too young !
Nor rashly aim at precepts yet unsung.
Can man the master of the Dunciad teach ?
And these new bays what other hopes to reach ?
'Twere better judg'd, to study and explain
Each ancient grace he copies not in vain ;
To trace thee, Satire to thy utmost spring,
Thy form, thy changes, and thy authots sing.

All nations with this liberty dispense,
And bid us shock the man that shocks good sense.

Great Homer first the mimic sketch design'd ;
What grasp'd not Homer's comprehensive mind ?
By him who virtue prais'd, was folly curs'd,
And who Achilles sung, drew Dunce the First ¹.

Next him Simonides, with lighter air,
In beasts, and apes, and vermin, paints the fair :
The good Scriblerus in like forms displays
The reptile rhymesters of these later days.

More fierce, Archilochus ! thy vengeful flame ;
Fools read and died : for blockheads then had shame.

The comic-satirist ² attack'd his age,
And found low arts, and pride, among the sage :

¹ Margites.

² Aristophanes.

See learned Athens stand attentive by,
And Stoics learn their foibles from the eye.

Latium's³ fifth Homer held the Greeks in view :
Solid, though rough, yet incorrect as new.
Lucilius, warm'd with more than mortal flame,
Rose next, and held a torch to every shame.
See stern Menippus, cynical, unclean ;
And Grecian Cento's, mannerly obscene.
Add the last efforts of Pacuvius' rage,
And the chaste decency of Varro's page⁴.

See Horace next, in each reflection nice,
Learn'd, but not vain : the foe of fools, not vice.
Each page instructs, each sentiment prevails,
All shines alike ; he rallies, but ne'er rails :
With courtly ease conceals a master's art,
And least expected steals upon the heart.
Yet Cassius⁵ felt the fury of his rage,
(Cassius, the Welsted of a former age)
And sad Alpinus, ignorantly read,
Who murder'd Memnon, though for ages dead.

Then Persius came, whose line, though roughly wrought,
His sense o'erpaid the stricture of his thought.
Here in clear light the stoic-doctrine shines,
Truth all subdues, or patience all resigns.
A mind supreme ! impartial, yet severe :
Pure in each act, in each recess sincere !
Yet rich ill poets urg'd the stoic's frown,
And bade him strike at dulness and a crown⁶.

³ Ennius.

⁴ See Varro's character in Cicero's Academics.

⁵ Alludes to this couplet in his second Satire,

Compositum jus fasque animi sanctique recessus,
Mentis, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto.

⁶ See his first Satire on Nero's Verses.

The vice and luxury Petronius drew,
 In Nero meet : the imperial point of view :
 The Roman Wilmot, that could vice chastise,
 Pleas'd the mad king he serv'd to satirize.

The next⁷ in Satire felt a nobler rage,
 What honest heart could bear Domitian's age ?
 See his strong sense and numbers masculine !
 His soul is kindled, and he kindles mine :
 Scornful of vice, and fearless of offence,
 He flows a torrent of impetuous sense.

Lo ! savage tyrants who blasphem'd their God
 Turn suppliants now, and gaze at Julian's⁸ rod.

Lucian severe, but in a gay disgnise,
 Attacks old faith, or sports in learned lies⁹ ;
 Sets heroes and philosophers at odds ;
 And scourges mortals, and dethrones the gods.

Then all was night—but Satire rose once more
 Where Medici and Leo arts restore.
 Tassonè shone fantastic, but sublime :
 And he¹⁰, who form'd the Macaronic rhyme.

Then Westward too by slow degrees confess'd,
 Where boundless Rabelais made the world his jest ;
 Marot had nature, Regnier force and flame,
 But swallow'd all in Boileau's matchless fame,
 Extensive soul ! who rang'd all learning o'er,
 Present and past—and yet found room for more.
 Full of new sense, exact in every page,
 Unbounded, and yet sober in thy rage.
 Strange fate ! thy solid sterling of two lines,
 Drawn to our tinsel, through whole pages shines¹¹ !

⁷ Juvenal.

⁸ The Cæsars of the Emperor Julian.

⁹ Lucian's true History.

¹⁰ Teofilo Folengo.

¹¹ Roscommon, Revers'd.

In Albion then, with equal lustre bright,
 Great Dryden rose, and steer'd by nature's light :
 Two glimmering orbs he just observ'd from far,
 The ocean wide, and dubious either star. [bruis'd,
 Donne teem'd with wit, but all was maim'd and
 The periods endless, and the sense confus'd :
 Oldham rush'd on, impetuous and sublime,
 But lame in language, harmony, and rhyme.
 These (with new graces) vigorous nature join'd
 In one, and center'd 'em in Dryden's mind.
 How full thy verse ! thy meaning how severe !
 How dark thy theme ! yet made exactly clear.
 Not mortal is thy accent, nor thy rage ;
 Yet mercy softens or contracts each page.
 Dread bard ! instruct us to revere thy rules,
 And hate, like thee, all rebels and all fools.

His spirit ceas'd not (in strict truth) to be ;
 For dying Dryden breath'd, O Garth ! on thee,
 Bade thee to keep alive his genuine rage,
 Half-sunk in want, oppression, and old age ;
 Then, when thy pious hands ¹² repos'd his head,
 Wh'en vain young lords, and ev'n the flamen fled.
 For well thou knew'st his merit and his art,
 His upright mind, clear head, and friendly heart :
 Ev'n Pope himself (who sees no virtue bleed
 But bears the' affliction) envies thee the deed.

O Pope ! instructor of my studious days,
 Who fix'd my steps in virtue's early ways :
 On whom our labours and our hopes depend,
 Thou more than patron, and ev'n more than friend !
 Above all flattery, all thirst of gain,
 And mortal but in sickness, and in pain !

¹² Dr. Garth took care of Mr. Dryden's funeral, which some noblemen, who undertook it, had neglected.

Thou taught'st old Satire nobler fruits to bear,
 And check'd her licence with a moral care :
 Thou gav'st the thought new beauties not its own,
 And touch'd the verse with graces yet unknown.
 Each lawless branch thy level eye survey'd,
 And still corrected Nature as she stray'd :
 Warm'd Boileau's sense with Britain's genuine fire,
 And added softness to Tassone's lyre.

Yet mark the hideous nonsense of the age,
 And thou thyself the subject of its rage :
 So in old times, round godlike Scæva ran
 Rome's dastard sons, a million, and a man.

The exalted merits of the wise and good
 Are seen far off, and rarely understood.
 The world's a father to a dunce unknown,
 And much he thrives, for, Dullness ! he's thy own.
 No hackney brethren e'er condemn him twice ;
 He fears no enemies but dust and mice.

If Pope but writes, the devil Legion raves,
 And meagre critics mutter in their caves :
 (Such critics of necessity consume
 All wit, as hangmen ravish'd maids at Rome.)
 Names he a scribbler ? all the world's in arms,
 Augusta, Granta, Rhedecyna swarms :
 The guilty reader fancies what he fears,
 And every Midas trembles for his ears.

See all such malice, obloquy, and spite
 Expire ere morn, the mushroom of a night !
 Transient as vapours glimmering through the glades,
 Half-form'd and idle, as the dreams of maids ;
 Vain as the sick man's vow, or young man's sigh,
 Third-nights of bards, or Henley's sophistry.

These ever hate the poet's sacred line :
 These hate whate'er is glorious or divine.

From one eternal fountain beauty springs,
The energy of wit, and truth of things ;
That source is GOD ! from him they downwards tend,
Flow round—yet in their native centre end,
Hence rules, and truth, and order, dunces strike ;
Of arts, and virtues, enemies alike.

Some urge, that poets of supreme renown
Judge ill to scourge the refuse of the town,
Howe'er their casuists hope to turn the scale,
These men must smart, or scandal will prevail.
By these the weaker sex still suffer most ;
And such are prais'd who rose at honour's cost :
The learn'd they wound, the virtuous, and the fair,
No fault they cancel, no reproach they spare ;
The random shaft, impetuous in the dark,
Sings on unseen, and quivers in the mark.
'Tis justice, and not anger, makes us write,
Such sons of darkness must be dragg'd to light :
Long-suffering nature must not always hold ;
In virtue's cause 'tis generous to be bold.
To scourge the bad, the' unwary to reclaim,
And make light flash upon the face of shame.

Others have urg'd (but weigh it and you'll find
'Tis light as feathers blown before the wind)
That poverty, the curse of Providence,
Atones for a dull writer's want of sense :
Alas ! his dulness 'twas that made him poor,
Not *vice versa* : we infer no more.
Of vice and folly poverty's the curse,
Heaven may be rigid, but the man was worse ;
By good made bad, by favours more disgrac'd,
So dire the effects of ignorance misplac'd !
Of idle youth, unwatch'd by parents' eyes !
Of *zeal* for pence, and dedication-lies !

Of conscience modell'd by a great man's looks!
And arguings in religion—from no books!

No light the darkness of that mind invades,
Where Chaos rules, enshrin'd in genuine shades ;
Where, in the dungeon of the soul enclos'd,
True Dulness nods, reclining and repos'd,
Sense, grace, or harmony, ne'er enter there,
Nor human faith, nor piety sincere ;
A midnight of the spirits, soul and head,
(Suspended all) as thought itself lay dead.
Yet oft a mimic gleam of transient light
Breaks through this gloom, and then they think
they write ; [fly ;

From streets to streets the' unnumber'd pamphlets
Then tremble Warner, Brown, and Billingsly ¹².

O thou most gentle deity appear,
Thou who still hear'st, and yet art prone to hear ;
Whose eye ne'er closes, and whose brains ne'er rest,
(Thy own dear Dulness bawling at thy breast)
Attend, O Patience, on thy arm reclin'd,
And see wit's endless enemies behind !

And ye, our Muses, with a hundred tongues,
And thou, O Henley ! bless'd with brazen lungs ;
Fanatic Withers ! fam'd for rhymes and sighs,
And Jacob Behmen ! most obscurely wise ;
From darkness palpable, on dusky wings
Ascend ! and shroud him who your offspring sings.

The first, with Egypt's darkness in his head,
Thinks wit the devil, and curses books unread.
For twice ten winters has he blunder'd on
Through heavy comments, yet ne'er lost nor won :
Much may be done in twenty winters more,
And let him then learn English at threescore.

¹² Three booksellers.

No sacred Maro glitters on his shelf,
He wants the mighty Stagyrite himself.
See vast Coimbria's ¹³ comments pil'd on high,
In heaps Soncina's ¹⁴, Sotus, Sanchez lie :
For idle hours, Sa's ¹⁵ idler casuistry.

Yet worse is he, who, in one language read,
Has one eternal jingling in his head,
At night, at morn, in bed, and on the stairs,
Talks flights to grooms, and makes lewd songs at
His pride, a pun; a guinea his reward ; [pray'r's :
His critic, Gildon, Jemmy Moore his bard.

What artful hand the wretch's form can hit,
Begot by Satan on a M——ly's ¹⁶ wit :
In parties furious at the great man's nod,
And hating none for nothing, but his God :
Foe to the learn'd, the virtuous, and the sage,
A pimp in youth, an atheist in old age :
Now plung'd in bawdry and substantial lies,
Now dabbling in ungodly theories :
But so, as swallows skim the pleasing flood,
Grows giddy, but ne'er drinks to do him good :
Alike resolv'd to flatter or to cheat,
Nay worship onions, if they cry, ' come eat :'
A foe to faith, in revelation blind,
And impious much, as dunces are by kind.

Next see the masterpiece of flattery rise,
The' anointed son of Dullness and of Lies,
Whose softest whisper fills a patron's ear,
Who smiles unpleas'd, and mourns without a tear,

¹³ Coimbria's comments. Colleg. Coimbricense, a society in Spain, which published tedious explanations of Aristotle.

¹⁴ Soncina, a schoolman.

¹⁵ Sa (Eman. de.) See Paschal's Mystery of Jesuitism.

¹⁶ Probably Mrs Manly was here intended.

Persuasive, though a woful blockhead he :
 Truth dies before his shadowy sophistry.
 For well he knows the vices of the town,
 The schemes of state, and interest of the gown ;
 Immoral afternoons, indecent nights,
 Enflaming wines, and second appetites.

But most the theatres with dullness groan,
 Embrios half-form'd, a progeny unknown :
 Fine things for nothing, transports out of season,
 Effects un-caus'd, and murders without reason.
 Here worlds run round, and years are taught to stay,
 Each scene an elegy, each act a play ¹⁷.
 Can the same power such various passions move?
 Rejoicè or weep, 'tis every thing for love.
 The self-same cause produces heaven and hell :
 Things contrary as buckets in a well ;
 One up, one down, one empty, and one full ;
 Half high, half low, half witty, and half dull.
 So on the borders of an ancient wood,
 Or where some poplar trembles o'er the flood,
 Arachne travels on her filmy thread,
 Now high, now low, or on her feet or head.

Yet these love verse, as croaking ¹⁸ comforts frogs,
 And mire and ordure are the heaven of hogs.
 As well might nothing bind immensity,
 Or passive matter immaterials see,

¹⁷ Et chaque acte en sa piece et une piece entiere. *Boil.*

¹⁸ When a poor genius has laboured much, he judges well not to expect the encomiums of the public : for these are not his due. Yet, for fear his drudgery should have no recompense, God (of his goodness) has given him a personal satisfaction. Thus the same deity (who is equally just in all points) has given frogs the comfort of croaking, &c.

As these should write by reason, rhyme, and rule,
Or he turn wit, whom nature doom'd a fool.
If Dryden err'd, 'twas human frailty once,
But blundering is the essence of a Dunce.

Some write for glory, but the phantom fades ;
Some write as party or as spleen invades ;
A third, because his father was well read,
And, murderer-like, calls blushes from the dead.
Yet all for morals and for arts contend—
They want 'em both, who never prais'd a friend.
More ill, than dull; for pure stupidity
Was ne'er a crime in honest Banks, or me.

See next a crowd in damasks, silks, and crapes,
Equivocal in dress, half-belles, half-trapes :
A length of night-gown rich Phantasia trails,
Olinda wears one shift, and pares no nails :
Some in C——l's cabinet each act display,
When nature in a transport dies away ;
Some, more refin'd, transcribe their opera-loves
On ivory tablets, or in clean white gloves ;
Some of Platonic, some of carnal taste,
Hoop'd, or unhoop'd, ungarter'd, or unlac'd.
Thus thick in air the wing'd creation play,
When vernal Phœbus rolls the light away,
A motley race, half insects and half fowls,
Loose-tail'd and dirty. May-flies, bats, and owls.

Gods, that this native nonsense was our worst !
With crimes more deep, O Albion ! art thou curs'd.
No judgment open profanation fears,
For who dreads God, that can preserve his ears ?
Oh save me, Providence ! from vice refin'd,
That worst of ills, a speculative mind¹⁹ !

¹⁹ Plato calls this, an ignorance of a dark and dangerous nature, under appearance of the greatest wisdom.

Not that I blame divine philosophy,
 (Yet much we risk, for pride and learning lie)
 Heaven's paths are found by nature more than art,
 The schoolman's head misleads the layman's heart.

What unrepented deeds has Albion done?
 Yet spare us, Heaven! return, and spare thy own.
 Religion vanishes to types and shade,
 By wits, by fools, by her own sons betray'd!
 Sure 'twas enough to give the devil his due,
 Must such men mingle with the priesthood too?
 So stood Onias at the' Almighty's throne,
 Profanely cinctur'd in a harlot's zone.

Some Rome, and some the Reformation blame;
 'Tis hard to say from whence such licence came;
 From fierce enthusiasts, or Socinians sad?
 C—ns the soft, or Bourignon the mad?
 From wayward nature, or lewd poet's rhymes?
 From praying, canting, or king-killing times?
 From all the dregs which Gallia could pour forth,
 (Those sons of schism) landed in the north?—
 From whence it came, they and the d—I best know;
 Yet thus much, Pope, each atheist is thy foe.

O Decency, forgive these friendly rhymes,
 For raking in the dunghill of their crimes:
 To name each monster would make printing dear,
 Or tire Ned Ward, who writes six books a-year.
 Such vicious nonsense, impudence, and spite,
 Would make a hermit or a father write,
 Though Julian held the world, and held no more
 Than deist Gildon taugt, or Toland swore;
 Good Gregory ²⁰ prov'd him execrably bad,
 And scourg'd his soul, with drunken reason mad.

²⁰ Gregory Nazianzen: a father, at the beginning of the fourth century. He wrote two most bitter satires or invectives against the Emperor Julian.

Much longer, Pope restrain'd his awful hand,
 Wept o'er poor Nineveh, and her dull band ;
 Till fools like weeds rose up, and chok'd the land. }
 Long, long he slumber'd, ere the' avenging hour ;
 For dubious mercy half o'er-rul'd his pow'r :
 Till the wing'd bolt, red-hissing from above
 Pierc'd millions through——For such the wrath
 of Jove.

Hell, chaos, darkness, tremble at the sound,
 And prostrate fools bestrow the vast profound :
 No Charon wafts 'em from the further shore,
 Silent they sleep, alas! to rise no more.

O Pope, and sacred criticism ! forgive
 A youth who dares approach your shrine and live!
 Far has he wander'd in an unknown night,
 No guide to lead him, but his own dim light :
 For him more fit, in vulgar paths to tread,
 To show the' unlearned what they never read,
 Youth to improve, or rising genius tend ;
 To science much, to virtue more, a friend.

A SIMILE,

UPON A SET OF TEA-DRINKERS.

So fairy elves their morning-table spread
 O'er a white mushroom's hospitable head ;
 In acorn cups the merry goblins quaff
 The pearly dews, they sing, they love, they laugh ;
 Melodious music trembles through the sky,
 And airy sounds along the green-wood die.

THE SAME,

DIVERSIFIED IN ANCIENT METRE.

So, yf deepe clerkes in times of yore saine trew,
 Or poets eyne, perdie, mought sothly vew
 The dapper elfins thyr queint festes bedight
 Wyth mickle plesaunce on a mushroome lite :
 In acorns cuppes thy quaffen daint liquere,
 And rowle belgardes, and defflie daunce yfere ;
 Ful everidele they makin musike sote,
 And sowns aeriall adowne the greene woode flotte.

A SOLILOQUY,

OCCASIONED BY THE CHIRPING OF A GRASS-
 HOPPER.

HAPPY insect ! ever bless'd
 With a more than mortal rest,
 Rosy dews the leaves among,
 Humble joys and gentle song.
 Wretched poet ! ever curs'd,
 With a life of lives the worst,
 Sad despondence, restless fears,
 Endless jealousies and tears.

In the burning summer, thou
 Warblest on the verdant bough,
 Meditating cheerful play,
 Mindless of the piercing ray :
 Scorch'd in Cupid's fervours, I
 Ever weep, and ever die.

Proud to gratify thy will,
 Ready nature waits thee still :
 Balmy wines to thee she pours,
 Weeping through the dewy flow'rs ;
 Rich as those by Hebe given
 To the thirsty sons of heaven.

Yet alas ! we both agree ;
 Miserable thou like me !
 Each alike in youth rehearses
 Gentle strains, and tender verses ;
 Ever wandering far from home ;
 Mindless of the days to come,
 (Such as aged winter brings
 Trembling on his icy wings)
 Both alike at last we die ;
 Thou art starv'd, and so am I !

TO MR. POPE.

To move the springs of nature as we please,
 To think with spirit, but to write with ease :
 With living words to warm the conscious heart,
 Or please the soul with nicer charms of art,
 For this the Grecian soar'd in epic strains,
 And softer Maro left the Mantuan plains :
 Melodious Spenser felt the lover's fire,
 And awful Milton strung his heavenly lyre.

'Tis yours, like these, with curious toil to trace
 The powers of language, harmony, and grace,
 How nature's self with living lustre shines ;
 How judgment strengthens, and how art refines ;
 How to grow bold with conscious sense of fame,
 And force a pleasure which we dare not blame ;

To charm us more through negligence than pains,
 And give ev'n life and action to the strains :
 Led by some law, whose powerful impulse guides
 Each happy stroke, and in the soul presides :
 Some fairer image of perfection, giv'n
 To inspire mankind, itself deriv'd from Heav'n.

O ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise ;
 Bless'd in thy life, and bless'd in all thy lays !
 Add, that the Sisters every thought refine :
 Or ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line :
 Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
 Obscures the virtue, and defames the muse,
 A soul like thine, in pains, in grief resign'd,
 Views with vain scorn the malice of mankind :
 Not critics, but their planets prove unjust :
 And are they blam'd who sin because they must ?

Yet sure not so must all peruse thy lays ;
 I cannot rival—and yet dare to praise.
 A thousand charms at once my thoughts engage,
 Sappho's soft sweetness, Pindar's warmer rage,
 Statius' free vigour, Virgil's studious care,
 And Homer's force, and Ovid's easier air.

So seems some picture, where exact design,
 And curious pains, and strength and sweetness join :
 Where the free thought its pleasing grace bestows,
 And each warm stroke with living colour glows :
 Soft without weakness, without labour fair ;
 Wrought up at once with happiness and care !

How bless'd the man that from the world removes
 To joys that Mordannt, or his Pope approves ;
 Whose taste exact each author can explore,
 And live the present and past ages o'er :
 Who free from pride, from penitence, or strife,
 Move calmly forward to the verge of life :

Such be my days, and such my fortunes be,
To live by reason, and to write by thee !

Nor deem this verse, though humble, thy disgrace:
All are not born the glory of their race :
Yet all are born to' adore the great man's name,
And trace his footsteps in the paths to fame.
The Muse who now this early homage pays,
First learn'd from thee to animate her lays :
A muse as yet unhonour'd, but unstain'd,
Who prais'd no vices, no preferment gain'd :
Unbiass'd or to censure or commend,
Who knows no envy, and who grieves no friend ;
Perhaps too fond to make those virtues known,
And fix her fame immortal on thy own.

**CONTENTMENT, INDUSTRY, AND ACQUIESCENCE
UNDER THE DIVINE WILL.**

AN ODE.

(Written in the Alpine parts of Carniola, 1749.)

'The wilderness and solitary place shall be glad for them (the children of the Lord): and the desert shall rejoice and blossom like the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon. They shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God.' Isaiah xxxv. 1, 2.

WHY dwells my unoffending eye
On you blank desert's trackless waste ;
All dreary earth, or cheerless sky,
Like ocean wild, and bleak, and vast ?

There Lysidor's enamour'd reed
 Ne'er taught the plains Eudosia's praise :
 There herds were rarely known to feed,
 Or birds to sing, or flocks to graze.
 Yet does my soul complacence find ;
 All, all from thee,
 Supremely gracious Deity,
 Corrector of the mind¹ !

The high-arch'd church is lost in sky,
 The base² with thorns and briars bound ;
 The yawning fragments nod from high,
 With close-encircling ivy crown'd :
 Heart-thrilling echo multiplies
 Voice after voice, creation new !
 Beasts, birds obscene, unite their cries :
 Graves ope, and spectres free the view.
 Yet nought dismays ; and thence we find
 'Tis all from thee,
 Supremely gracious Deity,
 Composer of the mind !

Earth's womb, half dead to Ceres' skill,
 Can scarce the cake of offering give ;
 Five acres' corn can hardly fill
 The peasant's wain, and bid him live.
 The starving beldam gleans in vain,
 In vain the hungry chough succeeds :
 They curse the unprolific plain,
 The scurf-grown moss, and tawdry weeds.

¹ 'To be satisfied, is the highest pitch of art man can arrive to.'

St. Gregor. Hom.

See Zechar. v. 2.

² Base, for basis.

Yet still sufficiency we find ;
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind !

December's Boreas issues forth,
In sullen gloom and horror dress'd,
Charg'd with the nitre of the north,
Abhor'd by man, by bird, and beast.
All nature's lovely tint enbrown'd,
Sickens beneath the putrid blast :
Destruction withers up the ground,
Like parchment into embers cast.

Yet health and strength, and ease we find :
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind !

Tremble, and yonder Alp behold,
Where half-dead nature gasps below :
Victim of everlasting cold,
Entomb'd alive in endless snow,
The northern side is horror all ;
Against the southern Phœbus plays ;
In vain the' innocuous glimmerings fall,
The frost outlives, outshines the rays.
Yet consolation still I find ;
And all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind !

Bless me ! how doubly sharp it blows,
From Zemblan and Tartarian coasts !
In sullen silence fall the snows,
The only lustre nature boasts :

The nitrous power with tenfold force
 Half petrifies earth's barren womb,
 High-arch'd cascades suspend their force,
 Men freeze alive, and in the tomb.
 Yet warmth and happiness we find ;
 All, all from thee,
 Supremely gracious Deity,
 Composer of the mind !

Then, in exchange, a month or more
 The sun with fierce solsticial gleams
 Darting o'er vales his raging pow'r,
 Like ray-collecting mirrors beams.
 Torrents and cataracts are dry,
 Men seek the scanty shades in vain :
 The solar darts like lightning fly,
 Transpierce the skull, and scorch the brain,
 Yet still no restless heats we find ;
 And all from thee,
 Supremely gracious Deity,
 Corrector of the mind !

For nature rarely form'd a soil
 Where diligence subsistence wants ;
 Exert but care, nor spare the toil,
 And all beyond the Almighty grants.
 Each earth at length to culture yields,
 Each earth its own manure contains :
 Thus the Corycian nurs'd his fields ³,
 Heaven gave the' increase, and he the pains.
 The industrious peace and plenty find ;
 All due to thee,
 Supremely gracious Deity,
 Composer of the mind !

Scipio sought virtue in his prime,
 And, having early gain'd the prize,
 Stole from the' ungrateful world in time;
 Contented to be low and wise!
 He serv'd the state with zeal and force,
 And then with dignity retir'd :
 Dismounting from the' unruly horse,
 To rule himself, as sense requir'd.
 Without a sigh, lie power resign'd.—
 All, all from thee,
 Supremely gracious Deity,
 Corrector of the mind !

When Dioclesian sought repose,
 Cloy'd and fatign'd with nauseous pow'r,
 He left his empire to his foes,
 For fools to' admire, and rogues devour :
 Rich in his poverty, he bought
 Retirement's innocence and health ;
 With his own hands the monarch wrought,
 And chang'd a throne for Ceres' wealth.
 Toil sooth'd his cares, his blood refin'd—
 And all from thee,
 Supremely gracious Deity,
 Composer of the mind !

He ¹, who had rul'd the world, exchang'd
 His sceptre for the peasant's spade,
 Postponing (as through groves he rang'd)
 Court splendour to the rural shade.
 Child of his hand, the' engrafted thorn
 More than the victor laurel pleas'd :
 Heart's-ease, and meadow-sweet, adorn
 The brow, from civic garlands eas'd.

Dioclesian.

Fortune, however poor, was kind.—
 All, all from thee,
 Supremely gracious Deity,
 Corrector of the mind !

Thus Charles, with justice styl'd the great⁵,
 For valour, piety, and laws ;
 Resign'd two empires to retreat,
 And from a throne to shades withdraws ;
 In vain (to soothe a monarch's pride)
 His yoke the willing Persian bore :
 In vain the Saracen complied,
 And fierce Northumbrians stain'd with gore.
 One Gallic farm his cares confin'd ;
 And all from thee,
 Supremely gracious Deity,
 Composer of the mind !

Observant of the' almighty will,
 Prescient in faith, and pleas'd with toil.
 Abram Chaldea left, to till
 The moss-grown Haran's flinty soil⁶ :
 Hydras of thorns absorb'd his gain,
 The commonwealth of weeds rebell'd,
 But labour tam'd the' ungrateful plain,
 And famine was by art repell'd ;
 Patience made churlish nature kind.—
 All, all from thee,
 Supremely gracious Deity,
 Corrector of the mind !

⁵ Charlemagne.

⁶ Gen. xii. 31. Nehem. ix. 7. Judith v. 7.

THE
ENCHANTED REGION;
 OR, MISTAKEN PLEASURE.

'The mistress of witchcrafts.'

Nahum iii. 4.

'Draw near hither, ye sons of the sorceress.'

Isaiah lvii. 3.

'According to their pasture, so were they filled ; they were filled, and their heart was exalted : therefore have they forgotten ME.'

Hosea xiii. 6.

EMPTY, illusory life,
 Pregnant with fraud, in mischiefs rife ;
 Form'd to ensnare us, and deceive us :
 Nahum's enchantress ! which beguiles
 With all her harlotry of wiles !
 First she loves, and then she leaves us !

Erring happiness beguiles
 The wretch that strays o'er Circe's isles ;
 All things smile, and all annoy him ;
 The rose has thorns, the doves can bite ;
 Riot is a fatigue till night,
 Sleep an opium to destroy him.

Louring in the groves of death
 Yew-trees breathe funereal breath

Brambles and thorns perplex the shade :
 Asphaltic waters creep and rest ;
 Birds, in gaudy plumage dress'd,
 Scream unmeaning through the glade.

Earth fallacious herbage¹ yields,
 And deep in grass its influence shields ;
 Acrid juices, scent annoying ;
 Corrosive crow-feet choke the plains,
 And hemlock, strip'd with lurid stains,
 And luscious mandrakes, life-destroying,

Gaudy bella-donna² blowing,
 Or with glossy berries glowing,
 Lures the unwise to tempt their doom :
 Love's apple³ masks the fruit of death ;
 Sick henbane murders with her breath,
 Actaea⁴ with an harlot's bloom.

One plant⁵ alone is wrapt in shade ;
 Few eyes its privacy invade ;
 Plant of joy, of life, and health !
 More than the fabled lotos fam'd,
 Which (tasted once) mankind reclaim'd
 From parents, country, power, and wealth⁶.

On yonder Alp I see it rise,
 Aspiring to congenial skies,

¹ ————— fallax herba veneni.

Virg.

² The bella-donna lily, or deadly nightshade.

³ Amomum Plinii. ⁴ Actaea ; Herb Christopher.

⁵ The passion-flower.

⁶ See Homer's Odyssey, L. ix. 94. &c.

But cover'd half with ivy-walls ;—
 There, where Ensebio⁷ rais'd a shrine,
 Snatch'd from the gulf by power divine,
 Where Reiga's tumbling torrent falls⁸.

Compar'd with thee, how dimly shows
 Poor Anacreon's lifeless rose ?
 What is Homer's plant⁹ to thee ?—
 In vain the Mantuan poet tried
 To paint Amellus' starry¹⁰ pride,
 Emblem of wit's futility !

Men saw, alas ! and knew not thee,
 Mystic evangelic tree !
 Thou hadst no charms for paynim-eyes ;
 Till, guided by the lamp of heav'n,
 To chaste Urania power was giv'n
 To see, to' admire, and moralize.

All-beauteous flower, whose centre glows
 With studs of gold ; thence streaming flows
 Ray-like effulgence : next is seen
 A rich expanse of varying hue,
 Enfring'd with an impurpled blue,
 And streak'd with young Pomona's green¹¹.

⁷ The Baron de Bottoni.

⁸ This alludes to a well-known fact in the dutchy of Carniola : where the present ode was written.

⁹ Moly. *Homer's Odyssey*, L. XI. 305.

¹⁰ After Atticus, or (purple Italian) Star-wort.

Georg. IV. 271.

¹¹ Alluding to that particular species of green called by the French *pomme-verte*, or apple-green.

High o'er the pointal, deck'd with gold,
 (Emblem mysterious to behold),
 A radiant cross its form expands ;—
 Its opening arms appear to' embrace
 The whole collective human race,
 Refuge of all men in all lands !

Grant me, kind Heaven, in prosperous hour
 To pluck this consecrated flower,
 And wear it thankful on my breast ;
 Then shall my steps securely stray,
 No pleasures shall pervert my way,
 No joys seduce, no cares molest.

Like Tobit (when the hand, approv'd
 By Heaven, the' obstructing films remov'd ¹²)
 I now see objects as I onght :
 Ambition's hideous, pleasure vain,
 Avarice is but a blockhead's gain ¹³,
 Possessing all, bestowing nought.

Passions and frauds surround us all,
 Their empire is reciprocal ;
 Shun their blandishments and wiles ;
 Riches but serve to steel the heart ;
 Want has its meanness and its art ;
 Health betrays, and strength beguiles.

In highest stations snares misguide ;
 Midst solitude they nurture pride,

¹² Tobit iii. 17.

¹³ ' All vices wax old by age : Covetousness and ambition alone grow young.' *E. Vet. Ascet.*

Breeding vanity in knowledge ;
 A poison in delicious meat,
 Midst wines a fraud, midst mirth a cheat,
 In courts, in cabinet, and college.

The toils are fix'd, the sportsmen keen :
 Abroad unsafe, betray'd within,
 Whither, O mortal ! art thou flying ?
 Thy resolutions oft are snares,
 Thy doubts, petitions, gifts, and prayers ; — —
 Alas, there may be snares in dying !

Deceiving none, by none ensnar'd,
 O Paraclete ¹⁴, be thou my guard,
 Patron of every just endeavour !
 The cross of Christ is man's reward ¹⁵ :
 No heights obstruct, no depths retard ;
 Christian joys are joys for ever !

¹⁴ ΠΑΡΑΚΛΗΤΟΣ : The Comforter ; the Holy Spirit.

John xiv. 16—20.

Dryden first introduced the word Paraclete into the English language, in his translation of the hymn *Veni Creator Spiritus* : as also in his *Britannia Rediviva*.

¹⁵ Rom. viii. 30.

MACARIUS :
OR, THE CONFESSOR.

Da vocem magno, Pater, ingeniumque dolori.
 STAT. *Epiced. Patris.*

AN EPISTLE TO
THE REV. DR. ROBERT HORT,
 CANON OF WINDSOR.

ALL sober poets with thy bard¹ agree,
 Who sung, ‘ That truth was truest poetry.’—
 Alike to me, and the deceas’d², a friend,
 O Hort, to these my pious strains attend.
 Thou knew’st the man; and thy good sense is such,
 I dare not say too little, or too much.——
 Under his eye the self-same views combin’d
 Our studies, and one horoscope conjoin’d.
 He check’d the’ impatient wanderings of our youth,
 And grafted on our fancy facts and truth.
 Together we amus’d our youthful prime,
 Days seem’d but hours, and time improv’d on time:

¹ Cowley. See his *Davideis*.

² The Rev. Walter Harte, Prebend of Bristol, Canon of Wells, and father to the poet.

Mindless of cares, and how they pass'd or came ;
Our sports, our labours, and our rest, the same ³.

See'st thou yon yews, by pensive nature made
For tears, and grief, and melancholy shade ;
Wide o'er the church they spread an awful light,
Than day more serions, half-composed as night ;
There, where the winding Kennet gently laves
Britannia's Lombardy ⁴ with silver waves :
There sleeps Macarins, foe to pomp and pride ;
Who liv'd contented, and contented died.

Say, shall the lamp where Tullia was entomb'd
Burn twice seven ages, and be unconsum'd ?
And not one verse be sacred to a name
Endear'd by virtuous deeds and silent fame ?
True fame demands not panegyric aid ;
The funeral torch burns brightest in the shade ;
Too fast it blazes, fan'd by public air ;—
Thus blossoms fall, before their tree can bear.
True fame, like porc'lain earth, for years must lay
Buried, and mix'd with elemental clay ⁵.

His younger days were not in trifling spent,
For pious Hall ⁶ a kind inspection lent :

³ These eight lines are imitated from a famous passage in Persius, Sat. V. It begins —

'Geminus horoscope' &c.

⁴ Berkshire.

⁵ It is reported, that the Chinese beat and mix thoroughly together the composition that makes porcelain, and then bury it in a deep bed of clay for an hundred years.

See Dr. Donne's Letters.

⁶ Mr. John Hall, master of Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1667, and Rector of St. Aldate's in the same university. Created D. D. in 1669; elected Margaret Professor in 1676; and consecrated Bishop of Bristol the 12th of June, 1691.

He show'd him what to seek, and what to shun :—
 Harcourt⁷ with him the thorny journey run,
 Companion of his studies ; and a friend
 Sincere in youth, and stedfast to the end.

Courts and the world he knew, but not admir'd ;
 He travell'd through them wisely, and retir'd ;
 Giving to solitude and heavenly care
 Those moments which the worldling cannot spare ;
 Thus, half a century, his course he run
 Of prayer and praises, daily, like the sun :
 Happy ! who truth invariably pursues,
 And well-earn'd fame by better fame renews⁸ !

His books like friends were chosen, few and good ;
 Constantly us'd and truly understood.

The Sacred Scriptures were his chief delight⁹ ;
 Task of the day, and vision of the night ;
 Truth's second sources he with care survey'd,
 And walk'd with Hermas in the rural shade¹⁰.
 Cyprian with awful gravity he sought ;
 And true simplicity Ignatius brought ;
 Lively Minucius did his hours beguile ;
 Lactantius charm'd with elegance of style :

⁷ Mr. Simon Harcourt, afterwards Lord Chancellor, offered him a bishopric from Queen Anne, many years after the Revolution ; but the favour was declined with grateful acknowledgments.

⁸ *Wisd. of Sol.* xiii. 1.

⁹ He employed ten or twelve hours a-day in study, without any interruption, but that of casual sickness, for fifty years successively. His principal business was in referring every difficult part of Scripture to those particular passages in the Fathers, and eminent modern divines, who had explained them expressly or occasionally.

¹⁰ Alluding to a work entitled ‘the Shepherd of Hermas.’ Hermas was contemporary with some of the Apostles.

But mostly Chrysostom engag'd his mind :
 Great without labour, without art refin'd !
 Now see his gentle elocution flows,
 Soft as the flakes of heaven-descending snows.

Now see him, like the' impetuous torrent, roll :
 Pure in his diction, purer in his soul :
 By few men equall'd, and surpass'd by none ;
 A Tully and Demosthenes in one !

Something at cheerful intervals was due
 To Roman classics, and Athenian too.
 Plato with raptures did his soul inspire ;
 Plotinus fan'd the Academic¹¹ fire.
 Then came the Stagyrite ;—whose excellence
 Beams forth in clearness, brevity, and sense !

Next, for amusement's sake, he turn'd his eyes
 To them whom we despoil, and then despise :
 Foremost of these, unrivall'd Shakspeare stands ; }
 With Hooker, Raleigh, Chillingworth, and }
 Sands¹² ;— }
 (For in those days 'were giants in our lands !) }

¹¹ Academic is used in the Horatian sense of the word :
 ' Atque inter sylvas Academi quærere verum.'

¹² Edwyn Sandys, Archbishop of York, was one of the first eminent reformers, not only of our holy religion, but of our language. His sermons (the time when he preached them being duly considered) may be looked upon as a masterpiece of eloquence and fine writing. They were chiefly preached between the years 1550 and 1576.

His son George (and here let me be understood to refer chiefly to his Paraphrase on Job) knew the true harmony of the English Heroic Couplet long before Denham and Waller took up the pen ; and preserved that harmony more uniformly. Variety perhaps was wanting, which Dryden afterwards supplied ; but not till he came to the forty-fifth year of his age ; namely, till the time he published 'Aurengzebe.'

Thus, like the bee, he suck'd from every flow'r,
And hour surpass'd the predecessor-hour.
Latimer's father¹³ was his type of yore ;
Little he had, but something, for the poor :
And oft on better days the board was spread
With wholesome meat and hospitable bread.
Poor in himself, men poorer he reliev'd,
And gave the charities he had receiv'd.

The midnight-lamp, in crystal case enclos'd,
Beams bright ; nor is to winds nor rains expos'd :
A watch-tower to the wanderers of mankind,
Forlorn, belated, and with passions blind ;
Who tread the foolish round their fathers trod,
And, midst life's errors, hit on death's by-road¹⁴.

Midst racking pains¹⁵ his mind was calm and
ev'n ; }
Patience and cheerfulness to him were giv'n ; }
Patientel the choicest gift on this side Heav'n ! }
His strength of parts surviv'd the seventieth year,
And then, like northern fruits, left off to bear ; }

¹³ Bishop Hugh Latimer (whom I quote only by memory, not having the original at hand) says, in one of his sermons, that ' though his father possessed no more than forty acres of free land, or thereabouts, yet he had always something to give to the poor, and now and then entertained his friends ; — that he portioned out three daughters, at 5*l.* a-piece, and bred up a son at the university ; otherwise, (adds he) I should not have had the honour of appearing in this pulpit before the king's majesty.'

Note. The original edition says four acres, which must be an error of the press, instead of forty acres. Old Latimer lived in good repute about the year 1470, in which year his son Hugh was born.

¹⁴ Wisdom of Solomon, i. 12.

¹⁵ In the last years of his life, Macarius was grievously afflicted with nephritic pains.

Nought but a vestal fire such heat contains ;
 Age seldom boasts so prodigal remains.
 Some few beyond life's usual date are cast :
 Prime clusters of the grape ¹⁶, till winter last.
 To these a sacred preference is giv'n :
 Each shaft is polish'd, and the' employer Heav'n ¹⁷.

Jeffries (if that were possible) restrain'd
 His fury, when you mournfully complain'd ¹⁸ ;
 And Kirk's barbarians, hard as harden'd steel,
 Forgot their Lybia, and vouchsaf'd to feel.

When crowns were doubtful, and when numbers
 steer'd

As honour prompted, or self-interest veer'd ;
 (Times ! when the wisest of mankind might err,
 And, lost in shadows, wrong or right, prefer);
 The tempter, in a vapour's form ¹⁹, arose,
 And o'er his eyes a dubious twilight throws,
 To lead him, puzzling, o'er fallacious ground,
 Suborn his passions, and his sense confound :
 Poimp to foretaste, and mitres pre-descry ;
 (For mists at once enlarge and multiply) :
 Our hero paus'd—and, weighing either side,
 Took poverty and conscience for his guide :

¹⁶ 2 Esdras xii. 42.

¹⁷ Isaiah xlix. 2.

¹⁸ When Judge Jeffries came to Taunton-assizes, in the year 1685, to execute his commission upon the unfortunate people concerned in Monmouth's rebellion, the person here spoken of, being minister of St. Mary Magdalen's Church at Taunton, waited on him in private, and remonstrated much against his severities. The judge listened to him calmly, and with some attention ; and, though he had never seen him before, advanced him in a few months to a prebendal stall in the Cathedral of Bristol.

¹⁹ See Sandys's Paraphrase on Job, where Satan arises in form of an exhalation.

For he, who thinks he suffers for his God,
 Deserves a pardon, though he feels the rod.
 Yet blam'd he none (himself in honour clear);
 That were a crime had cost his virtue dear!
 Thus all he lov'd; and party he had none,
 Except with charity, and Heaven alone.
 In his own friends some frailties he allow'd;
 These were too singular, and those too proud.
 Rare spirit! In the midst of party-flame,
 To think well-meaning men are half the same!

B— sometimes would to thy cottage tend;
 An artful enemy, but seeming friend:
 Conscious of having plan'd thy worldly fate,
 He could not love thee, and he durst not hate.
 But then seraphic Ken was all thy own;
 And he ²⁰, who long declin'd Ken's vacant throne,
 Begging with earnest zeal to be denied;—
 By worldlings laugh'd at, and by fools decried:
 Dodwell was thine, the humble and resign'd;
 Nelson, with Christian elegance of mind;
 And he ²¹, whose tranquil mildness from afar
 Spoke him a distant, but a brilliant star.
 These all forsook their homes—nor sigh'd nor
 wept;—

Mammon they freely gave, but God they kept:
 Ah, look on honours with Macarins' eyes;
 Snares to the good, and dangers to the wise!

In silence for himself, for friends in tears,
 He wander'd o'er the desert forty ²² years.

²⁰ Dr. George Hooper.

²¹ Mr. John Kettlewell, Vicar of Coleshill in Warwickshire.

²² See Exodus passim. Psalm xcv. 10. Hebrews iii. 17.

The cloud and pillar (or by night or day)
 Reviv'd his heart, and ascertain'd the way ²³.
 His sandals fail'd not; and his robes, untorn,
 Escap'd the bramble and entangling thorn ²⁴.
 Heaven purified for him the embitter'd well ²⁵,
 And manna from aërial regions fell ²⁶.
 At length, near peaceful Pisgah ²⁷ he retir'd,
 And found that rest his pilgrimage requir'd :
 Where, as from toils he silently withdrew,
 Half Palestina ²⁸ open'd on his view :
 ‘ Go, pious hermit;’ groves and mountains cried ;
 ‘ Enter, thou faithful servant ;’ Heav’n replied.

Mild as a babe reclines himself to rest,
 And smiling sleeps upon the mother’s breast,
 Tranquil, and with a patriarch’s hopes, he gave
 His soul to Heaven, his body to the grave ;
 And with such gentleness resign’d his breath,
 That ’twas a soft extinction, and not death.
 Happy ! who thus, by unperceiv’d decay,
 Absent themselves from life, and steal away ²⁹.

Accept this verse, to make thy memory live,
 Lamented shade !—’Tis all thy son can give.

²³ Exod. xiii. 21.

²⁴ Dent. viii. 4.

²⁵ Waters of Marah. Exod. xv. 23—25.

²⁶ Ibid. xvi. 15 and 35.

²⁷ Deut. xxxiv. 1.

²⁸ Palestina is the scripture-word for Palestine. Isaiah xiv. 29, 31. Exod. xv. 14.

²⁹ Macarius (who was born the 28th of October 1650) was dispossessed of his preferments in 1691, and remained deprived till the time of his death, which happened in February 1735 ; and (which is remarkable) the Bishops Kidder, Hooper, and Wynne, all contrived that Macarius should receive the little profits from his Prebend of Wells as long as he lived: a circumstance to their honour as well as his.

Better to own the debt we cannot pay,
 Than with false gold thy funeral rites defray.
 Vainly my muse is anxious to procure
 Gifts unavailing, empty sepulture³⁰ ;
 As vainly she expands her fluttering wings :
 She is no swan, nor, as she dies, she sings.
 He, that would brighten ancient diamonds, must
 Clear and repolish them with diamond-dust ;
 That task is not for me : the Muses lore
 Is lost ;—for Pope and Dryden are no more !

O Pope ! too great to copy, or to praise !
 (Whom envy sinks not, nor encomiums raise) ; }
 Forgive this grateful tribute of my lays.
 Milton alone could Eden lost regain ;
 And only thou portray Messiah's reign.
 O early lost ! with every grace adorn'd !
 By me (so Heaven ordains it) always mourn'd .
 By thee the good Macarius was approv'd :
 Whom Fenton honour'd, and Philotheus³¹ lov'd.

My first, my latest bread, I owe to thee :
 Thou, and thy friends, preserv'd my muse and me.
 By proxy, from a generous kindred spread,
 Thy Craggs's bounty fell upon my head :
 Thy Mordaunt's³² kindness did my youth engage,
 And thy own Chesterfield protects my age.

³⁰ ‘ Hunc saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
 Munere.’ Virg,

³¹ Philotheus, Bishop Ken.

³² Charles Earl of Peterborough, &c.

MEDITATIONS
ON
CHRIST'S DEATH AND PASSION.
AN EMBLEM.

'He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities : The chastisement of our peace was upon him.'

ISAIAH lili. 5.

Σος ειμι, ΧΡΙΣΤΕ· σωσον, ὡς Αὐλος Θελεις.

GREG. NAZ. Carm. Iamb.

RESPICE DUM TRANSIS, QUIA SIS MIHI CAUSA
DOLORIS.

HASTE not so fast, on worldly cares employ'd,
Thy bleeding Saviour¹ asks a short delay :
What trifling bliss is still to be enjoy'd,
What change of folly wings thee on thy way ?
Look back a moment ; pause a while², and stay.

¹ 'Christ is the way, the truth, and the life. The way wherein thou oughtest to walk ; the truth which thou desirest to obtain ; and the life of happiness which thou longest to enjoy.'

St. August.

² 'If you labour for a time, you will afterwards enjoy an eternity of rest. Your sufferings are of a short duration, your joy will last for ever : and if your resolution wavers, and is going to desert you, turn your eyes towards mount Calvary, and consider what Christ suffered for you, innocent as he was. This consideration will enable you to say in the event, that your sufferings lasted only for a moment.'

Idem.

For thee thy God assum'd the human frame ;
 For thee the guiltless pains and anguish tried ;
 Thy passions (sin excepted) his became :
 Like thee he suffer'd, hunger'd, wept, and died.

Nor wealth nor plenty did he ever taste,
 The moss his pillow, oft his couch the ground !
 The poor man's bread completed his repast ;
 Home he had none, and quiet never found,
 For fell reproach pursued, and aim'd the wound :
 The wise men mock'd him, and the learned scorn'd ;
 The ambitious worldling other patrons tried ;
 The power that judg'd him every foe suborn'd ;
 He wept unpitied, and unhonour'd died.

For ever mournful, but for ever dear ;
 O love stupendous ! glorious degradation !
 No death of sickness, with a common tear ;—
 No soft extinction claims our sorrows here ;
 But anguish, shame, and agonizing passion !
 The riches of the world, and worldly praise,
 No monument of gratitude can prove ;
 Obedience only the great debt repays,
 An imitative heart and undivided love !

To see the image of the All-glorious Pow'r
 Suspend his immortality, and dwell
 In mortal bondage, tortur'd every hour :
 A self-made prisoner in a dolesome cell,
 Victim for sin, and conqueror of hell³?

³ Nolo vivere sine vulnere, cum te videam vulneratum.
Bonavent.

' To know God, without knowing our misery, creates pride : to know misery, without knowing Christ, causes despondence.' *St. Augustin.*

Lustration for offences not his own !
 The' unspotted for the' impure resign'd his breath ;
 No other offering could thy crimes atone :—
 Then blame thy Saviour's love, but not his death.

From this one prospect draw thy sole relief,
 Here learn submission, passive duties learn ;
 Here drink the calm oblivion of thy grief :
 Eschew each danger, every good discern,
 And the true wages of thy virtue earn.
 Reflect, O man, on such stupendous love,
 Such sympathy divine, and tender care ⁴ ;
 Beseech the Paraclete ⁵ thine heart to move,
 And offer up to Heaven this silent pray'r.—

‘ Great God ⁶, thy judgments are with justice
 crown'd,
 To human crimes and errors gracious still ;
 Yet, though thy mercies more and more abound,
 Right reason spares not fresh-existing ill ;
 Nor can thy goodness counterwork thy will.
 Ah, no ! the gloom of sin so dreadful shows,
 That horror, guilt, and death, the conscience fill.
 Eternal laws our happiness oppose :
 Thy nature and our lives are everlasting foes !

⁴ They make a free-will offering to God, who, in the midst of their sufferings, preserve their gratitude and acknowledgments.’

Cassian.

⁵ ‘ God's Holy Spirit worketh in the following manner in his rational children. It instructs, moves, and admonishes : as for example, it instructs the reason, moves the will, and admonishes the memory.’

St. Gregor. in Moral.

⁶ Translated from the famous French ode of M. de Barreaux :

‘ Grand Dieu ! Tes jugemens sont remplis d'équité,’ &c.

‘ Severe thy truth, yet glorious is thy scheme;
Complete the vengeance of thy just desire :
See from our eyes the gushing torrents stream,
Yet strike us, blast us with celestial fire ;
Our doom, and thy decrees, alike conspire.
Yet, dying, we will love thee and adore :—
Where shall the flaming flashes of thy ire
Transpierce our bodies? every nerve and pore
With Christ’s immaculate blood is cover’d o’er
and o’er.’

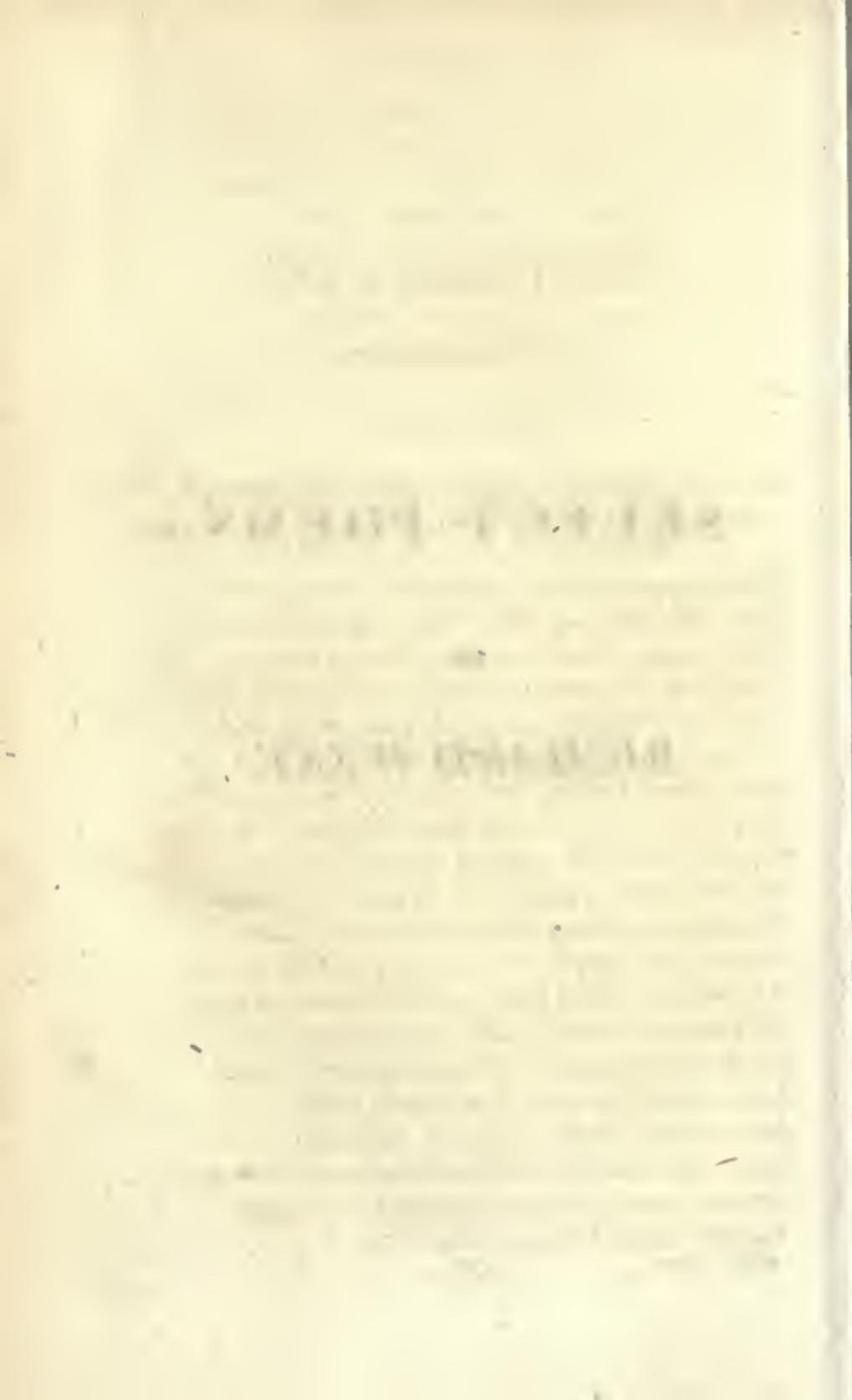
‘ When we praise God, we may speak much, and yet come short : wherefore in sum, He is all !
When you glorify him, exalt him as much as you can : for even yet he will far exceed. And when you exalt him, put forth all your strength, and be not weary : for you can never go far enough.’

Eccl. xlvi. 27—30.

SELECT POEMS

OF

RICHARD WEST.



RICHARD WEST.

AD AMICOS.

IMITATED FROM TIBULLUS, BOOK III. ELEGY 5. AND
MR. POPE'S LETTER IN SICKNESS TO MR. STEELE.

YES, happy youths ! on Camus' sedgy side
You feel each joy that friendship can divide,
Each realm of science and of art explore,
And with the ancient blend the modern lore,
Studious alone to learn whate'er may tend
To raise the genius, or the heart to mend ;
Now pleas'd along the cloister'd walk you rove,
And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,
Where social oft, and oft alone, ye choose
To catch the zephyr, and to court the muse ;
Meantime at me (while all devoid of art
These lines give back the image of my heart)
At me the power that comes or soon or late,
Or aims, or seems to aim, the dart of Fate :
From you remote, methinks alone I stand,
Like some sad exile in a desert land ;
Around no friends their lenient care to join
In mutual warmth, and mix their heart with mine.
Or real pains, or those which fancy raise,
For ever blot the sunshine of my days ;

To sickness still, and still to grief, a prey,
Health turns from me her rosy face away.

Just Heaven ! what sin, ere life begins to bloom,
Devotes my head untimely to the tomb ?
Did e'er his hand against a brother's life
Drng the dire bowl, or point the murderous knife ?
Did e'er this tongue the slanderer's tale proclaim,
Or madly violate my Maker's name ?
Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
Or know a thought, but all the world might know ?
As yet just started from the lists of time,
My growing years have scarcely told their prime ;
Useless as yet, through life I've idly run,
No pleasures tasted, and few duties done.
Ah ! who, ere autumn's mellowing suns appear,
Would pluck the promise of the vernal year ;
Or ere the grapes their purple hue betray,
Tear the crude cluster from the mourning spray ?
Stern power of fate ! whose ebon sceptre rules
The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools,
Forbear ; nor rashly smite my youthful heart,
A victim yet unworthy of thy dart :
Ah ! stay till age shall blast my withering face ,
Shake in my head, and falter in my pace ;
Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow,
And to the dead my willing shade shall go.

How weak is man to reason's judging eye !
Born in this moment, in the next we die ;
Part mortal clay, and part ethereal tire,
Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire.
In vain our plans of happiness we raise ;
Pain is our lot, and patience is our praise :
Wealth, lineage, honours, conquest, or a throne,
Are what the wise would fear to call their own.

Health is at best a vain precarious thing,
And fair-fac'd youth is ever on the wing !
'Tis like the stream, beside whose watery bed
Some blooming plant exalts his flowery head,
Nurs'd by the wave the spreading branches rise,
Shade all the ground, and flourish to the skies ;
The waves, the while, beneath in secret flow,
And undermine the hollow bank below :
Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
Bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey :
Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,
And sinks, untimely, in the whelming tide.

But why repine ? does life deserve my sigh ?
Few will lament my loss whene'er I die.
For those the wretches I despise or hate,
I neither envy nor regard their fate.
For me, whene'er all-conquering death shall spread
His wings around my unrepining head,
I care not : though this face be seen no more,
The world will pass as cheerful as before,
Bright as before the day-star will appear,
The fields as verdant, and the skies as clear ;
Nor storms nor comets will my doom declare,
Nor signs on earth, nor potents in the air ;
Unknown and silent will depart my breath,
Nor Nature e'er take notice of my death.
Yet some there are (ere spent my vital days)
Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise ;
Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end,
Their praisewould crown me as their precepts mend :
To them may these fond lines my name endear,
Not from the poet, but the friend sincere.

Christ-Church, Oxford,

July 4, 1737.

ELEGIA.

QUOD mihi tam gratæ misisti dona Camænæ,
 Qualia Mænalius Pan Deus ipse velit,
 Amplexor te, Graie, et toto corde reposco,
 Oh desiderium jam nimis usque meum :
 Et mihi rura placent, et me quoque sæpe volentem
 Duxerunt Dryades per sua prata Deæ ;
 Sic ubi lympha fugit liquido pede, sive virentem,
 Magna decus nemoris, quercus opacat humum :
 Illuc mane novo vagor, illuc vespere sero,
 Et, noto ut jacui gramine, nota cano.
 Nec nostræ ignorant divinam Amaryllida sylvæ :
 Ah, si desit amor, nil mihi rura placent.
 Ille jugis habitat Deus, ille in vallibus imis,
 Regnat et in Cœlis, regnat in Oceano ;
 Ille gregem, taurosque domat, sævique leonem
 Seminis ; ille feros, ultus Adonin, apros ;
 Quin et servet amore nemus, ramoque sub omni
 Concentu tremulo plurima gaudet avis.
 Duræ etiam in sylvis agitant connubia plantæ.
 Dura etiam et fertur saxa animâsse Venus.
 Durior et axis, et robore durior ille est,
 Sincero si quis pectore amare vetat :
 Non illi in manibus sanctum deponere pignus,
 Non illi areanum cor aperire velim ;
 Nescit amicitias, teneros qui nescit amores :
 Ah ! si nulla Venus, nil mihi rura placent.
 Me licet a patriâ longè in tellure juberunt
 Externâ positum ducere fata dies ;
 Si vultus modo amatus adesset, non ego contra
 Plorarem magnos voce querente Deos,

At dulci in gremio curarum oblia ducens
Nil cuperem præter posse placere meæ ;
Nec bona fortunæ aspiciens, neque munera regnum,
Illa intra optarem brachia cara mori.

Sept. 17. 1738.

ELEGIA.

(ADDRESSED TO MR. GRAY.)

ERGO desidiæ videor tibi criminè dignus ;
Et meritò : victas do tibi sponte manus.
Arguor et veteres nimium contemnere Musas,
Irata et nobis est Medicæa Venus.
Mene igitur statuas et inania saxa vereri !
Stultule ! marmoreâ quid mihi cum Venere ?
Hic veræ, hic vivæ Veneres, et mille per urbem,
Quarum nulla queat non placuisse Jovi.
Cedite Romanæ formosæ, et cedite Graiæ,
Sintque oblita Helenæ nomen et Hermoniæ !
Et, quascunque refert ætas vetus, Heroïnæ :
Unus honor nostris venit Angliasin.
Oh quales vultus, Oh quantum numen ocellis !
I nunc et Tuscas improbe confer opes.
Ne tamen hæc obtusa nimis præcordia credas,
Neu me adeo nullâ Pallade progenitum ;
Testor Pieridumque umbras et flumina Pindi
Me quoque Calliopes semper amâsse choros ;
Et dudum Ausonias urbes, et visere Graias
Cura est, ingenio si licet ire meo :
Sive èst Phidiacum marmor, seu Mentoris æra,
Seu paries Coo nobilis e calamo ;
Nec minus artificum magna argumenta recentum
Romanigne decus nominis et Veneti :

Quà Furor et Mavors et sævo in marmore vultus,
 Quàque et formoso mollior ære Venus.
 Quàque loquax spirat fucus, vivique labores,
 Et quicquid calamo dulciùs ausa manus :
 Hic nemora, et sola mærens Melibœus in umbrâ,
 Lymphaque muscoso prosiliens lapidé ;
 Illic majus opus, faciesque in pariete major
 Exurgens, Divûm et numis [Cælicolûm ;
 O vos felices quibus hæc cognoscere fas est,
 Et totâ Italijâ quà patet usque, frui !
 Nulla dies vobis eat injuncta, nec usquam
 Noritis quid sit tempora amara pati.

THE FOLLOWING WAS THE PRODUCTION OF FOUR
 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, WHILE THE AUTHOR
 LAY IN HIS BED TOSSING AND COUGHING, AND
 ALL UNABLE TO SLEEP.

ANTE omnes morbos importunissima tussis,
 Quà durare datur, traxitqne sub ilia vires :
 Dura etenim versans imo sub pectore regna,
 Perpetuo exercet teneras luctamine costas.
 Oraque distorquet, vocemque immutat anhelam :
 Nec cessare locus : sed sævo concita motu
 Molle domat latus, et corpus labor omne fatigat :
 Unde molesta dies noctemqne insomnia turbant.
 Nec Tua, si mecum Comes hic jucundus adesses,
 Verba juvare queant, aut hunc lenire dolorem
 Sufficiant tua vox dulcis, nec vultus amatus.

ODE TO MAY.

DEAR Gray ! that always in my heart
Possesses far the better part,
What mean these sudden blasts that rise,
And drive the zephyrs from the skies ?
O join with mine thy tuneful lay,
And invoke the tardy May.

Come, fairest nymph, resume thy reign
Bring all the graces in thy train :
With balmy breath and flowery tread
Rise from thy soft ambrosial bed,
Where in Elysian slumber bound
Embowering myrtles veil thee round.

Awake in all thy glories dress'd,
Recal the zephyrs from the west :
Restore the sun, revive the skies,
At mine and Nature's call arise !
Great Nature's self upbraids thy stay,
And misses her accustom'd May.

See ! all her works demand thy aid :
The labours of Pomona fade ;
A plaint is heard from every tree,
Each budding floweret calls for thee ;
The birds forget to love and sing,
With storms alone the forests ring.

Come then, with pleasure at thy side,
Diffuse thy vernal spirit wide :

Create, where'er thou turn'st thy eye,
Peace, plenty, love, and harmony :
Till every being share its part,
And heaven and earth be glad at heart.

ADDRESSED TO HIS LYRE,
ON THE PROSPECT OF MR. GRAY'S RETURN FROM
HIS TRAVELS.

O MÆJ jucunda comes quietis !
Quæ ferè ægrotum solita es levare
Pectus, et sensim ah ! nimis ingruentes
Fallere curas ;

Quid canes ? quanto Lyra dic furore
Gesties, quando hâc reducem sodalem
Glauciam ¹ gaudere simul videbis
Meque sub umbra ?

¹ West gives Gray the name of Glaucias frequently in his Latin verse, as Gray calls him Favonius.

SELECT POEMS

OF

JAMES CAWTHORN.

JAMES CAWTHORN.

TO MISS —,
OF HORSEMANDEN, IN KENT.

WHEN wit and science trim'd their wither'd bays,
At Petrarch's voice, and beam'd with half their rays,
Some heaven-born genius, panting to explore
The scenes oblivion wish'd to live no more,
Found Abelard in grief's sad pomp array'd,
And call'd the melting mourner from the shade.
Touch'd by his woes, and kindling at his rage,
Admiring nations glow'd from age to age ;
From age to age the soft infection ran,
Taught to lament the hermit in the man ;
Pride drop'd her crest, ambition learn'd to sigh,
And dove-like pity stream'd in every eye.

Sick of the world's applause, yet fond to warm
Each maid that knows with Eloise to charm,
He asks of verse to aid his native fire,
Refines and wildly lives along the lyre ;
Bids all his various passions throb anew,
And hopes, my fair, to steal a tear from you.

O, bless'd with temper, bless'd with skill to pour
Life's every comfort on each social hour !
Chaste as thy blushes, gentle as thy mien,
Too grave for folly, and too gay for spleen ;
Indulg'd to win, to soften, to inspire,
To melt with music, and with wit to fire :
To blend, as judgment tells thee how to please,
Wisdom with smiles, and majesty with ease ;
Alike to virtue as the graces known,
And proud to love all merit but thy own !

These are thy honours, these will charms supply,
When those dear suns shall set in either eye ;
While she, who, fond of dress, of paint, and place,
Aims but to be a goddess in the face ;
Born all thy sex illumines to despise,
Too mad for thought, too pretty to be wise,
Haunts for a year fantastically vain,
With half our Fribbles dying in her train :
Then sinks, as beauty fades and passion cools,
The scorn of coxcombs, and the jest of fools.

ABELARD TO ELOISE.

(FIRST PUBLISHED 1747.)

ARGUMENT.

Abelard and Eloise flourished in the twelfth century ; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age, in learning and beauty ; but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortunes, fell into the hands of Eloisa : this occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted), which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

POPE.

AH ! why this boding start ? this sudden pain,
That wings my pulse, and shoots from vein to vein ?
What mean, regardless of yon midnight bell,
These earth-born visions saddening o'er my cell ?
What strange disorder prompts these thoughts to
glow,
These sighs to murmur, and these tears to flow ?
'Tis she, 'tis Eloisa's form restor'd,
Once a pure saint, and more than saints ador'd !
She comes in all her killing charms confess'd,
Glares through the gloom, and pours upon my breast,
Bids Heaven's bright guard from Paraclete remove,
And drags me back to misery and love.

Enjoy thy triumphs, dear illusion ! see
This sad apostate from his God to thee :
See, at thy call, my guilty warmths return,
Flame through my blood, and steal me from my
Yet, yet, frail Abelard ! one effort try, [urn.
Ere the last lingering spark of virtue die ;
The deadly charming sorceress control,
And, spite of nature, tear her from thy sonl.

Long has that soul, in these unsocial woods,
Where anguish muses, and where sorrow broods,
From love's wild visionary wishes stray'd,
And sought to lose thy beauties in the shade.
Faith dropp'd a smile; devotion lent her fire,
Woke the keen pang, and sanctified desire ;
Led me enraptur'd to the bless'd abode,
And taught my heart to glow with all its God.
But O, how weak fair faith and virtue prove
When Eloisa melts away in love !
When her fond soul, impassion'd, rapt, unveal'd,
No joy forgotten, and no wish conceal'd,
Flows through her pen as infant softness free,
And fiercely springs in ecstasies to me !
Ye heavens ! as walking in yon sacred fane,
With every seraph warm in every vein,
Just as remorse had rous'd an aching sigh,
And my torn soul hung trembling in my eye,
In that kind hour thy fatal letter came,
I saw, I gaz'd, I shiver'd at the name ;
The conscious lamps at once forgot to shine,
Prophetic tremors shook the hallow'd shrine ;
Priests, censors, altars, from thy genius fled,
And Heaven itself shut on me while I read.

Dear smiling mischief ! art thou still the same,
The still pale victim of too soft a flame ?

Warm as when first, with more than mortal shine,
Each melting eye-ball mix'd thy soul with mine?
Have not thy tears, for ever taught to flow,
The glooms of absence, and the pangs of woe,
The pomp of sacrifice, the whisper'd tale,
The dreadful vow yet hovering o'er thy veil,
Drove this bewitching fondness from thy breast,
Curb'd the loose wish, and form'd each pulse to rest?
And canst thou still, still bend the suppliant knee
To love's dread shrine, and weep and sigh for me?
Then take me, take me, lock me in thy arms,
Spring to my lips, and give me all thy charms.
No—fly me, fly me, spread the' impatient sail,
Steal the lark's wing, and mount the swiftest gale;
Skim the vast ocean, freeze beneath the pole,
Renounce me, curse me, root me from thy soul:
Fly, fly, for justice bares the arm of God,
And the grasp'd vengeance only waits his nod.

Are these thy wishes? can they thus inspire?
Does frenzy form them, or does grace aspire?
Can Abelard, in hurricanes of zeal,
Betray his heart, and teach thee not to feel?
Teach thy enamour'd spirit to disown
Each human warmth, and chill thee into stone?
Ah! rather let my tenderest accents move,
The last wild accents of unholy love;
On that dear bosom trembling let me lie,
Pour out my soul, and in fierce raptures die,
Rouse all my passions, act my joys anew.
Farewell, ye cell! ye martyr'd saints, adieu!
Sleep, conscience! sleep, each awful thought be
drown'd,
And sevenfold darkness veil the scene around.

What means this pause, this agonizing start,
This glimpse of Heaven quick rushing through my—
Methinks I see a radiant cross display'd— [heart?
A wounded Saviour bleeds along the shade :
Around the' expiring God bright angels fly,
Swell the loud hymn, and open all the sky.
O save me, save me, ere the thunders roll,
And hell's black caverns swallow up my soul!

Return, ye hours ! when, guiltless of a stain,
My strong-plum'd genius throb'd in every vein ;
When, warm'd with all the' Egyptian fanes inspir'd,
All Athens boasted, and all Rome admir'd,
My merit in its full meridian shone,
Each rival blushing, and each heart my own.
Return, ye scenes !— Ah no ! from fancy fly,
On time's stretch'd wing, till each idea die,
Eternal fly ; since all that learning gave,
Too weak to conquer, and too fond to save,
To love's soft empire every wish betray'd,
And left my laurels withering in the shade.
Let me forget that, while deceitful fame
Grasp'd her shrill trump, and fill'd it with my name,
Thy stronger charms, empower'd by heaven to move
Each saint, each bless'd insensible to love,
At once my soul from bright ambition won,
I hugg'd the dart, I wish'd to be undone :
No more pale science durst my thoughts engage,
Insipid dulness hung on every page ;
The midnight-lamp no more enjoy'd its blaze,
No more my spirit flew from maze to maze :
Thy glances bade philosophy resign
Her throne to thee, and every sense was thine.

But what could all the frosts of wisdom do,
Oppos'd to beauty, when it melts in you ?

Since these dark, cheerless, solitary caves,
 Death-breathing woods, and daily-opening graves,
 Misshapen rocks, wild images of woe,
 For ever howling to the deeps below ;
 Ungenial deserts, where no vernal show'r [flow'r ;
 Wakes the green herb, or paints the' unfolding
 The embrowning glooms these holy mansions shed,
 The night-born horrors brooding o'er my bed,
 The dismal scenes black melancholy pours
 O'er the sad visions of enanguish'd hours :
 Lean abstinence, wan grief, low-thoughted care,
 Distracting guilt, and, hell's worst fiend, despair ;
 Conspire in vain, with all the aids of art,
 To blot thy dear idea from my heart.

Delusive, sightless god of warm desire !
 Why wouldst thou wish to set a wretch on fire ?
 Why lives thy soft divinity where woe
 Heaves the pale sigh, and anguish loves to glow !
 Fly to the mead, the daisy-painted vale,
 Breathe in its sweets, and melt along the gale ;
 Fly where gay scenes luxurious youths employ,
 Where every moment steals the wing of joy :
 There may'st thou see, low prostrate at thy throne,
 Devoted slaves, and victims all thy own ;
 Each village-swain the turf-built shrine shall raise,
 And kings command whole hecatombs to blaze.

O memory ! ingenious to revive
 Each fleeting hour, and teach the past to live ;
 Witness what conflicts this frail bosom tore !
 What griefs I suffer'd ; and what pangs I bore !
 How long I struggled, labour'd, strove to save
 A heart that panted to be still a slave !
 When youth, warmth, rapture, spirit, love, and flame,
 Seiz'd every sense, and burnt through all my frame ;

From youth, warmth, rapture, to these wilds I fled,
My food the herbage, and the rock my bed.
There, while these venerable cloisters rise
O'er the bleak surge, and gain upon the skies,
My wounded soul indulg'd the tear to flow
O'er all her sad vicissitudes of woe!
Profuse of life, and yet afraid to die,
Guilt in my heart, and horror in my eye,
With ceaseless prayers the whole artillery giv'n
To win the mercies of offended Heaven,
Each hill, made vocal, echoed all around,
While my torn breast knock'd bleeding on the
ground.

Yet, yet, alas! though all my moments fly,
Stain'd by a tear, and darken'd in a sigh,
Though meagre fasts have on my cheeks display'd
The dusk of death, and sunk me to a shade:
Spite of myself, the still impoisoning dart
Shoots through my blood, and drinks up all my
heart:

My vows and wishes wildly disagree,
And grace itself mistakes my God for thee.

Athwart the glooms that wrap the midnight-sky,
My Eloisa steals upon my eye:
For ever rises in the solar ray,
A phantom brighter than the blaze of day.
Where'er I go, the visionary guest
Pants on my lip, or sinks upon my breast;
Unfolds her sweets, and, throbbing to destroy,
Winds round my heart in luxury of joy:
While loud hosannas shake the shrines around,
I hear her softer accents in the sound;
Her idol-beauties on each altar glare,
And Heaven, much injur'd, has but half my pray'r:

No tears can drive her hence, no pangs control,
For every object brings her to my soul.

Last night reclining on you airy steep,
My busy eyes hung brooding o'er the deep ;
The breathless whirlwinds slept in every cave,
And the soft moon-beam danc'd from wave to wave ;
Each former bliss in this bright mirror seen,
With all my glories, dawn'd upon the scene,
Recall'd the dear auspicious hour anew,
When my fond soul to Eloisa flew ;
When, with keen speechless agonies oppress'd,
Thy frantic lover snatch'd thee to his breast ;
Gaz'd on thy blushes, arm'd with every grace,
And saw the goddess beaming in thy face ;
Saw thy wild, trembling, ardent wishes move
Each pulse to rapture, and each glance to love.
But lo ! the winds descend, the billows roar,
Foam to the clouds, and burst upon the shore ;
Vast peals of thunder o'er the ocean roll,
The flame-wing'd lightning gleams from pole to pole.
At once the pleasing images withdrew,
And more than horrors crowded on my view :
Thy uncle's form, in all his ire array'd,
Serenely dreadful, stalk'd along the shade :
Pierc'd by his sword I sunk upon the ground,
The spectre ghastly smil'd upon the wound :
A group of black infernals round me hung,
And toss'd my infamy from tongue to tongue.

Detested wretch ! how impotent thy age !
How weak thy malice ! and how kind thy rage !
Spite of thyself, inhuman as thou art,
Thy murdering hand has left me all my heart :
Left me each tender, fond affection warm,
A nerve to tremble, and an eye to charm.

No, cruel, cruel, exquisite in ill ;
Thou thought'st it dull barbarity to kill ;
My death had robb'd lost vengeance of her toil,
And scarcely warm'd a Scythian to a smile :
Sublimer furies taught thy soul to glow
With all their savage mysteries of woe :
Taught thy unfeeling poniard to destroy
The powers of nature, and the source of joy ;
To stretch me on the racks of vain desire,
Each passion throbbing, and each wish on fire :
Mad to enjoy, unable to be bless'd,
Fiends in my veins, and hell within my breast.

Aid me, fair faith ! assist me, grace divine !
Ye martyrs ! bless me ; and, ye saints ! refine :
Ye sacred groves ! ye heaven-devoted walls !
Where folly sickens, and where virtue calls :
Ye vows ! ye altars ! from this bosom tear
Voluptuous love, and leave no anguish there :
Oblivion ! be thy blackest plume display'd
O'er all my griefs, and hide me in the shade ;
And thou, too fondly idoliz'd ! attend
While awful reason whispers in the friend.
Friend, did I say ? Immortals ! what a name !
Can dull, cold friendship, own so wild a flame ?
No ; let thy lover, whose enkindling eye
Shot all his soul between thee and the sky, [song
Whose warmth bewitch'd thee, whose unhallow'd
Call'd thy rapt ear to die upon his tongue,
Now strongly rouse, while Heaven his zeal inspires,
Diviner transports, and more holy fires ;
Calm all thy passions, all thy peace restore,
And teach that snowy breast to heave no more.

Torn from the world, within dark cells immur'd,
By angels guarded, and by vows secur'd ;

To all that once awoke thy fondness dead,
And hope, pale sorrow's last sad refuge, fled ;
Why wilt thou weep, and sigh, and melt in vain,
Brood o'er false joys, and hug the' ideal chain ?
Say, canst thou wish that, madly wild to fly
From yon bright portal opening in the sky,
Thy Abelard should bid his God adieu,
Pant at thy feet, and taste thy charms anew ?
Ye heavens ! if, to this tender bosom woo'd,
Thy mere idea harrows up my blood ;
If one faint glimpse of Eloise can move
The fiercest, mildest agonies of love :
What shall I be, when, dazzling as the light,
Thy whole effulgence flows upon my sight ?
Look on thyself, consider who thou art,
And learn to be an abbess in thy heart :
See, while devotion's ever-melting strain
Pours the loud organ through the trembling fane,
Yon pious maids each earthly wish disown,
Kiss the dread cross, and crowd upon the throne :
O let thy soul the sacred charge attend,
Their warmth inspirit, and their virtues mend :
Teach every breast from every hymn to steal
The cherub's meekness, and the seraph's zeal ;
To rise to rapture, to dissolve away
In dreams of heaven, and lead thyself the way ;
Till all the glories of the bless'd abode
Blaze on the scene, and every thought is God.
While thus thy exemplary cares prevail,
And make each vestal spotless as her veil,
The' eternal spirit o'er thy cell shall move
In the soft image of the mystic dove ;
The longest gleams of heavenly comfort bring,
Peace in his smile, and healing on his wing ;

At once remove affliction from thy breast,
Melt o'er thy soul, and hush her pangs to rest.

O that my soul, from love's curs'd bondage free,
Could catch the transports that I urge to thee!
O that some angel's more than magic art
Would kindly tear the hermit from his heart!
Extinguish every guilty sense, and leave
No pulse to riot, and no sigh to heave.
Vain, fruitless wish! still, still the vigorous flame
Bursts, like an earthquake, through my shatter'd
frame;

Spite of the joys that truth and virtue prove;
I feel but thee, and breathe not but to love;
Repent in vain; scarce wish to be forgiv'n,
Thy form my idol, and thy charms my heav'n.

Yet, yet, my fair! thy nobler efforts try,
Lift me from earth, and give me to the sky;
Let my lost soul thy brighter virtues feel,
Warm'd with thy hopes, and wing'd with all thy zeal.
And when, low-bending at the hallow'd shrine,
Thy contrite heart shall Abelard resign;
When pitying Heaven, impatient to forgive,
Unbars the gates of light and bids thee live:
Seize on the auspicious moment ere it flee,
And ask the same immortal boon for me!

Then when these black terrific scenes are o'er,
And rebel nature chills the soul no more;
When on thy cheek the expiring roses fade,
And thy last lustres darken in the shade;
When arm'd with quick varieties of pain,
Or creeping dully slow from vein to vein,
Pale death shall set my kindred-spirit free,
And these dead orbs forget to doat on thee;

Some pious friend, whose wild affections glow
 Like ours in sad similitude of woe,
 Shall drop one tender, sympathizing tear,
 Prepare the garland, and adorn the bier ;
 Our lifeless relics in one tomb enshrine,
 And teach thy genial dust to mix with mine.

Meanwhile, divinely purg'd from every stain,
 Our active souls shall climb the' ethereal plain
 To each bright cherub's purity aspire,
 Catch all his zeal, and pant with all his fire ;
 There, where no face the glooms of anguish wears,
 No uncle murders, and no passion tears,
 Enjoy with heaven eternity of rest ;
 For ever blessing, and for ever bless'd.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF CAPTAIN HUGHES ;

A particular Friend of the Author's.

VAIN were the task to give the soul to glow,
 The nerve to kindle, and the verse to flow :
 When the fond mourner, hid from every eye,
 Bleeds in the anguish of too keen a sigh ;
 And, lost to glory, lost to all his fire,
 Forgets the poet, ere he grasps the lyre.

Friendship ! 'tis thine with manly warmth to
 Expiring virtue, and the closing urn ; [mourn
 To teach, dear seraph ! o'er the good and wise
 The dirge to murmur, and the bust to rise.
 Come then, O guiltless of the tear of art !
 Sprung from the sky, and thron'd within the heart !
 O come, in all the pomp of grief array'd,
 And weep the warrior, while I grace his shade.

"Tis o'er—the bright delusive scene is o'er,
 And war's proud visions mock the soul no more :
 The laurel fades, the' imperial car retires,
 All youth ennobles, and all worth admires.

Alas ! my Hughes, and must this mourning verse
 Resign thy triumph, to attend thy hearse ?
 Was it for this, that friendship's genial flame
 Woke all my wishes from the trance of fame ?
 Was it for this I left the hallow'd page,
 Where every science beams of every age ;
 On thought's strong pinion rang'd the martial scene,
 From Rome's first Cæsar to the great Eugene ;
 Explor'd the embattled van, the deep'ning line,
 The' enambush'd phalanx, and the springing mine ;
 Then, pale with horror, bent the suppliant knee,
 And heav'd the sigh, and drop'd the tear for thee !

What boots it now, that when, with hideous roar,
 The gathering tempest howl'd from every shore,
 Some pitying angel, vigilant to save, [wave ?
 Spread all his plumes, and snatch'd thee from the
 Preserv'd thee sacred from the fell disease,
 When the blue plague had fir'd the' autumnal
 Ah ! when my hero panted to engage [breeze ?
 Where all the battle burst in all its rage ;
 Where dreadful flew the missive deaths around,
 And the keen falchion blush'd from wound to wound,
 Was he denied the privilege to bleed,
 Sav'd on the main to fall upon the Tweed ?

Ye Graces ! tell with what address he stole
 The listening ear, and open'd all the soul.
 What though rough winter bade his whirlwinds rise,
 Hid his pale suns, and frown'd along his skies,
 Pour'd the big deluge on the face of day,
 My Hughes was here, to smile the gloom away ;

With all the luxuries of sound to move—
 The pulse of glory, or the sigh of love :
 And, spite of winter, lassitude, or pain,
 Taught life and joy to throb in every vein.

Fancy! dear artist of the mental pow'r !
 Fly,—fetch my genius to the social hour :
 Give me again his glowing sense to warm,
 His song to warble, and his wit to charm.
 Alas ! alas ! how impotently true
 The' aërial pencil forms the scene anew !
 E'en now, when all the vision beams around,
 And my ear kindles with the' ideal sound——
 Just as the Smiles, the Graces are impress'd,
 And all his image takes up all my breast——
 Some envious phantom points the awful bier,
 And the short rapture melts into a tear.

Thus in the lake's clear crystal we descry
 The bright diffusion of another sky——
 Reflected nature sheds a milder green ;
 The dazzling sun with softer beams is seen :
 Just as we gaze the luckless zephyr flies,
 The surface trembles, and the picture dies.

O bless'd with all that youth can give to please,
 The form majestic, and the mien of ease,
 Alike empow'rd by nature, and by art,
 To storm the rampart, and to win the heart ;
 Correct of manners, elegant of mind,
 With spirit modest, and with truth refin'd ;
 For public life's meridian sunshine made,
 Yet known to all the virtnes of the shade ;
 In war, while all the trumps of fame inspire,
 Each passion raging, and each wish on fire ;
 At home, without or vanity or rage ;
 As soft as pity, and as cool as age.

These were thy virtues—these will still be just,
Light all their beams, and blaze upon thy dust ;
While pride in vain solemnity bequeaths
To power her statues, and to guilt her wreaths :
Or, fir'd by faction, impudently flings
The price of nations on the urns of kings.

THE

EQUALITY OF HUMAN CONDITIONS :**A POETICAL DIALOGUE :**

*Spoken at the Annual Visitation of Tunbridge School,
1746.*

BY MESSRS. M—— AND A——.

M. WHILE airy Belville, guiltless of a school,
Shines out a French edition of a fool,
Studies his learned tailor once a week,
But curses every syllable of Greek ;
I sit, and think o'er all that Sparta fir'd,
That Athens boasted, and that Rome admir'd.
Enraptur'd fancy, busied with the theme,
Forms every bright idea to a dream,
Paints all the charming pageantry anew,
And brings at once each classic to my view.
Now fondly wild, I thunder in the war,
Shake the keen spear, and mount the imperial car,
With daring Regulus to Carthage run,
Or nobly bleed, with Brutus, in a son ;
Seize, Casca-like, on Cæsar's gorgeous vest,
And boldly plant a dagger in his breast.

Now, softly breathing all the Muse's fire,
I drop the falchion, and I grasp the lyre ;
With Pindar's pinion skim the bless'd abode,
Or strive to charm Augustus with an ode.

Come then, my Lelius ! come, my joy and pride !
Whose friendship soothes me, while thy precepts
guide ; [age,

Thou, whose quick eye has glanc'd through every
View'd every scene, and studied every page ;
Teach me, like thee, with every virtue bless'd,
To catch each eye, and steal to every breast ;
To rise to all that in each patriot shone,
And make each hero's happiness my own.

Say, shall I, with a triumph in my view, [sue,
Fame's air-dress'd goddess through each scene pur-
Ambitious court her in the pomp of war,
And number every trophy by a scar ?
Shall I, with Solon, form the moral plan,
And aim to mould a savage to a man ?
Or, pleas'd to rival every Grecian sage,
Glean's Plato's sense, and copy Homer's rage ?

A. You ask me, sir ! what few would care to
give,

Some grave instructions how you ought to live ?
You wish that envied blissful scene to find,
That charms the taste and dignifies the mind :
That nobly mingles every art to please,
And joins the majesty of life to ease.

Hear then, my friend ! the doctrine I disclose,
As true as if display'd in pompous prose ;
As if Locke's sacred hand the page had wrote,
And every doctor stamp'd it with a vote.

All lots are equal, and all states the same,
Alike in merit, though unlike in name.

In reason's eye no difference lies between
Life's noon-day lustres, or her milder scene.
'Tis not the plate that dignifies the board,
Nor all the titles blazing round a lord ;
'Tis not the splendid plume, the' embroider'd vest,
The gorgeous sword-knot, or the martial crest,
That lends to life the smile, the jest, the glee ;
Or makes his honour happier than me.
When Florio's acres stretch'd o'er half the land,
A gilded chariot roll'd him through the strand :
Reduc'd at last with humbler scenes to mix,
He smok'd a speculative pipe at Dick's.
The same great genius, in or out of pow'r—
Ease smooth'd his brow, and soften'd every hour ;
Taught him to live as happy in a shed,
As when a duchess grac'd his nuptial bed.

Content's the port all mortals wish to hail ;
She points the compass, and she guides the sail :
'To her alone our leaky vessels roll
Through all the seas that rage from pole to pole.
What boots it then, when gathering storms behind
Rise black in air, and howl in every wind,
That thy rich ship a pomp of pride display'd,
Her masts all cedar, and her sails brocade !
Say canst thou think the tempest will discern
A silken cable, or a painted stern ;
Hush the wild tumult that tornadoes bring,
And kindly spare the yacht that holds a king ?
No, no, my friend ! if skilful pilots guide,
And Heaven, auspicious, calms the whirling tide,
No winds distress you, and no storm destroys,
Whether you sail in gondolas or hoy's.

M. What, has just Heaven no slight distinction
Betwixt a life of sunshine and of shade ? [made

Must I, in silence, this wild system own,
And think a cottage equal to a throne?
Sure if I did, my friends would soon bestow
A few stout cords, and send me to Monro.

Your tailor, skill'd in fashion's every grace,
Decks you in all the pageantry of lace,
Lives in a cell, and eats from week to week
A homely meal of cabbage and ox-cheek.
You walk majestic in a nobler scene,
Guiltless of every anguish, but the spleen,
With all the luxury of statesmen dine
On daily feasts of ortolans and wine.
Then tell me, sir, if this description's true,
Is not your tailor less at ease than you?

Hardwicke, great patriot! envied, lov'd, caress'd,
Mark'd by each eye, and hug'd to every breast;
Whose bright example learns us to admire
All Cowper's graces, and all Talbot's fire—
Firm to his trust, whatever bribes assail,
Truth guides his sword, and justice holds his scale.
Say, is not he more happy than the throng
Of beardless templars, melting o'er a song?
Thau him, who, buried in a country town,
Engrosses half a folio for a crown.

Heroic glory in the martial scene
Spread every plume to dignify Eugene—
On Marlbro's helmet sat, in all her pride,
And proudly frown'd at all the world beside.
And sure you'd think it a most sad disgrace,
If ensigns liv'd as easy as his grace.

A. Dear sir! restrain the prejudice of youth,
And calmly listen to the voice of truth.
When first the' Almighty sire his work began,
And spoke the mingling atoms into man,

To all the race with gracious hand was given
One common forest, and one equal heaven ;
They shar'd alike this universal ball,
The sons of freedom, and the lords of all.
The poets too this sacred truth display'd,
From cloud-topt Pindus to the Latian shade.
They sung, that ere Pandora, fond of strife,
Let loose each embryo-misery of life,
All nature brighten'd in one golden age,
Each sire a monarch, and each son a sage ;
Eternal blessings flow'd to all the race,
Alike in riches, as alike in place.

Suppose then, sir, that new distinctions since
Have plac'd a slave some leagues below a prince ;
Yet ease and joy, dispassion'd reason owns,
As often visit cottages as thrones.

See ! in yon valley, while the mellowing grain
Embrowns the slope, and nods along the plain,
A crowd of rustics, doom'd to daily toil,
Disarm the forest, or enrich the soil ;
Not in that elegance of dress array'd
That charm'd Arcadia's hills, and Tempe's shade ;
Where Thyrsis, shelter'd in some happier grove,
The lonely scene of solitude and love,
His breast all rapture, and his soul on fire.
Now wove the garland, and now swept the lyre :
No,—'tis plain Colin, Hobbinol, and Ned,
Unskill'd in numbers as in books unread,
Who scorn the winter's deadly blast to shun,
But face the storm, and drudge through every sun ;
Then seek the cottage, where the homely bowl
Smooths every brow, and opens every soul ;
Speeds the same social warmth from breast to breast,
And bids them laugh at Verres and his crest.

When honest Colin sees the shining all
 That gilds the 'Change, and dignifies Whitehall ;
 Lost in the scenes of turbulence and strife,
 'The farce of grandeur, and the pomp of life,
 He steals impatient to his native shade,
 And longs to grasp his waggon and his spade ;
 Heedless of every charm, of every grace,
 That forms the goddess in Fitzwalter's face,
 That lends to Finch her majesty of mien—
 He would not change his Susan for a queen.

. Believe me, sir ! distinction, pomp, and noise,
 Corrupt our tempers, as they cloud our joys :
 And surely, when the social spirit's broke,
 A star's a gewgaw, and a lord's a joke.
 Without those robes, those gorgeous bagatelles,
 That deck our nobles, and that charm our belles ;
 Without a crane-neck'd chariot's smooth career ;
 Without the wealth of Indus in your ear !
 Without a group of pictures dearly bought,
 Where Titian's colours vie with Guido's thought ;
 Without the fruits of Spain, the wines of France ;
 Without an opera, and without a dance ;
 You may live happy, as grave doctors tell,
 At Rome, at Tunbridge, in a grot or cell.

From sky to sky the imperial bird of Jove
 Spreads his broad wing, and thundering grasps his
 The mighty bull, by genial zephyr sway'd, [love ;
 Enraptur'd courts his heifer to the shade ;
 The feather'd warblers pair on every spray,
 The grove re-echoing with the sprightly lay ;
 While the gay tribe of insects blissful share
 The joys of love, and people all the air.
 All, all that in the depths of ocean lie,
 Graze on the plain, or skim along the sky,

Fondly pursue the end by nature given,
Life all their aim, and quiet all their heaven.

If then no songsters grudge the bear his thigh,
The hound his nostril, or the lynx his eye ;
Nor feel a pang though Afric's shaggy brood
Majestic stalk the monarchs of the wood ;
Why should you think your solitude a tomb,
If Pulteney has a title and a plumb ?

M. But soft—restrain this turbulence of war,
This mimic image of the wordy bar ;
Lest you should seem to copy Henley's lore,
Who gravely kills objections by the score.

Behold that wretch, by every woe distress'd,
Want in his eye, and horror in his breast ;
A thousand nameless agonies of pain
Rack every nerve, and burn through every vein ;
He lives to suffer, and but speaks to moan,
And numbers every minute by a groan.
Is he then happy ? bless'd with every joy
That glows on Cecil's cheek, or Dorset's eye ?
Shall we proclaim him bless'd, without rebuke,
And rank a martyr'd beggar with a duke ?

A. Believe me, sir, each mortal has his fear,
Each soul an anguish, and each eye a tear ;
Aches, pains, and fevers, every breast assail,
And haunt alike the city and the vale.

What though in pomp your painted vessels roll,
Fraught with the gems that glare from pole to pole—
Though health auspicious gilds your every grace,
Nerves the strong limb, and blushes o'er the face ;
Though grac'd with all that dignity of wit
That charm'd in Villars, and now charms in Pitt ;
Possess'd of all the eloquence that hung
On Tully's lip, and drops from Murray's tongue ;

Though all the titles, coronets, and stars,
That statesmen aim at, and that Malton bears,
Enrich your 'scutcheon, dignify your crest,
Beam on your coach, and blaze upon your breast ;
Can they forbid the secret ill to glow,
The pang to torture, or the tear to flow ?

Confess we then, that all the ills of life,
Diseases, grief, vexations, follies, strife,
Without distinction every soul perplex,
Haunt every scene, and prey on all the sex.
Yet let us own that every pleasure too
That glads the active, and that wings the slow,
Alike indulgent to the rich and poor,
Glides through the land, and knocks at every door.

Hear then, without the specious pride of art,
A truth that strikes the moral to the heart ;
A truth that liv'd in Cato's patriot breast,
And bade a dying Socrates be bless'd :
All, all but Virtue, is a school-boy's theme,
The air-dress'd phantom of a virgin's dream ;
A gilded toy, that homebred fools desire,
That coxcombs boast of, and that mobs admire :
Her radiant graces every bliss unfold,
And turn whate'er she touches into gold.

THE
REGULATION OF THE PASSIONS,
THE SOURCE OF HUMAN HAPPINESS.

A Moral Essay.

Dunque ne l' Uso per cui fur concesse
L' impieghi il soggio Duce, e le governi:
Et a suo Senno or tepide, or ardenti,
Le faccia: et or le affretti, et or le allenti.

TASSO.

Yes, yes, dear Stoic ! hide it as you can,
The sphere of pleasure is the sphere of man :
This warms our wishes, animates our toil,
And forms alike a Newton, or a Hoyle ;
Gives all the soul to all the soul regards,
Whether she deal in planets, or in cards.

In every human breast there lives enshrin'd
Some atom pregnant with the' ethereal mind ;
Some plastic power, some intellectual ray,
Some genial sun-beam from the source of day ;
Something that, warm and restless to aspire,
Works the young heart, and sets the soul on fire,
And bids us all our inborn powers employ
To catch the phantom of ideal joy.
Were it not so, the soul, all dead and lost,
Like the tall cliff beneath the' impassive frost,
Form'd for no end, and impotent to please,
Would lie inactive on the couch of ease :
And, heedless of proud fame's immortal lay,
Sleep all her dull divinity away.

And yet, let but a zephyr's breath begin
To stir the latent excellence within—
Wak'd in that moment's elemental strife,
Impassion'd genius feels the breath of life ;
The' expanding heart delights to leap and glow,
The pulse to kindle, and the tear to flow :
Strong and more strong the light celestial shines,
Each thought ennobles, and each sense refines,
Till all the soul, full opening to the flame,
Exalts to virtue what she felt for fame.
Hence, just as nature points the kindred fire,
One plies the pencil, one awakes the lyre ;
This, with an Halley's luxury of soul,
Calls the wild needle back upon the pole ;
Maps half the winds, and gives the sail to fly
In every ocean of the arctic sky ;
While he whose vast capacious mind explores
All nature's scenes, and nature's God adores,
Skill'd in each drug the varying world provides,
All earth embosoms, and all ocean hides ;
Expels, like Heberden, the young disease,
And softens anguish to the smile of ease.

The passions then all human virtue give,
Fill up the soul, and lend her strength to live.
To them we owe fair truth's unspotted page,
The generous patriot, and the moral sage ;
The hand that forms the geometric line,
The eye that pierces through the' unbowell'd mine,
The tongue that thunders eloquence along,
And the fine ear that melts it into song.

And yet these passions which, on nature's plan,
Call out the hero while they form the man,
Warp'd from the sacred line that nature gave,
As meanly ruin as they nobly save.

The' ethereal soul that Heaven itself inspires
 With all its virtues, and with all its fires,
 Led by these syrens to some wild extreme,
 Sets in a vapour when it ought to beam ;
 Like a Dutch sun that in the' autumnal sky
 Looks through a fog, and rises but to die.
 But he whose active, unencumber'd mind,
 Leaves this low earth, and all its mists behind,
 Fond in a pure unclouded sky to glow,
 Like the bright orb that rises on the Po,
 O'er half the globe with steady splendour shines,
 And ripens virtues as it ripens mines.

Whoever thinks, must see that man was made
 To face the storm, not languish in the shade :
 Action's his sphere, and for that sphere design'd,
 Eternal pleasures open on his mind.
 For this, fair hope leads on the' impassion'd soul
 Through life's wild labyrinths to her distant goal ;
 Paints in each dream, to fan the genial flame,
 The pomp of riches, and the pride of fame,
 Or fondly gives reflection's cooler eye
 A glance, an image, of a future sky.

Yet, though kind Heaven points out the' unerring road

That leads through nature up to bliss and God ;
 Spite of that God, and all his voice divine
 Speaks in the heart, or teaches from the shrine,
 Man, feebly vain, and impotently wise,
 Disdains the manna sent him from the skies ;
 Tasteless of all that virtue gives to please,
 For thought too active, and too mad for ease,
 From wish to wish in life's mad vortex toss,
 For ever struggling, and for ever lost ;

He scorns religion, though her seraphs call,
And lives in rapture, or not lives at all.

And now, let loose to all our hopes and fears,
As pride inspirits, or ambition tears,
From every tie, from every duty freed;
Without a balance, and without a creed,
Dead every sense, each particle divine,
And all the man embruted in the swine ;
These drench in luxury's ambrosial bowl
Reason's last spark, and drain off all the soul :
Those, for vain wealth fly on from pole to pole,
Where winds can waft them, and where seas can
roll :

While others, wearied with the farce of pow'r,
Or mad with riot in the midnight hour,
With Spain's proud monarch to a cell retire,
Or, Nero like, set half the globe on fire.

Stretch'd on high-towering Dover's sandy bed,
Without a coffin, and without a head ;
A dirty sail-cloth o'er his body thrown,
By marks of misery almost unknown,
Without a friend to pity, or to save,
Without a dirge to consecrate the grave,
Great Suffolk lies——he who for years had shone,
England's sixth Henry ! nearest to thy throne.
What boots it now, that listening senates hung
All ear, all rapture, on his angel-tongue ?
Ah ! what avails the enormous blaze between
His dawn of glory, and his closing scene !
When haughty France his heaven-born powers
ador'd,
And Anjou's princess sheath'd Britannia's sword !
Ask ye, what bold conspiracy oppress'd
A chief so honour'd, and a chief so bless'd ?

Why, lust of power, that wreck'd his rising fame
On courts' vain shallows, and the gulf of shame :
A Gloster's murder, and a nation's wrongs,
Call'd loud for vengeance with ten thousand tongues ;
And hasten'd death, on Albion's chalky strand,
To end the exile by a pirate's hand.

Pleasure, my friend ! on this side folly lies ;
It may be vigorous, but it must be wise :
And when our organs once that end attain,
Each step beyond it is a step to pain.
For ask the man whose appetites pursue
Each loose Roxana of the public stew ;
Who cannot eat till luxury refine
His morbid taste, and teach him how to dine :
Who cannot drink till Spain's rich vintage flow,
Mix'd with the coolness of December's snow :
Ask him, if all those ecstasies that move
The pulse of rapture, and the rage of love,
When wine, wit, woman, all their powers employ,
And every sense is lost in every joy,
E'er fill'd his heart, and beam'd upon his breast,
Content's full sunshine, with the calm of rest ?
No—— virtue only gives fair peace to shine,
And health, O sacred temperance ! is thine.
Hence the poor peasant, whose laborious spade
Rids the rough crag of half its heath and shade,
Feels in the quiet of his genial nights
A bliss more genuine than the club at White's ;
And has, in full exchange for fame and wealth,
Herculean vigour, and eternal health.

Of blooming genius, judgment, wit possess'd,
By poets envied, and by peers caress'd ;
By royal mercy sav'd from legal doom,
With royal favour crown'd for years to come,

O hadst thou, Savage ! known thy lot to prize,
And sacred held fair friendship's generous ties ;
Hadst thou, sincere to wisdom, virtue, truth,
Curb'd the wild sallies of impetuous youth ;
Had but thy life been equal to thy lays,
In vain had envy strove to blast thy bays ;
In vain thy mothér's unrelenting pride
Had strove to push thee helpless from her side ;
Fair competence had lent her genial dow'r,
And smiling peace adorn'd thy evening-hour ;
True pleasure would have led thee to her shrine,
And every friend to merit had been thine.
Bless'd with the choicest boon that Heaven can give,
Thou then hadst learnt with dignity to live ;
The scorn of wealth, the threats of want to brave,
Nor sought from prison a refuge in the grave.

The' immortal Rembrandt all his pictures made
Soft as their union into light and shade :
Whene'er his colours wore too bright an air,
A kindred shadow took off all the glare ;
Whene'er that shadow, carelessly embrown'd,
Stole on the tints, and breath'd a gloom around,
The' attentive artist threw a warmer dye,
Or call'd a glory from a pictur'd sky ;
Till both the' opposing powers mix'd in one,
Cool as the night, and brilliant as the sun.
Passions, like colours, have their strength and ease,
Those too insipid, and too gaudy these :
Some on the heart, like Spagnolletti's, throw
Fictitious horrors, and a weight of woe ;
Some, like Albano's, catch from every ray
Too strong a sunshine, and too rich a day ;
Others, with Carlo's Magdalens, require
A quicker spirit, and a touch of fire :

Or want, perhaps, though of celestial race,
Corregio's softness, and a Guido's grace.

Would'st thou then reach what Rembrandt's
genius knew,

And live the model that his pencil drew,
Form all thy life with all his warmth divine,
Great as his plan, and faultless as his line ;
Let all thy passions, like his colours, play,
Strong without harshness, without glaring gay :
Contrast them, curb them, spread them, or confine,
Ennoble these, and those forbid to shine ;
With cooler shades ambition's fire allay,
And mildly melt the pomp of pride away ;
Her rainbow robe from vanity remove,
And soften malice with the smile of love ;
Bid o'er revenge the charities prevail,
Nor let a grace be seen without a veil :
So shalt thou live as Heaven itself design'd,
Each pulse congenial with the informing mind,
Each action station'd in its proper place,
Each virtue blooming with its native grace,
Each passion vigorous to its just degree,
And the fair whole a perfect symmetry.

LIFE UNHAPPY,

BECAUSE WE USE IT IMPROPERLY.

A Moral Essay.

I own it, Belmour ! say whate'er we can,
The lot of sorrow seems the lot of man ;
Affliction feeds with all her keenest rage
On youth's fair blossoms, and the fruits of age ;

And wraps alike beneath her harpy wings
The cells of peasants, and the courts of kings.

Yet sure unjustly we ascribe to fate
Those ills, those mischiefs, we ourselves create ;
Vainly lament that all the joys we know
Are more than number'd by the pangs of woe ;
And yet those joys in mean profusion waste,
Without reflection, and without a taste ;
Careless of all that virtue gives to please,
For thought too active, and too mad for ease,
We give each appetite too loose a rein,
Push every pleasure to the verge of pain ;
Impetuons follow where the passions call,
And live in rapture, or not live at all.

Hence half the plagues that fill with pain and strife
Each softer moment of domestic life ;
The palsied hand, the visionary brain,
The' infected fluid, and the torpid vein ;
The ruin'd appetite, that lothing slights
The richest olio of the cook at White's ;
The aching impotence of loose desire,
A nerveless body, with a soul on fire ;
The' eternal blush that lights the cheek of shame
For wasted riches, and unheeded fame ;
Unhallow'd reveries, low thoughted cares,
The wish that riots, and the pang that tears ;
Each awful tear that weeps the night away,
Each heartfelt sigh of each reflecting day ;
All that around the louring eye of spleen
Throws the pale phantom, and terrific scene ;
Or, direr still, calls from the abyss below
Despair's dread genius to the couch of woe,
Where, lost to health, and hope's all-cheering ray,
As the dead eye-ball to the orb of day,

Pale riot bleeds for all his mad expense
In each rack'd organ, or acuter sense ;
Where sad remorse beholds in every shade
The murder'd friend, or violated maid ;
And, stung to madness in his iomost soul,
Grasps the keen dagger, or empoinson'd bowl.

Impious it were, to think the' Eternal Mind
Is but the scourge and tyrant of mankind !
Sure he who gives us sunshine, dew, and show'r,
The vine ambrosial, and the blooming flow'r,
Whose own bright image lives on man impress'd,
Meant that that being should be wise and bless'd,
And taught each instinct in his heart enshrin'd
To feel for bliss, to search it, and to find.

But where's this bliss, you ask, this heaven-born
We all pretend to, and we all admire ? [fire
Breathes it in Ceylon's aromatic isle ?
Flows it along the waters of the Nile ?
Lives it in India's animated mould,
In rocks of crystal, or in veins of gold ?
Not there alone, but boundless, unconfin'd,
Spreads through all life, and flows to all mankind ;
Waits on the winds that blow, the waves that roll,
And warms alike the' equator and the pole.

For as kind Nature through the globe inspires
Her parent warmths, and elemental fires,
Forms the bright gem in earth's unfathom'd caves,
Bids the rich coral blush beneath the waves,
And with the same prolific virtue glows
In the rough bramble, as the damask rose ;
So, in the union of her moral plan,
The ray of bliss shines on from man to man,
Whether in purples or in skins array'd,
He wields the sceptre, or he plies the spade,

Slaves on the Ganges, triumphs on the Rhone,
Hides in a cell, or beams upon a throne.

In vain the man, whose soul ambition fires,
Whom birth ennobles, and whom wealth inspires,
Insists that happiness for courts was made,
And laughs at every genius of the shade,
As much mistakes the sage, who fain would prove
Fair pleasure lives but in his grot and grove.
Each scene of life, or open or confin'd,
Alike congenial to its kindred mind ;
Alike ordain'd by Heaven to charm or please
The man of spirit and the man of ease,
Just as our taste is better or is worse,
Becomes a blessing, or becomes a curse. —
When lust and envy share the soul by turns,
When fear unnerves her, or mad vengeance burns ;
When luxury brutes her in the wanton bow'r,
And guilt's black phantoms haunt her midnight hour ;
Not all the wealth each warmer sun provides,
All earth embosoms, and all ocean hides ;
Not all the pompsthat round proud greatness shine,
When suppliant nations bow before her shrine,
Can ease the heart, or ray upon the breast
Content's full sunshine, and the calm of rest.
No—all the bliss that nature feels or knows,
Of heartfelt rapture, or of cool repose,
Howe'er improv'd by wisdom, and by art,
Lives in ourselves, and beams but from the heart.
Quite independent of those alien things,
Applauding senates, and the smiles of kings,
Of empty purses, or of wealthy bags,
A robe of ermines, or a coat in rags.

Conclude we then that Heaven's supreme decree
Gives ease and joy to monarchs and to me :

Yet, such the fate of all that man obtains,
Our pleasures must be purchas'd by our pains,
And cost us every hour some small expense,
A little labour, and a little sense.
That heaven-born bliss, that soul-illumin'd joy,
Which madmen squander, and which fools destroy,
To half the nations of the globe unknown,
Reflecting wisdom makes it all her own ;
Coolly explores, in every scene and sphere,
What nature wants, what life inherits there ;
What lenient arts can teach the soul to know
A purer rapture, and a softer woe :
What melt her idle vanities away,
And make to-morrow happier than to-day.
Without this cheap, this economic art,
This cool philosophy of head and heart,
A peer's proud bosom, rack'd by pangs and cares,
Feels not the splendour of the star he wears :
With it the wretch whom want has forc'd to dwell
In the last corner of her cheerless cell,
In spite of hunger, labour, cold, disease,
Lies, laughs, and slumbers on the couch of ease.

A coxcomb once in Handel's parlour found
A Grecian lyre, and tried to make it sound ;
O'er the fine stops his awkward fist he flings,
And rudely presses on the' elastic strings :
Awaken'd Discord shrieks, and scolds, and raves,
Wild as the dissonance of winds and waves,
Loud as a Wapping mob at midnight bawls,
Harsh as ten chariots rolling round Saint Paul's,
And hoarser far than all the' ecstatic race
Whose drunken orgies stun'd the wilds of Thrace.

' Friend! (quoth the sage) that fine machine con-
Exacter numbers, and diviner strains ; [tains

Strains such as once could build the Theban wall,
And stop the mountain torrent in its fall :
But yet to wake them, rouse them, and inspire,
Asks a fine finger, and a touch of fire,
A feeling soul, whose all-expressive pow'rs
Can copy nature as she sinks or soars ;
And, just alike to passion, time, and place,
Refine correctness into ease and grace.'

He said—and, flying o'er each quivering wire,
Spread his light hand, and swept it on the lyre,
Quick to his touch the lyre began to glow,
The sound to kindle, and the air to flow,
Deep as the murmurs of the falling floods,
Sweet as the warbles of the vocal woods :
The listening passions hear, and sink, and rise,
As the rich harmony or swells or dies ;
The pulse of avarice forgets to move,
A purer rapture fills the breast of love ;
Devotion lifts to heaven a holier eye,
And bleeding pity heaves a softer sigh.
Life has its ease, amusement, joy, and fire,
Hid in itself, as music in the lyre ;
And, like the lyre, with all its powers impart,
When touch'd and manag'd by the hand of art.
But half mankind, like Händel's fool, destroy,
Through rage and ignorance, the strain of joy ;
Irregularly will their passions roll
Through nature's finest instrument, the soul :
While men of sense, with Handel's happier skill,
Correct the taste, and harmonize the will;
Teach their affections like his notes to flow,
Not rais'd too high, nor ever sunk too low ;

Till every virtue, measur'd and resin'd,
As fits the concert of the master-mind,
Melts in its kindred sounds, and pours along
The' according music of the moral song.

NOBILITY,

A MORAL ESSAY.

(*Spoken at the Visitation of Tunbridge-School, 1752.*)

TIS said, that ere fair virtue learn'd to sigh,
The crest to libel, and the star to lie,
The poet glow'd with all his sacred fire,
And bade each virtue live along the lyre ;
Led humble science to the bless'd abode,
And rais'd the hero till he shone a god.

Our modern bards, by some unhappy fate,
Condemn'd to flatter every fool of state,
Have oft, regardless of their heaven-born flame,
Enthron'd proud greatness in the shrine of fame ;
Bestow'd on vice the wreaths that virtue wove,
And paid to Nero what was due to Jove.

Yet hear, ye great ! whom birth and titles crown
With alien worth, and glories not your own ;
Hear me affirm, that all the vain can show,
All Anstis boasts of, and all kings bestow,
All envy wishes; all ambition hails,
All that supports Saint James's and Versailles,
Can never give distinction to a knave,
Or make a lord whom vice has made a slave.

In elder times, ere heralds yet enroll'd
The bleeding ruby in a field of gold,

Or infant language pain'd the tender ear
 With fess, bend, argent, cheveron, and saltier ;
 'Twas he alone the bay's bright verdure wore,
 Whose strength subdued the lion or the boar;
 Whose art from rocks could call the mellowing grain,
 And give the vine to laugh along the plain ;
 Or, tracing nature to her moral plan,
 Explor'd the savage till he found the man.
 For him the rustic hind, and village maid,
 Strip'd the gay spring of half its bloom and shade ;
 With annual dances grac'd the daisy-mead,
 And sung his triumphs on the oaten reed ;
 Or, fond to think him sprung from yonder sky,
 Rear'd the turf fane, and bade the victim die.

In Turkey, sacred as the Koran's page,
 These simple manners live through every age :
 The humblest swain, if virtue warms the man,
 May rise the genius of the grave Divan ;
 And all but Othman's race, the only proud,
 Fall with their sires, and mingle with the crowd.

For three campaigns Caprouli's hand display'd
 The Turkish crescent on thy walls, Belgrade !
 Imperial Egypt own'd him for her lord,
 And Austria trembled if he touch'd the sword :
 Yet all his glories set within his grave,

One son a janisary, one a slave.
 Politer courts, ingenious to extend

The father's glories, bid his pomps descend ;
 With strange good-nature give his worthless son
 The very laurels that his virtue won ;
 And with the same appellatives adorn
 A living hero, and a sot unborn.

Hence, without blushing, (say whate'er we can)
 We more regard the' escutcheon than the man ;

Yet, true to nature and her instincts, prize
The hound or spaniel as his talent lies :
Careless from what paternal blood he rose,
We value Bowman only for his nose.

Say, should you see a generous steed outfly
The swiftest zephyr of the' autumnal sky,
Would you at once his ardent wishes kill,
Give him the dogs, or chain him to a mill,
Because his humbler fathers, grave and slow,
Clean'd half the jakes of Houndsditch or Soho ?

In spite of all that in his grandsire shone,
An horse's worth is, like a king's, his own.
If in the race, when lengthening shouts inspire
His bold compeers, and set their hearts on fire,
He seems regardless of the' exulting sound,
And scarcely drags his legs along the ground ;
What will't avail, that, sprung from heavenly seed,
His great forefathers swept the' Arabian mead :
Or, dress'd in half an empire's purple, bore
The weight of Xerxes on the Caspian shore ?

I grant, my lord ! your ancestors outshone
All that e'er grac'd the Ganges, or the Rhone ;
Born to protect, to rouse those godlike fires
That genius kindles, or fair fame inspires ;
O'er humble life to spread indulgent ease,
To give the veins to flow without disease ;
From proud oppression injur'd worth to screen,
And shake alike the senate and the scene.

And see, to save them from the wrecks of age,
Exulting science fills her every page ;
Fame grasps her trump, the epic muse attends,
The lyre re-echoes, and the song ascends ;
The sculptor's chissel with the pencil vies,
Rocks leap, and animated marbles rise :

All arts, all powers, the virtuous chiefs adorn,
And spread their pomps to ages yet unborn.

All this we own—but if, amidst the shine,
The enormous blaze that beams along the line,
Some scoundrel peer, regardless of his sires,
Pursues each folly, and each vice admires;
Shall we enrol his prostituted name
In honour's zenith, and the lists of fame?

Exalted titles, like a beacon, rise
To tell the wretched where protection lies:
He then who hears unmov'd affliction's cry,
His birth's a phantom, and his name's a lie.

The Egyptians thus, on Cairo's sacred plain,
Saw half their marbles move into a fane;
The glorious work unnumber'd artists ply,
Now turn the dome, now lift it to the sky:
But when they enter'd the sublime abode,
They found a serpent where they hop'd a god.

Anstis observes, that when a thousand years
Roll through a race of princes, or of peers,
Obliging virtue sheds her every beam
From son to son, and waits upon the stream.
Yet say, ye great! who boast another's scars,
And think your lineage ends but in the stars,
What is this boon of Heaven? dependent still
On woman's weakness, and on woman's will;
Dare ye affirm that no exotic blood
Has stain'd your glories ever since the flood?
Might not some brawny slave, from Afric fled,
Stamp his base image in the nuptial bed:
Might not, in pagan days, your mothers prove
The fire of Phœbus, and the strength of Jove?
Or, more politely to their vows untrue,
Love, and elope, as modern ladies do?

But grant that all your gentle grandames shone
Clear, and unsullied, as the noon-day sun ;
Though nature form'd them of her chastest mold,
Say, was their birth illustrious as their gold ?
Full many a lord, we know, has chose to range
Among the wealthy beauties of the 'Change ;
Or sigh'd, still humbler, to the midnight gale
For some fair peasant of the' Arcadian vale.
Then blame us not, if backward to adore
A name polluted by a slave or whore ;
Since spite of patents, and of king's decrees,
And blooming coronets on parchment trees,
Some alien stain may darken all the line,
And Norfolk's blood descend as mean as mine.

You boast, my lord ! a race with laurels crown'd,
By senates honour'd, and in war renown'd ;
Show then the martial soul to danger bred,
When Poitiers thunder'd, and when Cressy bled ;
Show us those deeds, those heaven-directed fires,
That ages past saw beaming on your sires ;
That freeborn pride no tyrant durst enslave,
That godlike zeal that only liv'd to save. [tribe,

Dare you, though faction bawl through all her
Though monarchs threaten, and though statesmen
Feel for mankind, and gallantly approve [bribe,
All virtue teaches, and all angels love ?
Know you the tear that flows o'er worth distress'd,
The joy that rises when a people's bless'd ?
Then, if you please, immortalize your line,
With all that's great, heroic, and divine ;
Explore with curious eye the' historic page,
The rolls of fame, the monuments of age ;
Adopt each chief immortal Homer sings,
All Greece's heroes, and all Asia's kings :

If earth's too scanty, search the bless'd abode,
And make your first progenitor a god :
We grant your claim, whate'er you wish to prove,
The son of Priam, or the son of Jove.

Statesmen and patriots thus to glory rise,
The self-born sun that gilds them never dies :
While he, ennobled by those gewgaw things,
The pride of patents, and the breath of kings,
Glares the pale meteor of a little hour,
Fed by court sunshine, and poetic show'r ;
Then sinks at once, unpitied and unbliss'd,
A nation's scandal, and a nation's jest.

Nobility had something in her blood,
When to be great was only to be good :
Sublime she sat in virtue's sacred fane,
With all the sister-graces in her train.
She still exists, 'tis true, in Grosvenor-square,
And leads a life, a kind of—as it were———
And see ! self-shelter'd from the world's alarms,
The dying goddess sleeps in Fortune's arms ;
Fond luxury attends her soft retreats,
The modest Frazi warbles while she eats ;
Arabia's sweets distil at every pore,
Her flatterers soothe her, and her slaves adore ;
Indulg'd by all our senates to forget
Those worst of plagues, a promise and a debt.

Not but there are (amidst the titled crew,
Unknown to all but Collins, and the stew)
Men who improve their heaven-descended fires,
Rise on their blood, and beam upon their sires ;
Men who, like diamonds from Golconda's mine,
Call from themselves the ray that makes them shine.

Pleas'd, let me view a Cecil's soul array'd
With all that Plato gather'd in the shade ;

Reflect how nobly Radnor can descend
 To lose this title in the name of friend ;
 At Dorset look, and bid Hibernia own
 Her viceroy form'd to sit upon a throne ;
 Admire how innocence can lend to truth
 Each grace of virtue, and each charm of youth,
 And then enraptur'd bend the suppliant knee
 To Heaven's high throne, O Rockingham ! for thee.

Let then vain fools their proud escutcheons view,
 Allied to half the Incas of Peru ;
 With every vice those lineal glories stain
 That rose in Pharamond or Charlemagne :
 But ye, dear youths ! whom chance or genius calls
 To court pale wisdom in these hallow'd walls,
 Scorn ye to hang upon a blasted name
 Another's virtue, and another's fame :
 In two short precepts all your business lies—
 Would you be great ?—Be virtuous and be wise !

▲

*FATHER'S EXTEMPORE CONSOLATION**ON THE DEATH OF TWO DAUGHTERS,**Who lived only Two Days.*

Let vulgar souls endure the body's chain,
 Till life's dull current ebbs in every vein,
 Dream out a tedious age, ere, wide display'd,
 Death's blackest pinion wraps them in the shade.

These happy infants, early taught to shun
 All that the world admires beneath the sun,
 Scorn'd the weak bands mortality could tie,
 And fled impatient to their native sky.

Dear precious babes!—Alas! when, fondly wild,
A mother's heart hung melting o'er her child,
When my charm'd eye a flood of joy express'd,
And all the father kindled in my breast,
A sudden paleness seiz'd each guiltless face,
And death, though smiling, crept o'er every grace.

Nature! be calm—heave not the' impassion'd sigh,
Nor teach one tear to tremble in my eye.
A few unspotted moments pass'd between
Their dawn of being, and their closing scene :
And sure no nobler blessing can be given,
When one short anguish is the price of Heaven.

THE ANTIQUARIANS.

A TALE.

SOME Antiquarians, grave and loyal,
Incorporate by charter royal,
Last winter, on a Thursday night, were
Met in full senate at the Mitre.
The president, like Mr. Mayor,
Majestic took the elbow-chair,
And gravely sat in due decorum,
With a fine gilded mace before him.
Upon the table were display'd
A British knife without a blade,
A comb of Anglo-Saxon steel,
A patent with king Alfred's seal,
Two rusted mutilated prongs,
Suppos'd to be Saint Dunstan's tongs,
With which he, as the story goes,
Once took the Devil by the nose.

Awhile they talk'd of ancient modes,
Of manuscripts, and Gothic codes,
Of Roman altars, camps, and urns,
Of Caledonian shields, and churns :
Whether the druid slipt or broke
The mistletoe upon the oak ?
If Hector's spear was made of ash ?
Or Agamemnon wore a sash ?
If Cleopatra dress'd in blue,
And wore her tresses in a quene ?

At length a Dean who undersood
All that had pass'd before the Flood,
And could in half a minute show ye
A pedigree as high as Noah,
Got up, and with a solemn air,
(First humbly bowing to the chair)
' If aught,' says he, ' deserves a name
Immortal as the roll of fame,
This venerable group of sages
Shall flourish in the latest ages,
And wear an amaranthine crown
When kings and empires are unknown.
Perhaps e'en I, whose humbler knowledge
Ranks me the lowest of your college,
May catch from your meridian day
At least a transitory ray :
For I, like you, through every clime,
Have trac'd the step of hoary Time,
And gather'd up his sacred spoils
With more than half a century's toils.
Whatever virtue, deed, or name,
Antiquity has left to fame,
In every age, and every zone,
In copper, marble, wood, or stone,

In vases, flowerpots, lamps, and sconces,
Intaglios, cameos, gems, and bronzes,
These eyes have read through many a crust
Of flacker, varnish, grease, and dust ;
And now, as glory fondly draws
My soul to win your just applause,
I here exhibit to your view
A medal fairly worth Peru,
Found, as tradition says, at Rome,
Near the Quirinal catacomb.'

He said, and from a purse of satin,
Wrap'd in a leaf of monkish Latin,
And taught by many a clasp to join,
Drew out a dirty copper coin.
Still as pale midnight when she throws
On heaven and earth a deep repose,
Lost in a trance too big to speak,
The synod eyed the fine antique ;
Examin'd every point, and part,
With all the critic skill of art ;
Rung it alternate on the ground,
In hopes to know it by the sound ;
Applied the tongue's acuter sense
To taste its genuine excellence,
And with an animated gust
Lick'd up the consecrated rust :
Nor yet content with what the eye
By its own sunbeams could descry,
To every corner of the brass
They clap'd a microscopic glass :
And view'd in raptures o'er and o'er
The ruins of the learned ore.

Pythagoras, the learned sage,
As you may read in Pliny's page,

With much of thought, and pains, and care,
Found the proportions of a square ;
Which threw him in such frantic fits
As almost robb'd him of his wits,
And made him, awful as his name was,
Run naked through the streets of Samos.
With the same spirits Doctor Romans,
A keen civilian of the Commons,
Fond as Pythagoras to claim
The wreath of literary fame,
Sprung in a frenzy from his place
Across the table and the mace,
And swore by Varro's shade that he
Conceiv'd the medal to a T.

' It rings,' says he, ' so pure, and chaste,
And has so classical a taste,
That we may fix its native home
Securely in imperial Rome.

That rascal, Time, whose hand purloins
From science half her kings and coins,
Has eat, you see, one half the tale,
And hid the other in a veil :
But if, through cankers, rust, and fetters,
Mis-shapen forms, and broken letters,
The critic's eye may dare to trace
An evanescent name, and face,
This injur'd medal will appear,
As mid-day sunshine, bright and clear.
The female figure, on a throne
Of rustic work in Tibur's stone,
Without a sandal, zone, or boddice,
Is Liberty's immortal goddess ;
Whose sacred fingers seem to hold
A taper wand, perhaps of gold :

Which has, if I mistake not, on it
The Pileus, or Roman bonnet :
By this the medallist would mean
To paint that fine domestic scene,
When the first Brutus nobly gave
His freedom to the worthy slave.'

When a spectator 'as got the jaundice,
Each object, or by sea or land, is
Discolour'd by a yellow hue,
Though naturally red or blue.
This was the case with 'squire Thynne,
A barrister of Lincoln's Inn,
Who never lov'd to think or speak
Of any thing but ancient Greek.
In all disputes his sacred guide was
The very venerable Suidas ;
And though he never deign'd to look
In Salkeld, Littleton, or Coke,
And liv'd a stranger to the fees
And practice of the Common Pleas ;
He studied with such warmth, and awe,
The volumes of Athenian law,
That Solon's self not better knew
The legislative plan he drew ;
Nor could Demosthenes withstand
The rhetoric of his wig and band ;
When, full of zeal and Aristotle,
And fluster'd by a second bottle,
He taught the orator to speak
His periods in corrector Greek.

' Methinks,' quoth he, ' this little piece
Is certainly a child of Greece : .
The' Ærugo has a tiuge of blue
Exactly of the Attic hue ;

And, if the taste's acuter feel
May judge of medals as of veal,
I'll take my oath the mould and rust
Are made of Attic dew and dust.
Critics may talk, and rave, and foam,
Of Brutus, and imperial Rome ;
But Rome, in all her pomp and bliss,
Ne'er struck so fine a coin as this.
Besides, though Time, as is his way,
Has eat the' inscription quite away,
My eye can trace, divinely true,
In this dark curve a little Mu :
And here, you see, there seems to lie
The ruins of a Doric Xi.
Perhaps, as Athens thought and writ
With all the powers of style and wit,
The nymph upon a couch of mallows
Was meant to represent a Pallas ;
And the baton upon the ore
Is but the olive-branch she bore ?

He said—but Swinton, full of fire,
Asserted that it came from Tyre :
A most divine antique he thought it,
And with an empire would have bought it.
He swore the head in full profile was
Undoubtedly the head of Belus ;
And the reverse, though hid in shade,
Appear'd a young Sidonian maid,
Whose tresses, buskins, shape, and mien,
Mark'd her for Dido at sixteen ;
Perhaps the very year when she was
First married to the rich Sichæus.
The rod, as he could make it clear,
Was nothing but a hunting-spear,

Which all the Tyrian ladies bore,
To guard them when they chas'd the boar.
A learned friend, he could confide on,
Who liv'd full thirty years at Sidon,
Once show'd him, midst the seals and rings
Of more than thirty Syrian kings,
A copper piece, in shape and size
Exactly that before their eyes,
On which, in high relief, was seen
The image of a Tyrian queen ;
Which made him think this other dame
A true Phœnician, and the same.

The next, a critic, grave and big,
Hid in a most enormous wig,
Who in his manner, mien, and shape was
A genuine son of Esculapius,
Wonder'd that men of such discerning
In all the abstruser parts of learning,
Could err, through want of wit or grace,
So strangely in so plain a case.

‘ It came,’ says he, ‘ or I will be whipt,
From Memphis in the Lower Egypt.
Soon as the Nile’s prolific flood
Has fill’d the plains with slime and mud,
All Egypt in a moment swarms
With myriads of abortive worms,
Whose appetites would soon devour
Each cabbage, artichoke, and flower,
Did not some birds with active zeal
Eat up whole millions at a meal,
And check the pest, while yet the year
Is ripening into stalk and ear.
This blessing, visibly divine,
Is finely portray’d on the coin ;

For here this line, so faint and weak,
Is certainly a bill, or beak ;
Which bill or beak, upon my word,
In hieroglyphics means a bird,
The very bird whose numerous tribe is
Distinguish'd by the name of Ibis.
Besides, the figure with the wand,
Mark'd by a cistrum in her hand,
Appears, the moment she is seen,
An Isis, Egypt's boasted queen.
Sir, I'm as sure, as if my eye
Had seen the artist cut the die,
That these two curves, which wave and float thus,
Are but the tendrils of the lotus,
Which, as Herodotus has said,
The Egyptians always eat for bread.'

He spoke, and heard, without a pause,
The rising murmur of applause ;
The voice of admiration rung
On every ear from every tongue :
Astonish'd at the lucky hit,
They star'd, they deified his wit.

But ah ! what arts by fate are tried,
To vex and humble human pride !
To pull down poets from Parnassus,
And turn grave doctors into asses !
For whilst the band their voices raise
To celebrate the sage's praise,
And echo through the house convey'd
Their paeans loud to man and maid ;
Tom, a pert waiter, smart and clever,
A droit pretence who wanted never,
Curious to see what caus'd this ront,
And what the doctors were about,

Slily step'd in to snuff the candles,
And ask whate'er they pleas'd to want else.
Soon as the synod he came near,
Loud dissonance assail'd his ear ;
Strange mingled sounds, in pompous style,
Of Isis, Ibis, lotus, Nile :
And soon in Roman's hand he spies
The coin, the cause of all their noise.
Quick to his side he flies amain,
And peeps, and snuffs, and peeps again :
And though antiques he had no skill in,
He knew a sixpence from a shilling ;
And spite of rust, or rub, could trace
On humble brass Britannia's face.
Soon her fair image he descries,
And, big with laughter and surprise,
He burst—‘ And is this group of learning
So short of sense, and plain discerning,
That a mere halfpenny can be
To them a curiosity ?
If this is your best proof of science,
With wisdom Tom claims no alliance ;
Content with nature's artless knowledge,
He scorns alike both school and college.’

More had he said—but, lo ! around
A storm in every face he found :
On Romans' brow black thunders hung,
And whirlwinds rush'd from Swinton's tongue ;
Thynne lightning flash'd from every pore,
And reason's voice was heard no more.

The tempest eyed, Tom speeds his flight,
And, sneering, bids 'em all good night ;
Convinc'd that pedantry's allies
May be too learned to be wise.

SELECT POEMS

OF

ROBERT LLOYD.

EMBRYOLOGY

ANNUAL PUBLICATION

ROBERT LLOYD.

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY

MY works are advertis'd for sale,
And censures fly as thick as hail ;
While my poor scheme of publication
Supplies the dearth of conversation.

What will the *world* say ?—That's your cry.
Who is the *world*? and what am I?

Once, but, thank Heaven, those days are o'er,
And persecution reigns no more,
One man, one hardy man alone,
Usurp'd the critic's vacant throne,
And thence with neither taste nor wit,
By powerful catcall from the pit,
Knock'd farce, and play, and actor, down :
Who pass'd the sentence then ?—the town.
So now each upstart puny elf
Talks of the *world*, and means *himself*.

Yet in the circle there are those
Who hurt e'en more than open foes :
Whose friendship serves the talking turn,
Just simmers to a kind concern ;
And with a wondrous soft expression
Expatiates upon indiscretion ;
Flies from the poems to the man,
And gratifies the favourite plan

To pull down others' reputation,
And build their own on that foundation.

The scholar grave, of taste discerning,
Who lives on credit for his learning,
And has no better claim to wit
Than carping at what others writ :
With pitying kindness, friendly fear,
Whispers conjectures in your ear.

' I'm sorry—and he's much to blame—
He might have publish'd—but his *name!*
The thing might please a few, no doubt,
As handed privately about—
It might amuse a friend or two,
Some partial friend like me and you ;
But when it comes to press and print
You'll find, I fear, but little in't.
He stands upon a dangerous brink
Who totters o'er the sea of ink,
Where reputation runs aground,
The author cast away, and drown'd.

‘ And then—’twas wilful and absurd,
(So well approv'd, so well preferr'd)
Abruptly thus a place to quit,
A place which most his genius hit,
The theatre for Latin wit ! }
With critics round him chaste and terse,
To give a plaudit to his verse ! }

Latin, I grant, shows college-breeding,
And some school-common-place of reading :
But has in *moderns* small pretension
To real wit, or strong invention.
The excellence you critics praise
Hangs on a curious choice of phrase ;
Which pick'd and chosen here and there,
From prose or verse, no matter where,

Jumbled together in a dish,
Like Spanish olio, fowl, flesh, fish,
You set the classic hodge-podge on
For pedant wits to feed upon.
Your would-be genii vainly seek
Fame for their Latin verse or Greek :
Who would for that be most admir'd
Which blockheads may, and have acqnir'd.
A mere mechanical connection
Of favourite words—a bare collection
Of phrases—where the labour'd cento
Presents you with a dull memento,
How Virgil, Horace, Ovid, join,
And club together half a line :
These only strain their motley wits
In gathering patches, shreds, and bits,
To wrap their barren fancies in,
And make a classic Harlequin.

Were I at once empower'd to show
My utmost vengeance on my foe ;
To punish with extremest rigour,
I could inflict no penance bigger
Than using him as learning's tool,
To make him usher of a school.
For (not to dwell upon the toil
Of working on a barren soil,
And labouring with incessant pains
To cultivate a blockhead's brains,))
The duties there but ill befit
The love of letters, arts, or wit.
For whosoe'er, though slightly, sips
Their grateful flavour with his lips,
Will find it leave a smatch behind,
Shall sink so deeply in the mind,

It never thence can be eras'd—
But, rising up, you call it *taste*.

'Twere foolish for a drudge to choose
A gusto which he cannot use.
Better discard the idle whim,
What's ' he to taste? or taste to him?'
For me, it hurts me to the soul
To brook confinement or control ;
Still to be pinion'd down to teach
The syntax and the parts of speech ;
Or, what perhaps is drudging worse,
The links, and joints, and rules of verse ;
To deal out authors by retail,
Like penny-pots of Oxford ale :
—Oh ! 'tis a service irksome more
Than tugging at the slavish oar.

Yet such *his* task, a dismal truth,
Who watches o'er the bent of youth ;
And while, a paltry stipend earning,
He sows the richest seeds of learning,
And tills *their* minds with proper care,
And sees them their due produce bear :
No joys, alas ! his toil beguile,
His *own* lies fallow all the while.

' Yet still he's in the road, you say,
Of learning.'—Why, perhaps, he may ;
But turns like horses in a mill,
Nor getting on, nor standing still:
For little way his learning reaches,
Who reads no more than what he teaches.

' Yet you can send advent'rous youth,'
In search of letters, taste, and truth,
Who ride the highway-road to knowledge,
Through the plain turnpikes of a college,'

True :—like way-posts, we serve to show
 The road which travellers should go ;
 Who jog along in easy pace,
 Secure of coming to the place,
 Yet find, return whene'er they will,
 The post, and its direction still :
 Which stands an useful unlank'd guide
 To many a passenger beside.

'Tis hard to carve for others' meat,
 And not have time one's self to eat,
 Though, be it always understood,
 Our appetites are full as good.

‘ But there have been, and proofs appear,
 Who bore this load from year to year ;
 Whose claim to letters, parts, and wit,
 The world has ne'er disputed yet.

Whether the flowing mirth prevail
 In Wesley's song, or humorous tale ;
 Or happier Bourne's expression please
 With graceful turns of classic ease ;
 Or Oxford's well-read poet sings
 Pathetic to the ear of kings ;
 These have indulg'd the Muse's flight,
 Nor lost their time or credit by't ;
 Nor suffer'd fancy's dreams to prey
 On the due business of the day.
 Verse was to them a recreation,
 Us'd by the way of relaxation.*

Your instances are fair and true,
 And genius I respect, with you.
 I envy none their honest praise ;
 I seek to blast no scholar's bays :
 Still let the graceful foliage spread
 Its greenest honqurs round their head,

Bless'd, if the muse's hand entwine
A sprig at least to circle mine!

Come—I admit, you tax me right.
Prudence, 'tis true, was out of sight,
And you may whisper all you meet,
'The man was vague and indiscreet.'
Yet tell me, while you censure me,
Are you from error sound and free?
Say, does your breast no bias hide,
Whose influence draws the mind aside?

All have their hobby-horse you see,
From Tristam down to you and me.
Ambition, splendour, may be thine;
Ease, indolence, perhaps are mine.
Though prudence, and our nature's pride,
May wish our weaknesses to hide,
And set their hedges up before 'em,
Some sprouts will branch, and straggle o'er 'em,
Strive, fight against her, how you will,
Nature will be the mistress still,
And though you curb with double rein
She'll run away with us again,

But let a man of parts be wrong,
'Tis triumph to the leaden throng.
The fools shall cackle out reproof,
The very ass will raise his hoof;
And he who holds in his possession
The single virtue of discretion,
Who knows no overflow of spirit,
Whose want of passions is his merit,
Whom wit, and taste, and judgment flies,
Shall shake his noddle, and seem wise.

THE ACTOR.

ADDRESSED TO BONNEL THORNTON, ESQ.

ACTING, dear Thornton, its perfection draws
From no observance of mechanic laws;
No settled maxims of a favourite stage,
No rules deliver'd down from age to age,
Let players nicely mark them as they will,
Can e'er entail hereditary skill.

If 'mongst the humble hearers of the pit,
Some curions veteran critic chance to sit,
Is he pleas'd more, because 'twas acted so
By Booth and Cibber thirty years ago?
The mind recals an object held more dear,
And hates the copy that it comes so near.
Why lov'd he Wilks's air, Booth's nervous tone?
In them 'twas natural, 'twas all their own.
A Garrick's genius must our wonder raise,
But gives his mimic no reflected praise.

Thrice happy genius, whose unrivall'd name
Shall live for ever in the voice of fame!
'Tis thine to lead, with more than magic skill
The train of captive passions at thy will;
To bid the bursting tear spontaneous flow
In the sweet sense of sympathetic woe:
Through every vein I feel a chilness creep,
When horrors such as thine '*have murder'd sleep;*'
And at the old man's look and frantic stare,
'Tis Lear alarms me, for I see him there.
Nor yet confin'd to tragic walks alone,
The Comic Muse too claims thee for her own.

With each delightful requisite to please,
Taste, spirit, judgment, elegance, and ease,
Familiar nature forms thy only rule,
From Ranger's rake to Drugger's vacant fool.
With powers so pliant and so various bless'd,
That what we see the last, we like the best.
Not idly pleas'd, at judgment's dear expense,
But burst outrageous with the laugh of sense.

Perfection's top, with weary toil and pain,
'Tis genius only that can hope to gain.
The player's profession (though I hate the phrase,
'Tis so *mechanic* in these modern days)
Lies not in trick, or attitude, or start;
Nature's true knowledge is the only art.
The strong-felt passion bolts into his face;
The mind untouched, what is it but grimace!
To this one standard make your just appeal,
Here lies the golden secret; learn to **FEEL**.
Or fool or monarch, happy or distress'd,
No actor pleases that is not possess'd.

Once on the stage, in Rome's declining days,
When Christians were the subject of their plays,
Ere persecution drop'd her iron rod,
And men still wag'd an impious war with God,
An actor flourish'd of no vulgar fame,
Nature's disciple, and *Genest* his name.
A noble object for his skill he chose,
A martyr dying midst insulting foes,
Resign'd with patience to religion's laws,
Yet braving monarchs in his Saviour's cause;
Fill'd with the' idea of the sacred part,
He felt a zeal beyond the reach of art,
While look, and voice, and gesture, all express'd
A kindred ardour in the player's breast;

Till as the flame through all his bosom ran,
He lost the actor, and commenc'd the man ;
Profess'd the faith ; his pagan gods denied ;
And what he acted then, he after died.

The player's province they but vainly try,
Who want these powers, *deportment, voice, and eye.*

The critic sight 'tis only *grace* can please,
No figure charms us if it has not *ease.*

There are, who think the stature all in all,
Nor like the hero, if he is not tall.

The feeling sense all other want supplies,
I rate no actor's merit from his size :
Superior height requires superior grace,
And what's a giant with a vacant face ?

Theatric monarchs, in their tragic gait,
Affect to mark the solemn pace of state.
One foot put forward in position strong,
The other, like its vassal, drag'd along :
So grave each motion, so exact and slow,
Like wooden monarchs at a puppet-show.
The mien delights us that has native grace,
But affectation ill supplies its place.

Unskilful actors, like your mimic apes,
Will writhe their bodies in a thousand shapes ;
However foreign from the poet's art,
No tragic hero but admires a start.
What though unfeeling of the nervous line,
Who but allows his *attitude* is fine ?
While a whole minute equipois'd he stands,
Till praise dismiss him with her echoing hands !
Resolv'd, though nature hate the tedious pause,
By perseverance to extort applause.
When Romeo, sorrowing at his Juliet's doom,
With eager madness bursts the canvass tomb,

The sudden whirl, stretch'd leg, and lifted staff,
Which please the vulgar, make the critic laugh.

To paint the passion's force, and mark it well,
The proper action Nature's self will tell ;
No pleasing powers distortions can express,
And nicer judgment always loathes excess :
In sock or buskin, who o'erleaps the bounds,
Disgusts our reason, and the taste confounds.

Of all the evils which the stage molest,
I hate your fool who overacts his jest ;
Who murders what the poet finely writ,
And, like a bungler, haggles all his wit,
With shrug, and grin, and gesture out of place,
And writes a foolish comment with his face.
Old Jonson once (though Cibber's perter vein¹
But meanly groups him with a numerous train)
With steady face, and sober humorous mien,
Fill'd the strong outlines of the comic scene,
What was writ down, with decent utterance spoke,
Betray'd no symptom of the conscious joke ;
The very man in look, in voice, in air,
And though upon the stage, appear'd no play'r.

The word and action should conjointly suit,
But acting words is labour too minute.
Grimace will ever lead the judgment wrong ;
While sober humour marks the' impression strong.
Her proper traits the fix'd attention hit,
And bring me closer to the poet's wit ;
With her delighted, o'er each scene I go,
Well-pleas'd, and not ashamed of being so.

But let the generous actor still forbear
To copy features with a mimic's care !

¹ See Cibber's Apology for his life, 8vo. 1750.

'Tis a poor skill which every fool can reach,
A vile stage-custom, honour'd in the breach.
Worse as more close, the disingenuous art
But shows the wanton looseness of the heart.
When I behold a wretch, of talents mean,
Drag private foibles on the public scene,
Forsaking nature's fair and open road
To mark some whim, some strange peculiar mode,
Fir'd with disgust I loath his servile plan,
Despise the mimic, and abhor the man.
Go to the lame, to hospitals repair,
And hunt for humour in distortion there!
Fill up the measure of the motley whim
With shrug, wink, snuffle, and convulsive limb;
Then shame at once, to please a trifling age,
Good sense, good manners, virtue, and the stage!

'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear,
'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.
When desperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,
And whine their sorrows in a see-saw tone,
The same soft sounds of unimpassion'd woes
Can only make the yawning hearers doze.

The voice all modes of passion can express,
That marks the proper word with proper stress;
But none emphatic can that actor call,
Who lays an equal emphasis on *all*.

Some o'er the tongue the labour'd measures roll
Slow and deliberate as the parting toll,
Point every stop, mark every pause so strong,
Their words like stage-processions stalk along.
All affectation but creates disgust,
And e'en in speaking we may seem *too* just.

Nor proper, Thornton, can those sounds appear
Which bring not numbers to thy nicer ear;

In vain for them the pleasing measure flows,
Whose recitation runs it all to prose ;
Repeating what the poet sets not down,
The verb disjointing from its friendly noun,
While pause, and break, and repetition join
To make a discord in each tuneful line.

Some placid natures fill the allotted scene
With lifeless drone, insipid and serene ;
While others thunder every couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.

More nature oft and finer strokes are shown
In the low whisper, than tempestuous tone :
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fix'd amaze
More powerful terror to the mind conveys,
Than he, who, swol'n with big-impetuous rage,
Bullies the bulky phantom off the stage.

He, who in earnest studies o'er his part,
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and monrnful drawl ;
A single look more marks the internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthen'd Oh !
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes ;
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions, all the soul is there.

In vain Ophelia gives her flowerets round,
And with her straws fantastic strews the ground ;
In vain now sings, now heaves the desperate sigh,
If frenzy sit not in the troubled eye.
In Cibber's look commanding sorrews speak,
And call the tear fast trickling down my cheek.

There is a fault which stirs the critic's rage ;
A want of due attention on the stage.

I have seen actors, and admir'd ones too, [cue;
Whose tongues wound up set forward from their
In their own speech who whine, or roar away,
Yet seem unmov'd at what the rest may say ;
Whose eyes and thoughts on different objects roam,
Until the prompter's voice recal them home.

Divest yourself of hearers, if you can,
And strive to speak, and be the very man.
Why should the well-bred actor wish to know
Who sits above to-night, or who below?
So, mid the' harmonious tones of grief or rage,
Italian squallers oft disgrace the stage;
When, with a simpering leer, and bow profound,
The squeaking Cyrus greets the boxes round ;
Or proud Mandane, of imperial race,
Familiar drops a curt'sy to her grace.

To suit the dress demands the actor's art,
Yet there are those who over-dress the part.
To some prescriptive right gives settled things,
Black wigs to murderers, feather'd hats to kings.
But Michael Cassio might be drunk enough;
Though all his features were not grim'd with snuff.
Why should Poll Peachum shine in satin clothes?
Why every devil dance in scarlet hose?

But in stage-customs what offends me most
Is the slip-door and slowly-rising ghost.
Tell me, nor count the question too severe,
Why need the dismal powder'd forms appear?

When chilling horrors shake the' affrighted king,
And guilt torments him with her scorpion sting ;
When keenest feelings at his bosom pull,
And fancy tells him that the seat is full ;
Why need the ghost usurp the monarch's place,
To frighten children with his mealy face ?

The king alone should form the phantom there,
And talk and tremble at the vacant chair.

If Belvidera her lov'd loss deplore,
Why for twin spectres bursts the yawning floor?
When with disorder'd starts, and horrid cries,
She paints the murder'd forms before her eyes,
And still pursues them with a frantic stare,
'Tis pregnant madness brings the visions there.
More instant horror would enforce the scene
If all her shudderings were at shapes unseen.

Poet and actor thus, with blended skill,
Mould all our passions to their instant will :
'Tis thus, when feeling Garrick treads the stage,
(The speaking comment of his Shakspeare's page)
Oft as I drink the words with greedy ears,
I shake with horror, or dissolve with tears !

O, ne'er may folly seize the throne of taste,
Nor dulness lay the realms of genius waste !
No bouncing crackers ape the thunderer's fire,
No tumbler float upon the bending wire !
More natural uses to the stage belong,
Than tumblers, monsters, pantomime, or song.
For other purpose was that spot design'd:
To purge the passions, and reform the mind,
To give to nature all the force of art,
And, while it charms the ear, to mend the heart.

Thornton, to thee I dare with truth command
The decent stage as virtue's natural friend.
Though oft debas'd with scenes profane and loose,
No reason weighs against its proper use.
Though the lewd priest his sacred function shame,
Religion's perfect law is still the same.

Shall they, who trace the passions from their rise,
Show scorn her features, her own image vice ;

Who teach the mind its proper force to scan,
 And hold the faithful mirror up to man ;
 Shall their profession e'er provoke disdain,
 Who stand the foremost in the moral train ;
 Who lend reflection all the grace of art,
 And strike the precept home upon the heart ?

Yet, hapless artist ! though thy skill can raise
 The bursting peal of universal praise ;
 Though at thy beck Applause delighted stands,
 And lifts, Briareus' like, her hundred hands,
 Know, Fame awards thee but a partial breath !
 Not all thy talents brave the stroke of death.
 Poets to ages yet unborn appeal,
 And latest times the' eternal nature feel.
 Though blended here the praise of bard and play'r,
 While more than half becomes the actor's share,
 Relentless death untwists the mingled fame,
 And sinks the player in the poet's name.
 The pliant muscles of the various face,
 The mien that gave each sentence strength and grace,
 The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the mind,
 Are gone, nor leave a single trace behind.

THE CIT'S COUNTRY BOX,

1757.

Vos sapere et solos aio bene vivere, quorum,
 Consipicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis. HOR.

THE wealthy Cit, grown old in trade,
 Now wishes for the rural shade,
 And buckles to his one-horse chair,
 Old *Dobbin*, or the founder'd mare ;

While wedg'd in closely by his side,
 Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,
 With *Jacky* on a stool before 'em,
 And out they jog in due decorum.
 Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,
 How all the country seems to smile !
 And as they slowly jog together,
 The Cit commends the road and weather ;
 While madam doats upon the trees,
 And longs for every house she sees,
 Admires its views, its situation,
 And thus she opens her oration.

‘ What signify the loads of wealth,
 Without that richest jewel health ?
 Excuse the fondness of a wife,
 Who doats upon your precious life !
 Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,
 Is more than human strength can bear,
 One may observe it in your face—
 Indeed, my dear, you break apace :
 And nothing can your health repair,
 But exercise and country air.
 Sir Traffic has a house, you know,
 About a mile from *Cheney-Row* ;
 He's a *good* man, indeed 'tis true,
 But not so *warm*, my dear, as you :
 And folks are always apt to sneer—
 One would not be out-done my dear !

Sir Traffic's name so well applied
 Awak'd his brother merchant's pride ;
 And Thrifty, who had all his life
 Paid utmost deference to his wife,
 Confess'd her arguments had reason,
 And by the' approaching summer season,

Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
And purchases his country box.

Some three or four mile out of town,
(An hour's ride will bring you down)
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road :
And so convenient does it lay,
The stages pass it every day :
And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
To have a house so near the city !
Take but your places at the Boar,
You're set down at the very door.

Well then suppose them fix'd at last,
White-washing, painting, scrubbing past,
Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
With all the fuss of moving over ;
Lo, a new heap of whims are bred,
And wanton in my lady's head.

' Well to be sure, it must be own'd,
It is a charming spot of ground ;
So sweet a distance for a ride,
And all about so *countrified* !
' Twould come but to a trifling price
To make it quite a paradise ;
I cannot bear those nasty rails,
Those ugly broken mouldy pales :
Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
We build a railing, all Chinese.
Although one hates to be expos'd ;
' Tis dismal to be thus enclos'd ;
One hardly any object sees—
I wish you'd fell those odious trees.
Objects continual passing by
Were something to amuse the eye,

But to be pent within the walls—
One might as well be at St. Paul's.
Our house, beholders world adore,
Was there a level lawn before,
Nothing its views to incommoder,
But quite laid open to the road ;
While every traveller in amaze
Should on our little mansion gaze,
And pointing to the choice retreat,
Cry, ‘ That's Sir Thrifty's country seat.’

No doubt her arguments prevail,
For madam's taste can never fail.

Bless'd age ! when all men may procure
The title of a connoisseur ;
When noble and ignoble herd
Are govern'd by a single word ;
Though, like the royal German dames,
It bears an hundred Christian names ;
As genius, fancy, judgment, goût,
Whim, caprice, je-ne-sçai-quoi, virtù :
Which appellations all describe
Taste, and the modern *tasteful* tribe.

Now bricklayers, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chinese artists, and designers,
Produce their schemes of alteration,
To work this wondrous reformation.
The useful dome, which secret stood,
Embosom'd in the yew-tree's wood,
The traveller with amazement sees
A temple, Gothic or Chinese,
With many a bell, and tawdry rag on,
And crested with a sprawling dragon ;
A wooden arch is bent astride
A ditch of water, four foot wide,

With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,
From Halfpenny's exact designs.
In front, a level lawn is seen,
Without a shrub upon the green,
Where taste would want its first great law,
But for the skulking, sly *ha-ha*,
By whose miraculous assistance,
You gain a prospect two fields distance.
And now from Hyde-Park corner come
The gods of Athens, and of Rome.
Here squabby Cupids take their places,
With Venus, and the clumsy Graces :
Apollo there, with aim so clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever ;
And there, without the power to fly,
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

The villa thus completely grac'd,
All own that Thrifty has a taste ;
And madam's female friends, and cousins,
With common-council-men, by dozens,
Flock every Sunday to the seat,
To stare about them, and to eat.

SHAKSPEARE.

(AN EPISTLE TO MR. GARRICK.)

THANKS to much industry and pains,
Much twisting of the wit and brains,
Translation has unlock'd the store,
And spread abroad the Grecian lore,
While Sophocles his scenes are grown
E'en as familiar as our own.

No more shall taste presume to speak
From its enclosures in the Greek ;

But, all its fences broken down,
Lie at the mercy of the town.

Critic, I hear thy torrent rage,
'Tis blasphemy against that stage,
Which Æschylus his warmth design'd,
Euripides his taste refin'd,
And Sophocles his last direction
Stamp'd with the signet of perfection.'

Perfection ! 'tis a word ideal,
That bears about it nothing real :
For excellence was never hit
In the first essays of man's wit.
Shall ancient worth, or ancient fame,
Preclude the moderns from their claim ?
Must they be blockheads, dolts, and fools,
Who write not up to Grecian rules ?
Who tread in buskins or in socks,
Must they be damn'd as heterodox,
Nor merit of good works prevail,
Except within the classic pale ?
'Tis stuff that bears the name of knowledge,
Not current half a mile from college ;
Where half their lectures yield no more
(Besure I speak of times of yore)
Than just a niggard light, to mark
How much we all are in the dark :
As rushlights in a spacious room
Just burn enough to form a gloom.

When Shakspeare leads the mind a dance,
From France to England, hence to France,
Talk not to me of time and place ;
I own I'm happy in the chase.
Whether the drama's here or there,
'Tis nature, Shakspeare, every where.

The poet's fancy can create,
Contract, enlarge, annihilate,
Bring past and present close together,
In spite of distance, seas, or weather ;
And shut up in a single action
What cost whole years in its transaction :
So, ladies at a play, or rout,
Can flirt the universe about,
Whose geographical account
Is drawn and pictur'd on the mount :
Yet, when they please, contract the plan,
And shut the world up in a fan.

True genius, like Armida's wand,
Can raise the spring from barren land.
While all the art of imitation
Is pilfering from the first creation ;
Transplanting flowers, with useless toil,
Which wither in a foreign soil.
As conscience often sets us right
By its interior active light,
Without the assistance of the laws
To combat in the moral cause :
So genius, of itself discerning,
Without the mystic rules of learning,
Can, from its present intuition,
Strike at the truth of composition.

Yet those who breathe the classic vein,
Enlisted in the mimic train,
Who ride their steed with double bit,
Ne'er run away with by their wit,
Delighted with the pomp of rules,
The specious pedantry of schools,
(Which rules, like crutches, ne'er became
Of any use but to the lame,) .

Pursue the method set before them ;
Talk much of order, and decorum,
Of probability, of fiction,
Of manners, ornament, and diction ;
And with a jargon of hard names,
(A privilege which dulness claims,
And merely us'd by way of fence,
To keep out plain and common sense),
Extol the wit of ancient days,
The simple fabric of their plays ;
Then from the fable, all so chaste,
Trick'd up in ancient modern taste,
So mighty gentle all the while,
In such a sweet descriptive style,
While Chorus marks the servile mode
With fine reflection, in an ode,
Presents you with a perfect piece,
Form'd on the model of old Greece.

Come, pr'ythee, critic, set before us
The use and office of a chorus.
What ! silent ? why, then, I'll produce
Its services from ancient use.

'Tis to be ever on the stage,
Attendants upon grief or rage ;
To be an arrant go-between,
Chief-mourner at each dismal scene ;
Showing its sorrow, or delight,
By shifting dances, left and right,
Not much unlike our modern notions,
Adagio or *Allegro* motions ;
To watch upon the deep distress,
And plaints of royal wretchedness ;
And when with tears, and execration,
They've pour'd out all their lamentation,

And wept whole cataracts from their eyes,
 To call on rivers for supplies,
 And with their *hais*, and *hees*, and *hoes*,
 To make a symphony of woes.

Doubtless the ancients want the art
 To strike at once upon the heart :
 Or why their prologues of a mile
 In simple—call it—humble style,
 In unimpassion'd phrase to say,
 ‘Fore the beginning of this play,
 I, hapless Polydore, was found
 By fishermen or others drown'd !’
 Or, ‘I, a gentleman, did wed,
 The lady I would never bed,
 Great Agamemnon's royal daughter,
 Who's coming hither to draw water.’

Or need the chorns to reveal
 Reflections, which the audience feel?
 And jog them, lest attention sink,
 To tell them how and what to think!

Oh, where's the bard, who at one view
 Could look the whole creation through,
 Who travers'd all the human heart,
 Without recourse to Grecian art?
 He scorn'd the modes of imitation,
 Of altering, pilfering, and translation,
 Nor painted horror, grief, or rage,
 From models of a former age ;
 The bright original he took,
 And tore the leaf from nature's book !
 'Tis Shakspeare, thus, who stands alone—
 —But why repeat what you have shown?
 How true, how perfect, and how well,
 The feelings of our hearts must tell.

*AN EPISTLE TO C. CHURCHILL,**AUTHOR OF THE ROSCIAD.*

IF at a tavern where you'd wish to dine,
They cheat your palate with adulterate wine,
Would you, (resolve me, critics, for you can)
Send for the master up, or chide the man?
The man no doubt a knavish business drives,
But tell me, what's the master who connives?
Hence you'll infer, and sure the doctrine's true,
Which says no quarter to a foul review!
It matters not who vends the nauseous slop,
Master or 'prentice ; we detest the shop.

Critics of old, a manly liberal race,
Prov'd or censur'd with an open face :
Boldly pursued the free decisive task,
Nor stabb'd, conceal'd beneath a ruffian's mask.
To works not men, with honest warmth, severe,
The impartial judges laugh'd at hope or fear :
Theirs was the noble skill, with generous aim,
To fan true genius to an active flame ;
To bring forth merit in its strongest light,
Or damn the blockhead to his native night.
But, as all states are subject to decay,
The state of letters too will melt away ;
Smit with the harlot charms of trilling sound,
Softness now wantons e'en on Roman ground ;
Where Thebans, Spartans, sought their honour'd
Behold a weak enervate race of slaves. [graves,
In classic lore deep science, language dead,
Though modern witlings are but scantily read,

Professors fail not, who will loudly bawl
In praise of either, with the want of all :
Hail'd mighty critics to this present hour.
—The tribune's name surviv'd the tribune's pow'r.

Now quack and critic differ but in name,
Empirics, frontless both, they mean the same ;
This raw in physic, that in letters fresh,
Both spring, like warts, excrescence from the flesh :
Half form'd, half bred, in printers' hireling schools,
For all professions have their rogues and fools ;
Though the pert witling, or the coward knave,
Casts no reflection on the wise or brave.

Yet, in these leaden times, this idle age,
When, blind with dulness, or as blind with rage,
Author 'gainst author rails with venom curs'd,
And happy he who calls out blockhead first ;
From the low earth aspiring genius springs,
And sails triumphant, borne on eagle wings.
No toothless spleen, no venom'd critic's aim,
Shall rob thee, Churchill ! of thy proper fame ;
While hitch'd for ever in thy nervous rhyme
Fool lives, and shines out fool, to latest time.

Pity perhaps might wish a harmless fool
To 'scape the observance of the critic-school ;
But if low malice, leagued with folly, rise,
Arm'd with invectives, and hedg'd round with lies ;
Should wakeful dulness, if she ever wake,
Write sleepy nonsense but for writing's sake,
And, stung with rage, and piously severe,
Wish bitter comforts to your dying ear ;
If some small wit, some silk-lin'd verseman, rakes
For quaint reflections in the putrid jakes,
Talents usurp'd demand a censor's rage,
A dunce is dunce proscrib'd in every age.

Courtier, physician, lawyer, parson, cit,
 All, all are objects of theatric wit.
 Are ye then, actors, privileg'd alone,
 To make that weapon, ridicule, your own ?
 Professions bleed not from his just attack,
 Who laughs at pedant, coxcomb, knave, or quack ;
 Fools on and off the stage are fools the same,
 And every dunce is satire's lawful game.
 Freely you thought, where thought hast freest room,
 Why then apologize ? for what ? to whom ?

Though Gray's-Inn wits with anthor-squires unite,
 And self-made giants club their labour'd mite ;
 Though pointless satire make its weak escape,
 In the dull babble of a mimic ape !
 Boldly pursue where genius points the way,
 Nor heed what monthly puny critics say.
 Firm in thyself, with calm indifference smile,
 When the wise veteran knows you by your style,
 With critic-scales weighs out the partial wit,
 What I, or you, or he, or no one writ :
 Denying thee thy just and proper worth,
 But to give falsehood's spurious issue birth ;
 And, all self-will'd, with lawless hand to raise
 Malicious slander on the base of praise.

Disgrace eternal wait the wretch's name
 Who lives on credit of a borrow'd fame ;
 Who wears the trappings of another's wit,
 Or fathers bantlings which he could not get !
 But shrewd Suspicion with her sqinting eye,
 To truth declar'd, prefers a whisper'd lie ;
 With greedy mind the proffer'd tale believes,
 Relates her wishes, and with joy deceives.

The world, a pompous name, by custom due
 To the small circle of a talking few,

With heartfelt glee the' injurious tale repeats,
And sends the whisper buzzing through the streets.
The prude demure, with sober saint-like air,
Pities her neighbour, for she's wondrous fair!
And when temptations lie before our feet,
Beauty is frail, and females indiscreet:
She hopes the nymph will every danger shun,
Yet prays devoutly that the deed were done;
Mean time sits watching for the daily lie,
As spiders lurk to catch a simple fly.

Yet is not scandal to one sex confin'd,
Though men would fix it on the weaker kind.
Yet, this great lord, creation's master, man,
Will vent his malice where the blockhead can,
Imputing crimes, of which e'en thought is free,
For instance now, your Rosciad, all to me!

If partial friendship, in thy sterling lays,
Grows all too wanton in another's praise,
Critics, who judge by ways themselves have known,
Shall swear the praise, the poem is my own;
For 'tis the method in these learned days
For wits to scribble first, and after praise.
Critics and Co. thus vend their wretched stuff,
And help out nonsense by a monthly puff,
Exalt to giant-forms weak puny elves,
And descant sweetly on their own dear selves;
For works, per month, by learning's midwives paid,
Demand a puffing in the way of trade.

Reserv'd and cautious, with no partial aim
My Muse e'er sought to blast another's fame:
With willing hand could twine a rival's bays,
From candour silent where she could not praise:
But if vile rancour, from (no matter who)
Actor or mimic, printer or review,

Lies, oft o'erthrown, with ceaseless venom spread,
 Still hiss out scandal from their hydra head ;
 If the dull malice boldly walk the town,
 Patience herself would wrinkle to a frown.
 Come then, with justice draw the ready pen,
 Give me the works, I would not know the men :
 All in their turns might make reprisals too,
 Had all the patience but to read them through.
 Come, to the utmost, probe the desperate wound,
 Nor spare the knife where'er infection's found !

But prudence, Churchill, or her sister, fear,
 Whispers forbearance to my frighten'd ear.
 O ! then with me forsake the thorny road,
 Lest we should flounder in some Fleet-Ditch ode,
 And sunk for ever in the lazy flood
 Weep, with the Naiads, heavy drops of mud.

Hail mighty ode ! which, like a picture-frame,
 Holds any portrait, and with any name ;
 Or, like your niches, planted thick and thin,
 Will serve to cram the random hero in.
 Hail mighty bard too—whatsoe'er thy name,
 — or Durfy, for it's all the same.

To brother bards shall equal praise belong,
 For wit, for genius, comedy, and song ?
 No costive muse is thine, which freely rakes
 With ease familiar in the well-known jakes,
 Happy in skill to souse through foul and fair,
 And toss the dung out with a *lordly* air.
 So have I seen, amidst the grinning throng,
 The sledge procession slowly dragg'd along,
 Where the mock female shrew, and hen-peck'd male,
 Scoop'd rich contents from either copious pail,
 Call'd bursts of laughter from the roaring rout,
 And dash'd and splash'd the filthy grains about.

Quit then, my friend, the Muse's lov'd abode,
Alas ! they lead not to preferment's road.
Be solemn, sad ; put on the priestly frown,
Be dull ! 'tis sacred, and becomes the gown.
Leave wit to others, do a Christian deed,
Your foes shall thank you, for they know their need.

Broad is the path by learning's sons possess'd,
A thousand modern wits might walk abreast,
Did not each poet mourn his luckless doom,
Jostled by pedants out of elbow-room.

I, who nor court their love, nor fear their hate,
Must mourn in silence o'er the Muse's fate.

No right of common now on Pindus' hill,
While all our tenures are by critic's will ;
Where, watchful guardians of the lady muse,
Dwell monstrous giants, dreadful tall Reviews,
Who, as we read in fain'd romance of yore,
Sound but a horn, press forward to the door :
But let some chief, some bold advent'rous knight,
Provoke these champions to an equal fight,
Straight into air to spaceless nothing fall
The castle, lions, giants, dwarf, and all.

Ill it befits, with undiscerning rage,
To censure giants in this polish'd age.
No lack of genius stains these happy times,
No want of learning, and no dearth of rhymes.
The see-saw muse that flows by *measur'd* laws,
In tuneful numbers, and affected pause,
With sound alone, sound's happy virtue fraught,
Which hates the trouble and expense of thought,
Once, every moon throughliout the circling year,
With even cadence charms the critic ear.
While, dire promoter of poetic sin,
A *magazine* must hand the lady in.

How *moderns* write, how nervous, strong, and well,
 The Anti-Rosciad's decent muse *does* tell:
 Who, while she strives to cleanse each actor hurt,
 Daubs with her praise, and rubs him into dirt.

Sure never yet was happy era known
 So gay, so wise, so *tasteful* as our own :
 Our curious histories rise at once complete,
 Yet still *continued*, as they're paid, *per sheet*.

See every science which the world would know,
 Your magazines shall every month bestow,
 Whose very titles fill the mind with awe,
 Imperial, Christian, Royal, British, Law ;
 Their rich contents will every reader fit,
 Statesman, Divine, Philosopher, and Wit ; [once,
 Compendious schemes! which teach all things at
 And make a pedant-coxcomb of a dunce.

But let not anger with such frenzy grow,
 Drawcansir like, to strike down friend and foe,
 To real worth be homage duly paid,
 But no allowance to the paltry trade.
 My friends I name not (though I boast a few,
 To me an honour, and to letters too)
 Fain would I praise, but, when such *things* oppose,
 My praise of course must make them —'s foes.

If manly Johnson, with satiric rage,
 Lash the dull follies of a trifling age ;
 If his strong muse with genuine strength aspire,
 Glows not the reader with the poet's fire ?
 His the true fire, where creep the witling fry
 To warm themselves, and light their rushlights by.

What muse like Gray's shall pleasing pensive flow
 Attemper'd sweetly to the rustic woe ?
 Or who like him shall sweep the Theban lyre,
 And, as his master, pour forth thoughts of fire ?

E'en now, to guard afflicted learning's cause,
 To judge by reason's rules, and nature's laws,
 Boast we true critics in their proper right,
 While Lowth and Learning, Hurd and Taste unite.

Hail sacred names!—Oh guard the Muse's page,
 Save your lov'd mistress from a ruffian's rage ;
 See how she gasps and struggles hard for life,
 Her wounds all bleeding from the butcher's knife :
 Critics, like surgeons, bless'd with curious art,
 Should mark each passage to the human heart,
 But not unskilful, yet with lordly air,
 Read surgeons lectures while they scalp and tear.

To names like these I pay the hearty vow,
 Proud of their worth, and not ashamed to bow,
 To these inscribe my rude but honest lays,
 And feel the pleasures of my conscious praise :
 Not that I mean to court each letter'd name,
 And poorly glimmer from reflected fame,
 But that the muse, who owns no servile fear,
 Is proud to pay her willing tribute here.

ODE

SPOKEN ON A PUBLIC OCCASION AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

Nor at Apollo's vaunted shrine,
 Nor to the fabled Sisters nine,
 Offers the youth his ineffectual vow ;
 Far be their rites !—Such worship fits not now ;
 When at Eliza's sacred name
 Each breast receives the present flame :
 While eager genius plumes her infant wings,
 And with bold impulse strikes the accordant strings,

Reflecting on the crowded line
 Of mitred sages, bards divine,
 Of patriots, active in their country's cause,
 Who plan her councils, or direct her laws.

Oh memory ! how thou lov'st to stray,
 Delighted, o'er the flowery way
 Of childhood's greener years ! when simple youth
 Pour'd the pure dictates of ingenuous truth !
 'Tis then the souls congenial meet,
 Inspir'd with friendship's genuine heat,
 Ere interest, frantic zeal, or jealous art,
 Have taught the language foreign to the heart.

'Twas here, in many an early strain
 Dryden first tried his classic vein,
 Spur'd his strong genius to the distant goal,
 In wild effusions of his manly soul ;
 When Busby's skill, and judgment sage,
 Repress'd the poet's frantic rage,
 Crop'd his luxuriance bold, and blended taught
 The flow of numbers with the strength of thought.

Nor, Cowley, be thy muse forgot ! which strays
 In wit's ambiguous flowery maze,
 With many a pointed turn and studied art :
 Though affectation blot thy rhyme,
 Thy mind was lofty and sublime,
 And manly honour dignified thy heart :
 Though fond of wit, yet, firm to virtue's plan,
 The poet's trifles ne'er disgrac'd the man.

Well might thy morals sweet engage
 The' attention of the mitred sage,

Smit with the plain simplicity of truth.

For not ambition's giddy strife,
The gilded toys of public life,
Which snare the gay unstable youth,
Could lure thee from the sober charms,
Which lapt thee in retirement's arms,
Whence thou, untainted with the pride of state,
Could'st smile with pity on the bustling great.

Such were Eliza's sons—Her fostering care
Here bade free genius tune his grateful song :
Which else had wasted in the desert air,
Or droop'd unnotic'd mid the vulgar throng.

—Ne'er may her youth, degenerate, shame
The glories of Eliza's name!
But with the poet's frenzy bold,
Such as inspir'd her bards of old,
Pluck the green laurel from the hand of fame!

THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

A TALE.

THE very silliest things in life
Create the most material strife :
What scarce will suffer a debate,
Will oft produce the bitterest hate ;
It is, you say ; I say 'tis not—
Why, you grow warm—and you are hot.
Thus each alike with passion glows,
And words come first, and, after, blows.

Friend Jerkin had an income clear,
Some fifteen pounds, or more, a year ;

And rented, on the farming-plan,
Grounds at much greater sums per ann.
A man of consequence, no doubt,
'Mongst all his neighbours round about;
He was of frank and open mind,
Too honest to be much refin'd,
Would smoke his pipe and tell his tale,
Sing a good song and drink his ale.

His wife was of another mould ;
Her age was neither young nor old ;
Her features strong, but somewhat plain ;
Her air not bad, but rather vain ;
Her temper neither new nor strange,
A woman's, very apt to change ;
What she most hated was conviction.
What she most lov'd, flat contradiction.

A charming housewife ne'ertheless ;
—Tell me a thing she could not dress,
Soups, hashes, pickles, puddings, pies,
Nought came amiss—she was so wise.
For she, bred twenty miles from town,
Had brought a world of breeding down,
And Cumberland had seldom seen
A farmer's wife with such a mien ;
She could not bear the sound of *Dame* ;
—No—*Mistress Jerkin* was her name.

She could harangue with wondrous grace
On gowns and mobs, and caps, and lace ;
But though she ne'er adorn'd his brows,
She had a vast contempt for spouse,
As being one who took no pride,
And was a deal too conntrified.
Such were our couple, man and wife ;
Such were their means and ways of life.

Once on a time, the season fair
For exercise and cheerful air,
It happen'd, in his morning's roamin',
He kill'd his birds, and brought them home :—
—‘ Here, Cicely, take away my gun—
How shall we have these starlings done ?’
‘ Done ! what my love ? Your wits are wild ;
Starlings, my dear ! they're thrushes, child.’
‘ Nay now but look, consider, wife,
They're starlings’—‘ No—upon my life.’
‘ Sure I can judge as well as you,
I know a thrush and starling too.
Who was it shot them, you or I ?
They're starlings’—‘ Thrushes’—‘ You lie !’
‘ Pray, sir, take back your dirty word,
I scorn your language as your bird ;
It ought to make a husband blush,
To treat a wife so 'bout a thrush.’
‘ Thrush, Cicely !’—‘ Yes.’—‘ A starling’—‘ No.’
The lie again, and then a blow.
Blows carry strong and quick conviction,
And mar the powers of contradiction.
Peace soon ensu'd, and all was well :
It were imprudence to rebel,
Or keep the ball up of debate
Against these arguments of weight.
A year roll'd on in perfect ease,
‘ Twas ‘ as you like,’ and ‘ what you please ;’
Till in its course and order due
Came March the twentieth, fifty-two.
Quoth Cicely, ‘ This is charming life,
No tumults now, no blows, no strife ;
What fools we were this day last year !
Lord, how you beat me then, my dear !

—Sure it was idle and absurd
 To wrangle so about a bird ;
 A bird not worth a single rush'—
 'A starling'—'No, my love, a thrush,
 That I'll maintain'—'That I'll deny.'
 —You're wrong, good husband'—'Wife, you lie.'
 Again the self-same wrangle rose,
 Again the lie, again the blows.
 Thus every year (true man and wife)
 Ensues the same domestic strife :
 Thus every year their quarrel ends,
 They argue, fight, and buss, and friends ;
 'Tis starling, thrush, and thrush and starling ;
 You dog, you b— ; my dear, my darling !

ODE TO GENIUS.

Thou child of nature, genius strong,
 Thou master of the poet's song,
 Before whose light, art's dim and feeble ray
 Gleams like the taper in the blaze of day :
 Thou lov'st to steal along the secret shade,
 Where fancy, bright aerial maid !
 Awaits thee with her thousand charms,
 And revels in thy wanton arms ;
 She to thy bed in days of yore,
 The sweetly-warbling Shakspeare bore ;
 Whom every muse endow'd with every skill,
 And dipt him in that sacred rill,
 Whose silver streams flow musical along,
 Where Phœbus' hallow'd mount resounds with raptur'd song.

Forsake not thou the vocal choir,
 Their breasts revisit with thy genial fire,
 Else vain the studied sounds of mimic art,
 Tickle the ear, but come not near the heart.
 Vain every phrase in curious order set,
 On each side leaning on the (stop-gap) epithet.
 Vain the quick rhyme still tinkling in the close,
 While pure description shines in measur'd prose.

Thou bear'st aloof, and look'st with high dis-
 Upon the dull mechanic train ; [dain,
 Whose nerveless strains flag on in languid tone,
 Lifeless and lumpish as the bagpipe's drowsy drone.

No longer now thy altars blaze,
 No poet offers up his lays ;
 Inspir'd with energy divine,
 To worship at thy sacred shrine,
 Since taste¹, with absolute domain,
 Extending wide her leaden reign,
 Kills with her melancholy shade
 The blooming scions of fair fancy's tree ;
 Which erst full wantonly have stray'd
 In many a wreath of richest poesy.
 For when the oak denies her stay,
 The creeping ivy winds her humble way ;
 No more she twists her branches round,
 But drags her feeble stem along the barren ground.

Where then shall exil'd genius go ?
 Since only those the laurel claim,
 And boast them of the poet's name,
 Whose sober rhymes in even tenor flow ;
 Who prey on words, and all their flowerets cull,
 Coldly correct, and regularly dull.

¹ By taste, is here meant the modern affectation of it.

Why sleep the sons of genius now ?

Why, Wartons, rests the lyre unstrung ?

And thou ², bless'd bard ! around whose sacred
brow

Great Pindar's delegated wreath is hung,

Arise, and snatch the majesty of song

From dullness' servile tribe, and art's unhallow'd
throng.

AN

IMITATION FROM THE SPECTATOR.

A MONTH hath roll'd its lazy hours away

Since Delia's presence bless'd her longing swain :

How could he brook the sluggish time's delay !

What charm could soften such an age of pain !

One fond reflection still his bosom cheer'd,

And sooth'd the torments of a lover's care ;

'Twas, that for Delia's self the bower he rear'd,

And fancy plac'd the nymph already there.

O come, dear maid ! and with a gentle smile,

Such as lights up my lovely fair-one's face ;

Survey the product of thy shepherd's toil,

Nor rob the villa of the villa's grace.

Whate'er improvements strike thy curious sight,

Thy taste hath form'd—let me not call it mine ;

Since when I muse on thee, and feed delight,

I form no thought that is not wholly thine.

The' apartments destin'd for my charmer's use
 (For love in trifles is conspicuous shown)
 Can scarce an object to thy view produce,
 But bears the dear resemblance of thine own.

And trust me, love ! I could almost believe
 This little spot the mansion of my fair;
 But that, awak'd from fancy's dreams, I grieve
 To find its proper owner is not there.

Oh ! I could doat upon the rural scene,
 Its prospect over hill and champaign wide,
 But that it marks the tedious way between,
 That parts thy Damon from his promis'd bride.

The gardens now put forth their blossoms sweet,
 In nature's flowery mantle gaily dress'd,
 The close-trim'd hedge, and circling border neat,
 All ask my Delia for their dearest guest.

The lily pale, the purple-blushing rose,
 In this fair spot their mingled beauties join ;
 The woodbine here its curling tendrils throws,
 In wreaths fantastic round the mantling vine.

The branching arbour here for lovers made,
 For dalliance met, or song, or amorous tale,
 Shall oft protect us with its cooling shade,
 When sultry Plœbus burns the lovely vale.

'Tis all another Paradise around,
 And, trust me, so it would appear to me,
 Like the first man, were I not lonely found,
 And but half bless'd, my Delia ! wanting thee.

For two, but two, I've form'd a lovely walk,
 And I have call'd it by my fair-one's name :
 Here bless'd with thee, to' enjoy thy pleasing talk,
 While fools and madmen bow the knee to fame.

The rustic path already have I tried,
 Oft at the sinking of the setting day ;
 And while, my love ! I thought thee by my side,
 With careful steps have worn its edge away.

With thee I've held discourse, how passing sweet !
 While fancy brought thee to my raptur'd dream,
 With thee have prattled in my lone retreat,
 And talk'd down suns, on love's delicious theme.

Oft as I wander through the rustic crowd,
 Musing with downcast look and folded arms,
 They stare with wonder, when I rave aloud,
 And dwell with rapture on thy artless charms.

They call me mad ; and oft, with finger rude,
 Point at me leering, as I heedless pass ;
 Yet Colin knows the cause, for love is shrewd,
 And the young shepherd courts the farmer's lass.

Among the fruits that grace this little seat,
 And all around their clustering foliage spread ;
 Here may'st thou cull the peach, or nectarine sweet,
 And pluck the strawberry from its native bed.

And all along the river's verdant side,
 I've planted elms, which rise in even row ;
 And fling their lofty branches far and wide,
 Which float reflected in the lake below.

Since I've been absent from my lovely fair,
 Imagination forms a thousand schemes ;
 For O ! my Delia, thou art all my care,
 And all with me is love and golden dreams.

O flattering promise of secure delight ;
 When will the lazy-pacing hours be o'er ?
 That I may fly with rapture to thy sight,
 And we shall meet again, to part no more.

TO THE MOON.

ALL hail majestic queen of night, [brings
 Bright Cynthia! sweetest nymph, whose presence
 The pensive pleasures, calm delight,
 While contemplation smooths her ruffled wings,
 Which folly's vain tumultuous joys,
 Or business, care, and buz of lusty day
 Have all too ruffled.—Hence, away
 Stale jest, and flippant mirth, and strife-engen-
 dering noise.
 When evening dons her mantle gray,
 I'll wind my solitary way,
 And hie me to some lonely grove,
 (The haunt of fancy and of love)
 Whose social branches, far outspread,
 Possess the mind with pleasing dread.
 While Cynthia quivers through the trees
 That wanton with the summer breeze,
 And the clear brook, or dimpled stream,
 Reflects oblique her dancing beam.
 How often, by thy silver light,
 Here lovers' tongues beguil'd the night !

When forth the happy pair have stray'd,
The amorous swain and tender maid,
And as they walk'd the groves along,
Cheer'd the still eve with various song.
While every artful strain confess'd
The mutual passion in their breast.
The lovers' hours fly swift away,
And night reluctant yields to day.

Thrice happy nymph, thrice happy youth,
When beauty is the meed of truth !

Yet not the happy loves alone
Has thy celestial presence known.
To thee complains the nymph forlorn,
Of broken faith, and vows forsworn ;
And the dull swain, with folded arms,
Still musing on his false-one's charms,
Frames many a sonnet to her name,
(As lovers use to express their flame)
Or pining wan with thoughtful care,
In downcast silence feeds despair ;
Or when the air dead stillness keeps,
And Cynthia on the water sleeps ;
Charms the dull ear of sober night,
With love-born music's sweet delight.

Oft as thy orb performs its round,
Thou list'nest to the various sound
Of shepherds' hopes and maidens' fears
(Those conscious Cynthia silent hears,
While echo, which still loves to mock,
Bears them about from rock to rock).

But shift we now the pensive scene,
Where Cynthia silvers o'er the green.
Mark yonder spot, whose equal rim
Forms the green circle quaint and trim ;

Hither the fairies blithe advance,
And lightly trip in mazy dance ;
Beating the pansie-paven ground
In frolic measures round and round ;
These Cynthia's revels gaily keep,
While lazy mortals snore asleep ;
Whom oft they visit in the night,
Not visible to human sight ;
And, as old prattling wives relate,
Though now the fashion's out of date,
Drop sixpence in the housewife's shoe,
And pinch the slattern black and blue.
They fill the mind with airy schemes,
And bring the ladies pleasant dreams.

Who knows not Mab, whose chariot glides,
And athwart men's noses rides ?
While Oberon, blithe fairy, trips,
And hovers o'er the ladies lips ;
And when he steals ambrosial bliss,
And soft imprints the charming kiss,
In dreams the nymph her swain pursues,
Nor thinks 'tis Oberon that wooes.

Yet sportive youth, and lovely fair,
From hence, my lesson read, beware,
While innocence and mirth preside,
We are not where the fairies glide ;
And Oberon will never miss
To greet his favourites with a kiss ;
Nor ever more ambrosia sips,
Than when he visits ——'s lips,

When all things else in silence sleep,
The blithesome elfs their vigils keep ;
And always hover round about,
To find our worth or frailties out.

Receive with joy these elfin sparks,
Their kisses leave no tell-tale marks,
But breathe fresh beauty o'er the face,
Where all is virtue, all is grace.

Not only elfin fays delight
To hail the sober queen of night ;
But that sweet bird, whose gurgling throat
Warbles the thick melodious note,
Duly as evening shades prevail,
Renews her soothing love-lorn tale ;
And as the lover pensive goes,
Chaunts out her symphony of woes,
Which, in boon nature's wilder tone,
Beggar all sounds which art has known.

But hist — the melancholy bird
Among the groves no more is heard ;
And Cynthia pales her silver ray
Before the' approach of golden day,
Which on yon mountain's misty height
Stands tiptoe with his gladsome light.
Now the shrill lark in ether floats,
And carols wild her liquid notes ;
While Phœbus, in his lusty pride,
His flaring beams flings far and wide.
Cynthia, farewell——the pensive muse
No more her feeble flight pursues,
But all unwilling takes her way,
And mixes with the buz of day.

SENT TO A LADY,**WITH A SEAL.**

THE impression which this seal shall make,
The rougher hand of force may break ;
Or jealous time, with slow decay,
May all its traces wear away ;
But neither time nor force combin'd
Shall tear thy image from my mind ;
Nor shall the sweet *impression* fade
Which Chloe's thousand charms have made ;
For spite of time, or force, or art,
'Tis *seal'd* for ever on my heart.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

‘ Do, study more—discard that siren, ease,
Whose fatal charms are murderous while they please.
Wit’s scanty streams will fret their channel dry,
If learning’s spring withhold the fresh supply.
Turn leaf by leaf gigantic volumes o’er,
Nor blush to know what ancients wrote before.
Why not, sometimes, regale admiring friends
With Greek and Latin sprinklings, odds and ends ?
Exert your talents ; read, and read to write !
As Horace says, mix profit with delight.’

‘ Tis rare advice : but I am slow to mend,
Though ever thankful to my partial friend :
Full of strange fears—for hopes are banish’d all—
I list no more to Phœbus’ sacred call.

Smit with the muse, 'tis true, I sought her charms ;
 But came no champion, clad in cumb'rous arms,
 To pull each rival monarch from his throne,
 And swear no lady Clio like my own.
 All unambitious of superior praise,
 My fond amusement ask'd a sprig of bays,
 Some little fame for stringing harmless verse,
 And e'en that little fame has prov'd a curse ;
 Hitch'd into rhyme, and drag'd through muddy
 prose,
 By butcher-critics, worth's confederate foes.

If then the muse no more shall strive to please,
 Lull'd in the happy lethargy of ease ;
 If, unadventurous, she forbear to sing,
 Nor take one thought to plume her ruffled wing ;
 'Tis that she hates, howe'er by nature vain,
 The scurril nonsense of a venal train.
 When desperate robbers, issuing from the waste,
 Make such rude inroads on the land of taste,
 Genius grows sick beneath the Gothic rage,
 Or seeks her laurels from some worthier age.

As for myself, I own the present charge ;
 Lazy and lounging, I confess at large :
 Yet ease, perhaps, may loose her silken chains,
 And the next hour become an hour of pains.
 We write, we read, we act, we think, by fits,
 And follow all things as the humour hits ;
 For of all pleasures which the world can bring,
 Variety—O ! dear variety's the thing !
 Our learned Coke, from whom we scribblers draw
 All the wise dictums of poetic law, [follows,
 Lays down this truth, from whence my maxim
 (See Horace, Ode *Dec. Sext.*—the case Apollo's)

' The god of verse disclaims a plodding wretch,
Nor keeps his bow for ever on the stretch.'

However great my thirst of honest fame,
I bow with reverence to each letter'd name;
To worth, where'er it be, with joy submit,
But own no curs'd monopolies of wit.
Nor think, my friend, if I but rarely quote,
And little reading shines through what I've wrote,
That I bid peace to every learned shelf,
Because I dare form judgments for myself.

—Oh! were it mine, with happy skill, to look
Up to the one, the Universal Book!
Open to all—to him, to me, to you,
—For nature's open to the general view—
Then would I scorn the ancients' vaunted store,
And boast my thefts, where they but rob'd before.

Meanwhile with them, while Grecian sounds im-
part
The' eternal passions of the human heart,
Bursting the bonds of ease and lazy rest,
I feel the flame mount active in my breast;
Or when, with joy, I turn the Roman page,
I live, in fancy, in the' Augustan age!
Till some dull Bavius' or a Mævius' name,
Damn'd by the Muse to everlasting fame,
Forbids the mind in foreign climes to roam,
And brings me back to our own fools at home.

SONG.

FOR various purpose serves the fan,
 As thus —— a decent blind,
 Between the sticks to peep at man,
 Nor yet betray your mind.

Each action has a meaning plain,
 Resentment's in the snap,
 A flirt expresses strong disdain,
 Consent, a gentle tap.

All passions will the fair disclose,
 All modes of female art,
 And to advantage sweetly shows
 The hand, if not the heart.

'Tis folly's sceptre, first design'd
 By love's capricious boy,
 Who knows how lightly all mankind
 Are govern'd by a toy.

SONG

IF tyrant love with cruel dart
 Transfix the maiden's tender heart,
 Of easy faith and fond belief,
 She hugs the dart, and aids the thief.

Till, left her helpless state to mourn,
 Neglected, loving, and forlorn ;
 She finds, while grief her bosom stings,
 As well as darts the god has wings.

SONG.

WHY should I now, my love ! complain
That toil awaits thy cheerful swain,
Since labour oft a sweet bestows,
Which lazy splendour never knows?

Hence springs the purple tide of health,
The rich man's wish, the poor man's wealth,
And spreads those blushes o'er the face,
Which come and go with native grace.

The pride of dress, the pomp of show,
Are trappings oft to cover woe ;
But we, whose wishes never roam,
Shall taste of real joys at home.

FINIS.

July 1801

I have written to you before I intended you to receive this letter, but had no opportunity to do so. I have now written again, to give you some more information.

The weather has been very bad here, and the roads are still worse than ever. We have had a great deal of rain, and the roads are still very bad. We have had a great deal of rain, and the roads are still very bad.

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SELECT POEMS

OF

JOHN GILBERT COOPER.

and the TOLKIE

AND THE TOLKIE

CONTENTS.

SELECT POEMS OF JOHN GILBERT COOPER.

	Page
EPISTLES to his Friends in Town ; from Aristippus, in Retirement	3
Epistle I. The Retreat of Aristippus.....	4
——— II. The Temper of Aristippus....	10
——— III. The Apology of Aristippus	14
——— IV. The Cali of Aristippus.....	21
Hymn to Health	28
Song.....	29
Song to Winifreda.....	30
A Father's Advice to his Son	51
The Tomb of Shakspeare.....	35
Ver-Vert ; or the Nunnery Parrot.....	42

SELECT POEMS OF PAUL WHITEHEAD.

The State of Dunces : a Satire.....	75
The Gymnasiad ; or Boxing Match.....	87
Honour. A Satire. 1747.....	108
An Epistle to Dr. Thomson. 1755.....	118
Verses, dropped in Mr. Garrick's Temple of Shakspeare	130
Cupid baffled.....	131
Death and the Doctor.....	132

CONTENTS.

	Page
To Dr. Schomberg, of Bath.....	133
Verses inscribed on a Monument, called 'The Tomb of Care'	133
Epitaph on the Monument of John Duke of Argyle.....	134
Verses on the Name of P. Whitehead.....	134
Verses on Mr. Brooke.....	135

SELECT POEMS OF JOHN BROWN, D. D.

THE Cure of Saul. A Sacred Ode.....	139
On Honour	149
Fragment of a Rhapsody.....	159
Inscription.....	160

SELECT POEMS OF JAMES GRAINGER, M. D.

Solitude. An Ode.....	165
Bryan and Pyreene.....	173

EPISTLES
TO HIS
FRIENDS IN TOWN;
FROM ARISTIPPUS, IN RETIREMENT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE species of poetry, in which the following Epistles are written, has been used with great success among the French, by Chapelle, Chaulieu, La Fare, Gresset, Madame Deshoulières, and others; but I do not remember to have seen it before in the English language. The unconfined return of the rhymes, and easiness of the diction, seem peculiarly adapted to epistolary compositions. The author professedly imitates the general manner of the above-mentioned writers, but he is more particularly obliged to Gresset, for two or three hints in his performance, which he has acknowledged in the marginal notes. The reader will not forget, that these four Epistles were written originally under a fictitious character.

EPISTLE I.

THE RETREAT OF ARISTIPPUS.

*To his Grace the Duke of *****.*

‘ Je vous livre mes réveries
 Que quelques vérités hardies,
 Viennet librement mélanger.’

GRESSET.

SEIZ'D with the rage of being great
 In courts, my lord, let others lead
 (Exchanging happiness for state)
 The crowd of tinsel'd slaves, who tread
 The miry ministerial road
 To modern honour's dark abode,
 Where dwell the' high vulgar of the town,
 Which England's common courtesy,
 To make bad fellowship go down,
 Politely calls good company.
 Remote from politics and strife,
 From the dull sons of business free,
 Unfetter'd by domestic life,
 To letter'd ease a votary,
 I spend alternately my hours
 'Twixt Epicurns' myrtle bow'rs
 And Academus' palmy grove ;
 Happy, from Seine's meandering shores,
 Where polish'd pleasures ever rove,
 The first to bring the Thespian maids,
 To play, to science, and to love,
 On Cyprian pipes in British shades.

No levees here attend his grace,
My lording every morn an ass,
Nor office clerks with busy face,
To make fools wonder as they pass,
Whisper dull nothings in his ear,
'Bout some rogue borough-monger there.
The well-bred insipidity
Of town assemblies ne'er is heard,
And candidates for prelacy,
That sable, supple, bowing herd,
This silent territory fly ;
For bishoprics are seldom found
In realms of scientific ground.
No doctor's medicinal wig,
No titled beggar's suppliant knee,
No alderman with knighthood big
And newly purchas'd pedigree,
No vultures of the human race
From Temple or from Lincoln's-Inn,
No pseudo-patriot out of place,
Nor venal senator that's in,
Disturb this amiable retreat ;
Only a muse, a love, or grace,
In this calm senate have a seat.
Such representatives are free !
No muse has lately been at court,
Nor are the graces better for't ;
Nor have the loves septennially,
A borough-interest to support,
Mortgag'd their healths or property.
Led by unerring nature's voice,
I haunt retirement's silent shade,
Contentment's humble lot and choice,
Where, on the mossy sofa laid,

I see, through contemplation's eye,
The white-wing'd cherub innocence,
Each blessing of her native sky
To sympathetic hearts dispense.
Here, undebaunch'd by spurious art,
Great nature reigns in every part,
Both when resplendent Titan's beam
In high meridian splendour glows,
And when pale Cynthia's maiden gleam
O'er night a silver mantle throws.
The natives of the neighbouring grove
Their nuptials chaunt on vernal sprays ;
Untaught by Ovid how to love,
True passion modulates their lays.
From no Propertius' polish'd strain
The linnet forms her temperate note :
From no Tibullus learns to plain
The widow'd turtle's faithful throat.
Each feather'd libertine of air,
Gay as Catullus, loves and sings :
Free as the Teian sage from care,
The goldfinch claps his gilded wings,
And wooes his female to repair
To shady groves and crystal springs.
Here bless'd with freedom and content,
Untaught by devious thought to stray
Through fancy's visionary way,
These silvan bards of sentiment
Warble the dictates of the heart
Uninterrupted as they flow,
Unmeasur'd by the rules of art,
Now strongly high, now sweetly low.
Such scenes the good have ever lov'd,
The great have sought, the wise approv'd.

Here legislators plan'd of old
The pandects of immortal laws ;
And mighty chiefs and heroes bold,
Withdrawn from popular applause,
First having left their countries free
From savage and from human pests,
Gain'd a more glorious victory
O'er the fierce tyrants of their breasts.

Methinks, I hear some courtier say,
' Such charms ideal ill agree
With moderniz'd gentility ;
For now the witty, great, and gay,
Think what so charms your rural sense,
Only a clown's fit residence.
In former days a country life,
For so time-honour'd poets sing,
Free from anxiety and strife,
Was blandish'd by perpetual spring.
There the sweet graces kept their court,
The nymphs, the fauns, and dryads play'd,
Thither the Muses would resort,
Apollo lov'd the silvan shade.
The gods and heroes own'd a passion
For wives and daughters of the swains,
And heroines, whilst 'twas the fashion,
Ridotto'd on the rural plains.
The 'squires were then of heavenly race,
The parsons fashionable too,
Young Hermes had at court a place,
Venus and Mars were folks one knew.
But long, long since, those times are o'er,
No goddess trips it o'er the lea,
The gods and heroes are no more,
Who dane'd to rural minstrelsy ;

Detested are these sad abodes
By modern dames of mortal make,
And peers who rank not with such gods,
Their solitary seats forsake.
For now 'tis quite another case,
The country wears a different face.
When sometimes (oh ! the cruel Lent !)
Thither her ladyship is sent,
As Sol through Taurus mounts the sky,
Or George prorogues his parliament,
Her beauteous bosom heaves a sigh,
Five months in rustic banishment.
Thither, alas ! no Viscounts rove,
Nor heart-bewitching Col'nels come,
Dull is the music of the grove,
Unheeded fades the meadow's bloom.
The verdant copse may take the birds,
The breath of morn and evening's dew
To bleating flocks and lowing herds
Be pleasant, and be wholesome too ;
But how can these ('tis out of nature)
Have charms for any human creature !'

Such are the sentiments, I own,
Of all that lazy loitering race,
Form daily ushers to his grace,
Who never leave the guilty town ;
But in the purlieus of the court,
By knaves are spaniel'd up and down,
To fetch and carry each report.

Far other images arise
To those who inward turn their eyes
To view the inhabitants of mind ;
Where solitude's calm votaries find
Of knowledge the' inexhausted prize :

And trnht, immortal truth, bestows,
Clad in ethereal robes of light,
Pure as the flakes of falling snows,
Unenvied unreprov'd delight.

On me, my lord, on humble me
The intellectual train attends ;
Science oft seeks my company,
And fancy's children are my friends.
Here, bless'd with independent ease,
I look with pity on the great,
For who, that with enjoyment sees
The laughs and graces at his gate,
And little loves attending nigh,
Or fondly hovering o'er his head,
To wing his orders through the sky,
Whilst warbling Muses round him shed
Sweet flowers, which on Parnassus blow,
Would wish these thorny paths to tread,
Which slaves and courtiers only know.

Thanks to my ancestors and Heav'n !
To me the happier lot is giv'n,
In calm retreat my time to spend
With far far better company,
Than those who on the court attend
In honourable drudgery.

Warriors and statesmen of old Rome
Duly observe my levee day,
And wits from polish'd Athens come,
Occasional devoirs to pay.

With me great Plato often holds
Discourse upon immortal pow'rs,
And Attic Xenophon unfolds
Rich honey from Lycéum's flow'rs ;

Cæsar and Tully often dine,
 Anacreon rambles in my grove,
 Sweet Horace drinks Falernian wine,
 Catullus makes, on haycocks, love.
 With these, and some akin to these,
 The living few who grace our days,
 I live in literary ease ;
 My chief delight their taste to please
 With soft and unaffected lays.
 Thus, to each votary's wish, kind fate
 Divides the world with equal line :
 She bids ambition, care, and state,
 Be the high portion of the great,
 Peace, friendship, love, and bliss be mine.

EPISTLE II.

THE TEMPER OF ARISTIPPUS.

To *Lady *****.*

Quo me cunque rapit Tempestas deferor hospes.

HORAT.

I'VE oft, Melissa, heard you say,
 ' The world observes I never wear
 An aspect gloomy or severe ;
 That, constitutionally gay,
 Whether dark clouds obscure the sky,
 Or Phœbus gilds the face of day,
 In pleasure's true philosophy
 I pass the winged years away.'

In most, 'tis true, the human sense
Is subjected to smiles or tears,
To swelling pride, or trembling fears,
' By every skyey influence.'
Cameleon-like, their souls agree
With all they hear and all they see ;
Or, as one instrument resounds
Another's unison of sounds,
Their mutable complexions carry
The looks of anger, hope, and joy ;
Just as the scenes around 'em vary,
Pleasures delight, or pains annoy.
But I, by philosophic mood,
Let the wise call it—happy folly,
Educe, from every evil, good ;
And rapture, e'en from melancholy.
When in the silent midnight grove
Sweet Philomela swells her throat
With tremulous and plaintive note,
Expressive of disastrous love ;
I with the pensive pleasures dwell,
And in their calm sequester'd cell
Listen with rapturous delight
To the soft songster of the night.
Here Echo, in her mossy cave,
Symphonious to the love-lorn song,
Warbles the vocal rocks among ;
Whilst gently-trickling waters lave
The oak-fring'd mountain's hoary brow,
Whose streams, united in the vale,
O'er pebbled beds loquacious flow,
Tun'd to the sad melodious tale
In murmurs querulously slow.

And, whilst immers'd in thought I lie,
 From ages past and realms unseen,
 There moves before the mental eye
 The pleasing melancholy scene
 Of nymphs and youths unfortunate,
 Whose fame shall spread from shore to shore
 Preserv'd by bards from death and fate,
 Till time itself shall be no more.

Thus, not by black misanthropy
 Impell'd, to caves or rocks I fly;
 But when, by chance or humour led,
 My wandering feet those regions tread,
 Taught by philosophy so sweet
 To shun the fellowship of care,
 Far from the world I go to meet
 Such pleasures as inhabit there.

With rebel will I ne'er oppose
 The current of my destiny,
 But, pliant as the torrent flows,
 Receive my course implicitly.
 As, from some shaded river's side
 If chance a tender ¹ osier's blown,
 Subject to the controlling tide,
 The' obedient shrub is carried down :
 Awhile it floats upon the streams,
 By whirlpools now is forc'd below,
 Then mounts again where Titan's beams
 Upon the shining waters glow :
 Sweet flowery vales it passes by,
 Cities and solitudes by turns,
 Or where a dreary desert burns
 In sorrowful obscurity,

¹ See the Chartreuse of Gresset, from whence this passage is imitated; but the subsequent particular application to Aristippus is the author's.

For many a league the wanderer's borne,
By forest, wood, mead, mountain, plain,
Till, carried never to return,
'Tis buried in the boundless main.
Thus Aristippus forms his plan:
To every change of times and fates
His temper he accommodates ;
Not where he will, but where he can,
A daily bliss he celebrates.
An osier on the stream of time,
This philosophic wanderer
Floating through every place and clime,
Finds some peculiar blessing there ;
Where'er the winding current strays,
By prosperous mount or adverse plain,
He'll sport, till all his jocund days
Are lost in life's eternal main.

Let worldlings hunt for happiness
With pain, anxiety, and strife,
Through every thorny path of life,
And ne'er the' ideal fair possess.
For who, alas ! their passions send
The fleeting image to pursue,
Themselves their own designs undo,
And in the means destroy the end.
But I a surer clue have found,
To guide me o'er the mazy ground;
For, knowing that this deity
Must ever rove at liberty
Through fancy's visionary road,
I never wisdom's schemes employ
To find her in one fix'd abode,
But where I meet her I enjoy ;
And, being free from strife and care,
Am sure to meet her every where.

EPISTLE III.**THE APOLOGY OF ARISTIPPUS.**

To ******, Esq.

D'autres font des vers par etude
J'en fais pour me desennuyer.

GRESSET.

SHOULD supercilious censors say—
 ‘ His youth is waning, ’tis not time
 For Aristippus now, with rhyme
 To while the useless hours away ;’
 I might reply, I do no more
 Than what my betters did before ;
 That what at first my fancy led
 This idle business to pursue,
 Still makes me prosecute the trade,
 Because I’ve nothing else to do.
 But to the candid, Tom, and you,
 A better reason I could give,
 To whom a better reason’s due ;
 That in these measures I convey
 My gentle precepts, how to live,
 Clearer than any other way,
 For in the powers of poetry
 Wit, truth, and pleasure blended lie
 As, in Italia’s fertile vales,
 On the same tree, whilst blossoms blow,
 The ripen’d fruits nectareous grow,
 Fed by warm suns and freshening gales.

Divinest art to mortals giv'n!
By thee, the brave, the good, the wise,
The fair, the learn'd, and witty rise,
From earth's dull sod, and people heav'n:
Nor be't to thee imputed blame,
That ever-barking calumny,
And filthy-mouth'd obscenity,
Have oft usurp'd thy injur'd name :
Alas ! the drops which morning sheds
With dewy fingers on the meads,
The pink's and violet's tubes to fill,
Alike the noxious juices feed
Of deadly hemlock's poisonous weed,
And give 'em fatal power to kill !

Imagination loves to trace
Reason's immortal lineaments .
In fiction's necromantic face,
When probability assents.
The fairest features fiction wears,
When most like truth the' enchantress looks ;
As sweet Narcissa's shade appears,
In silent lakes and crystal brooks,
So like the life, we scarcely know
Where last to fix our wavering love ;
Whether upon the form below,
Or on the real nymph above.
In each we see an angel's face,
Though for the substance breathe our sighs,
Whilst we the shadowy image trace
In the clear wave, with longing eyes.

But should you ask me, why I choose,
Of all the laurel'd sisterhood,
The' inhabitants of Pindus' wood,
The least considerable muse ?

The violets round the mountain's feet,
Whose humble gems unheeded blow,
Are to the shepherd's smell more sweet
Than lofty cedars on its brow.
Let the loud epic sound the' alarms
Of dreadful war, and heroes sprung
From some immortal ancestry,
Clad in impenetrable arms
By Vulcan forg'd ; my lyre is strung
With softer chords, my muse more free
Wanders through Pindar's humbler ways
In amiable simplicity :
Unstudied are her gentle lays,
She asks no laurel for her brows :
Careless of censure or of praise,
She haunts where tender myrtle grows ;
Fonder of happiness than fame ;
To the proud bay prefers the rose,
Nor barters pleasure for a name.
On nature's lap reclin'd at ease,
I listen to her heavenly tongue,
From her derive the power to please,
From her receive the' harmonious time,
And what the goddess makes my song,
In unpremeditated rhyme
Mellifluous flows, whilst young desire,
Cull'd from the' Elysian bloom of spring,
Strews flowers immortal round my lyre,
And fancy's sportive children bring,
From blossom'd grove and lilied mead,
Fresh fragrant chaplets for my head.
The most, though softest of the Nine,
Euterpe, muse of gaiety,
Queen of heart-softening melody,
Allures my ear with notes divine.

In my retreat Euterpe plays,
Where science, garlanded with flow'rs,
Enraptur'd listens to her lays,
Beneath the shade of myrtle bow'rs.

This pleasing territory lies
Unvisited by common eyes,
Far from the prude's affected spleen,
Or bigot's surly godliness,
Where no coquettes, no jilts are seen,
Nor folly-fetter'd fops of dress ;
Far from the vulgar, high and low,
The pension'd great man's littleness ;
Or those who, prone to slavery, grow
Fit tools of other's tyranny,
And, with a blind devotion, bow
To wooden blocks of quality ;
Far from the land of argument,
Where, deep within their murky cells,
Figures and blotted tropes are pent¹,
And three-legg'd syllogism dwells ;
Far from the bubble-blowing race,
The schoolmen subtle and refin'd,
Who fill the thick skull's brainless space
With puffs of theologic wind ;
And all the grave pedantic train,
Which fairy-genius longs to bind
Hard with a comment's iron chain.
But, whilst such drones are driven away,
In my belov'd retreat remain
The fair, the witty, and the gay.

Here the soft patriarch of the loves,
Honey'd Anacreon, with the doves

¹ See *Les Ombres* of Gresset.

Of Venus fluttering o'er his head
(Whilst ivy-crowned hours around
The laughter-loving graces lead
In sportive ringlets to the sound
Of Paphian flutes,) the muse invites
To festive days and amorous nights.
Here tender Moschus loves to rove
Along the meadow's daisied side,
Under a cool and silent grove,
Where brooks of dimpling waters glide.
Rapt in celestial ecstasy,
Sappho, whom all the Nine inspire,
Varies her amorous melody,
The chords of whose Idalian lyre,
As changeful passions ebb or flow,
Struck with bold hand, now vibrate high,
Now, modulated to a sigh,
Tremble most languishingly low.

Horace, mild sage, refin'd with ease,
Whose precepts, whilst they counsel, please,
Without the jargon of the schools,
And fur-gown'd pedant's bookish rules,
Here keeps his lov'd academy ;
His art so nicely he conceals,
That wisdom on the bosom steals,
And men grow good insensibly.
From cool Valclusa's lilyed meads
Soft Petrarch and his Laura come,
And e'en great Tasso sometimes treads
These flowery walks, and culls the bloom
Of rural groves, where heretofore
Each muse, each grace, beneath the shade
Of myrtle bowers, in secret play'd
With an Idalian paramour.

From silver Seine's transparent streams,
With roses and with lilies crown'd,
Breathing the same heart-easing themes,
And tun'd in amicable sound,
Sweet bards, of kindred spirit, blow
Soft Lydian notes on Gallic reeds,
Whose songs instruct us how to know
Truth's flowers from affectation's weeds.
Chapelle leads up the festive band ;
La Farre and Chaulieu, hand in hand,
Close follow their poetic sire,
Hot with the Teian grape and fire.
But hark ! as sweet as western wind
Breathes from the violets' fragrant beds,
When balmy dews Aurora sheds,
Gresset's clear pipe, distinct behind,
Symphoniously combines in one
Each former bard's mellifluent tone.
Gresset ! in whose harmonious verse
The Indian bird shall never die,
Though death may perch on Ver-Vert's hearse,
Fame's tongue immortal shall rehearse
His variable loquacity.

Nor wanting are there bards of Thames :
On rural reed young Surrey plays ;
And Waller wooes the courtly dames
With gay and unaffected lays,
His careless limbs supinely laid
Beneath the plantain's leafy shade :
Prior his easy pipe applies
To sooth his jealous Chloe's breast,
And even Sacharissa's eyes
To brighter Chloe's yield the prize
Of Venus' soul-bewitching cest.

Than these much greater bards, I ween,
Whenever they will condescend
The' inferior muses to attend,
Immortalize this humble scene ;
Shakspeare's and Drayton's fairy crews
In midnight revels gambol round,
And Pope's light sylphids sprinkle dews
Refreshing, on the magic ground.
Nor 'sdains the dryad-train of yore,
And green-hair'd naiads of the flood,
To join with fancy's younger brood,
Which brood the sweet enchantress bore
To British bards in after times,
Whose fame shall bloom in deathless rhymes,
When Greece and Britain are no more.

Whilst such the feasts of fancy give,
Careless of what dull sages know,
Amidst their banquets I will live,
And, pitying, look on power below.
If still the Cynic censor says,
That Aristippus' useless days
Pass in melodious foolery,
This is my last apology :
' Whatever has the power to bless,
By living having learnt to prize,
Since wisdom will afford me less
Than what from harmless follies rise ;
I cannot spare from happiness
A single moment to be wise.'

EPISTLE IV.

THE CALL OF ARISTIPPUS.

To Mark Akenside, M. D.

ΑΧΑΡΙΣ ΔΕ ΤΙΣ ΠΕΦΤΚΩΣ
ΜΕΘΕΤΩ ΠΟΙΗΜΑ —

HENR. STEPHENS.

O THOU, for whom the British bays
 Bloom in these unpoetic days,
 Whose early genius glow'd to follow
 The arts, through nature's ancient ways ;
 Twofold disciple of Apollo !
 Shall Aristippus' easy lays,
 Trifles of philosophic pleasure
 Compos'd in literary leisure,
 Aspire to gain thy deathless praise ?
 If thy nice ear attends the strains
 This careless bard of nature breathes
 On Cyprian flute in Albion's plains ;
 By future poets myrtle wreaths
 Shall long be scatter'd o'er his urn
 In annual solemnity,
 And marble Cupids, as they mourn,
 Point where his kindred ashes lie.

Whilst through the track of endless day
 Thy muse shall, like the bird of Jove,
 Wing to the source of light her way,
 And bring from cloudless realms above,

Where truth's seraphic daughters glow,
Another Promethean ray
To this benighted globe below ;
Mine, like soft Cytherea's dove,
Contented with her native grove,
Shall fondly sooth the' attentive ears
Of life's way-wearied travellers ;
And, from the paths of fancied woes,
Lead 'em to that serene abode,
Where real bliss and real good
In sweet security repose :
Or, as the lark with matin-notes,
To youth's new voyagers, in spring,
As over head in air she floats,
Attendant on unruffled wing,
Warbles inartificial joy,
My muse in tender strains shall sing
The feats of Venus' winged boy,
Or how the nimble-footed hours,
With the three graces knit in dance,
Follow the goddess Elegance
To Hebe's court in Paphian bow'rs,

Nor let the supercilious wise, *
And gloomy sons of melancholy,
These unaffected lays despise,
As day-dreams of melodious folly :
Reason a lovelier aspect wears,
The smiles and muses when between,
Than in the Stoic's rigid mien
With beard philosophiz'd by years ;
And virtue mopes not in the cell
Where cloister'd pride and penance dwell,
But, in the chariot of the loves,
She triumphs innocently gay,
Drawn by the yok'd Idalian doves,

Whilst young affections lead the way
To the warm regions of the heart,
Whence selfish fiends of vice depart,
Like spectres at the' approach of day,

Should any infidel demand,
Who sneers at our poetic heaven,
Whether from ordination given
By prelates of the Thespian land,
Or inspiration from above,
(As modern Methodists derive
Their light from no divine alive)

I hold the great prerogative
To' interpret sage Anacreon's writ,
Or gloss upon Catullus' wit ;
Prophets that heretofore were sent,
And finally require to see
Credentials of my embassy,
Before his faith could yield consent,
Convincing reasons I would give
From a short tale scarce credible,
(But yet as true and plausible
As some which Catholics believe)
That I was call'd by Jove's behest
A Paphian and a Delphian priest.

Once when by Trent's pellucid streams,
In days of prattling infancy,
Led by young wondering ecstasy,
To view the sun's resplendent beams,
As on the sportive waves they play'd,
Too far I negligently stray'd,
The god of day his lamp withdrew,
Evening her dusky mantle spread,
And from her moistened tresses shed
Refreshing drops of pearly dew.

Close by the borders of a wood,
Where an old ruin'd abbey stood,
Far from a fondling mother's sight,
With toil of childish sport oppress'd,
My tender limbs sunk down to rest
Midst the dark horrors of the night:
As Horace erst by fabled doves
With spring's first leaves was mantled o'er,
A wanderer from his native groves;
Alike regard the British loves
To me their future poet bore;
Nor left me guardianless alone.
For though no nymph or faun appear'd,
Nor piping satyr there was heard,
And here the dryads are unknown;
Yet, natives true of English ground,
Sweet elves and fays in mantles green,
By shepherds oft in moonlight seen,
And dapper fairies danc'd around:
The nightingale, her love-lorn lay
Neglecting on the neighbouring spray,
Strew'd with fresh flowers my turf'y bed,
And, at the first approach of morn,
The red-breast stript the fragrant thorn
On roses wild to lay my head.
Thus, as the wondering rustics say,
In smiling sleep they found me laid
Beneath a blossom'd hawthorn's shade,
Whilst sportive bees, in mystic play,
With honey fill'd my little lips,
Blent with each sweet that zephyr sips
From flowery cups in balmy May.
From that bless'd hour my bosom glow'd,

Ere vanity or fame inspir'd,
With unaffected transports fir'd,
And from my tongue untutor'd flow'd,
In childhood's inattentive days,
The lisping notes of artless lays.
Nor have these dear enchantments ceas'd,
For what in innocence began
Still with increasing years increas'd,
And youth's warm joys now charm the man.
Perhaps this fondly foster'd flame,
E'en when in dust my body's laid,
Will o'er the tomb preserve its fame,
And glow within my future shade;
If thus, as poets have agreed,
The soul when from the body freed,
In t' other world confines her bliss
To the same joys she lov'd in this,
Thine, when she's pass'd the stygian flood,
Shall, midst the patriot chiefs of old,
The wise, the valiant, and the good,
(Great names in deathless archives roll'd !)
Strike with a master's mighty hand
Thy golden lyre's profoundest chords,
And fascinate the kindred band
With magic of poetic words.
Ravish'd with thy mellifluent lay,
Plato and Virgil shall entwine
Of olive and the Mantuan bay
A never-fading crown for thee;
And learn'd Lucretius shall resign,
Among the followers of the Nine,
His philosophic dignity.
For though his faithful pencil drew
Nature's external symmetry,

Yet to the mind's capacious view,
That unconfin'd expatiates
O'er mighty Nature's wondrous whole,
Thy nicer stroke delineates
The finer features of the soul.
And, whilst the Theban bard to thee
Shall yield the heart-elating lyre,
Horace shall hear attentively
Thy finger touch his softer wire
To more familiar harmony.
Meanwhile thy Aristippus' shade
Shall seek where sweet Anacreon plays,
Where Chapelle spends his festive days,
Where lies the vine-impurpled glade
By tuneful Chalieu vocal made,
Or where our Shenstone's mossy cell,
Or where the fair Deshoulières strays,
Or Hammond and Pavillon dwell,
And Gresset's gentle spirit roves,
Surrounded by a group of loves,
With roses crown'd and asphodel.

Let the fur'd pedants of the schools,
In learning's formidable show,
Full of wise saws and bookish rules,
The meagre dupes of misery grow;
A lovelier doctrine I profess
Than their dull science can avow;
All that belongs to happiness
Their heads are welcome still to know,
My heart's contented to possess.
For in soft elegance and ease,
Secure of living whilst I live,
Each momentary bliss I seize,
Ere these warm faculties decay,

The fleeting moments to deceive
Of human life's allotted day.
And when the' invidious hand of time
By stealth shall silver o'er my head,
Still pleasure's rosy walks I'll tread,
Still with the jocund muses rhyme,
And haunt the green Idalian bow'rs,
Whilst wanton boys of Paphos' court
In myrtles hide my staff for sport,
And coif me, where I'm bald, with flow'rs.

Thus to each happy habit true,
Preferring happiness to pow'r,
Will Aristippus e'en pursue
Life's comforts to the latest hour,
Till age (the only malady
Which thou and med'cine cannot cure,
Yet what all covet to endure)
This innocent voluptuary
Shall, from the laughs and graces here,
With late and lenient change remove,
To regions of Elysian air,
Where shades of mortal pleasures rove ;
Destin'd, without alloy, to share
Eternal joys of mutual love,
Which transitory were above.

HYMN TO HEALTH.**WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.**

SWEET as the fragrant breath of genial May,
 Come, fair Hygeia ! goddess heavenly born,
 More lovely than the sun's returning ray,
 To northern regions, at the half year's morn.

Where shall I seek thee? in the wholesome grot,
 Where temperance her scanty meal enjoys?
 Or peace, contented with her humble lot,
 Beneath her thatch the' inclement blast defies?

Swept from each flower that sips the morning dew,
 Thy wing besprinkles all the scenes around;
 Where'er thou fly'st, the blossoms blush anew,
 And purple violets paint the hallow'd ground.

Thy presence renovated nature shows,
 By thee each shrub with varied hue is dy'd,
 Each tulip with redoubled lustre glows,
 And all creation smiles with flowery pride.

But in thy absence joy is felt no more,
 The landscape wither'd e'en in spring appears,
 The morn lours ominous o'er the dusky shore,
 And evening suns set half extinct in tears.

Ruthless disease ascends, when thou art gone
 From the dark regions of the' abyss below,
 With pestilence, the guardian of her throne,
 Breathing contagion from the realms of woe.

In vain her citron groves Italia boasts,
 Or Po, the balsam of his weeping trees;
 In vain Arabia's aromatic coasts
 Tincture th' opinions of the passing breeze.

No wholesome scents impregn the western gale,
 But noxious stench exhal'd by scorching heat,
 Where gasping swains the poisonous air inhale
 That once diffus'd a medicinal sweet.

Me, abject me, with pale disease oppress'd,
 Heal with the balm of thy prolific breath,
 Rekindle life within my clay-cold breast,
 And shield my youth from canker-worms of death.

Then on the verdant turf, thy favourite shrine,
 Restor'd to thee a votary I'll come,
 Grateful to offer to thy power divine
 Each herb that grows round Æsculapius' tomb.

SONG.

THE nymph that I lov'd was as cheerful as day,
 And as sweet as the blossoming hawthorn in May,
 Her temper was smooth as the down on the dove,
 And her face was as fair as the mother's of love.

Though mild as the pleasantest zephyr that sheds,
 And receives gentle odours from violet beds,
 Yet warm in affection as Phœbus at noon,
 And as chaste as the silver white beams of the moon.

Her mind was unsullied as new-fallen snow,
 Yet as lively as tints of young Iris's bow,
 As firm as the rock, and as calm as the flood,
 Where the peace-loving halcyon deposits her brood.

The sweets that each virtue or grace had in store,
 She cull'd as the bee would the bloom of each
 flower;

Which treasur'd for me, O ! how happy was I,
 For though her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy.

SONG TO WINIFREDA.

Away, let nought, to love displeasing,
 My Winifreda ! move thy fear ;
 Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
 Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy care.

What though no grants of royal donors
 With pompous titles, grace our blood :
 We'll shine in more substantial honours,
 And to be noble, we'll be good.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty
 No mighty treasures we possess,
 We'll find within our pittance plenty,
 And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
 Sufficient for our wishes give ;
 For we will live a life of reason,
 And that's the only life to live.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
 Shall sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke ;
 And all the great ones much shall wonder,
 How they admire such little folk.

Through youth and age in love excelling
 We'll hand in hand together tread ;
 Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
 And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
 Whilst round my knees they fondly clung,
 To see them look their mother's features,
 To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.

And when, with envy, Time transported
 Shall think to rob us of our joys ;
 You'll in your girls again be courted,
 And I go wooing in my boys.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

AN ELEGY.

AN IMITATION OF THE OLD SONG TO WINIFREDA.

Written in the Year, 1758.

aspice vultus

Ecce meos : utinamque oculos in pectore posses
 Inserere, et patrias intus dependere cnras.

OVID. MET.

DEEP in a grove by cypress shaded,
 Where mid-day sun had seldom shone,
 Or noise the solemn scene invaded,
 Save some afflicted muse's moan;

A swain, tow'rs full-ag'd manhood wending,
Sate sorrowing at the close of day;
At whose fond side a boy attending
Lisp'd half his father's cares away.

The father's eyes no object wrested,
But on the smiling prattler hung,
Till, what his throbbing heart suggested,
These accents trembled from his tongue:—

‘ My youth's first hope, my manhood's treasure,
My prattling innocent, attend,
Nor fear rebuke or sour displeasure,
A father's loveliest name is friend.

‘ Some truths, from long experience flowing,
Worth more than royal grants, receive;
For truths are wealth of Heaven's bestowing,
Which kings have seldom power to give.

‘ Since, from an ancient race descended,
You boast an unattainted blood,
By yours be their fair fame attended,
And claim by birthright to be good.

‘ In love for every fellow-creature
Superior rise above the crowd;
What most ennobles human nature
Was ne'er the portion of the proud.

‘ Be thine the generous heart that borrows
From others' joys a friendly glow;
And, for each hapless neighbour's sorrows,
Throbs with a sympathetic woe.

- ‘ This is the temper most endearing ;
Though wide proud pomp her banners spreads,
An heav’nier power good-nature bearing
Each heart in willing thraldom leads.
- ‘ Taste not from fame’s uncertain fountain
The peace-destroying streams that flow,
Nor from ambition’s dangerous mountain
Look down upon the world below.
- ‘ The princely pine on hills exalted,
Whose lofty branches cleave the sky,
By winds, long brav’d, at last assaulted,
Is headlong whirl’d in dust to lie ;
- ‘ Whilst the mild rose, more safely growing
Low in its unaspiring vale,
Amidst retirement’s shelter blowing
Exchanges sweets with every gale.
- ‘ Wish not for beauty’s darling features,
Moulded by nature’s fondling pow’r,
For fairest forms ’mong human creatures
Shine but the pageants of an hour.
- ‘ I saw, the pride of all the meadow,
At noon, a gay Narcissus blow
Upon a river’s bank, whose shadow
Bloom’d in the silver waves below ;
- ‘ By noon-tide’s heat its youth was wasted,
The waters, as they pass’d, complain’d :
At eve its glories all were blasted,
And not one former tint remain’d.

- ‘ Nor let vain wit’s deceitful glory
Lead you from wisdom’s path astray ;
What genius lives renown’d in story,
To happiness who found the way ?
- ‘ In yonder mead behold that vapour
Whose vivid beams illusive play,
Far off it seems a friendly taper
To guide the traveller on his way ;
- ‘ But should some hapless wretch, pursuing,
Tread where the treacherous meteors glow,
He’d find, too late his rashness ruing,
That fatal quicksands lurk below.
- ‘ In life such bubbles nought admiring,
Gilt with false light and fill’d with air,
Do you, from pageant crowds retiring,
To peace in virtue’s cot repair ;
- ‘ There seek the never-wasted treasure,
Which mutual love and friendship give,
Domestic comfort, spotless pleasure,
And bless’d, and blessing, you will live.
- ‘ If Heav’n with children crowns your dwelling,
As mine its bounty does with you,
In fondness fatherly excelling,
The example you have felt pursue.’

He paus’d—for tenderly caressing
The darling of his wounded heart,
Looks had means only of expressing
Thoughts language never could impart.

Now night her mournful mantle spreading,
 Had rob'd with black the' horizon round,
 And dank dews, from her tresses shedding,
 With genial moisture bath'd the ground ;

When back to city-follies flying
 Midst custom's slaves he liv'd resign'd,
 His face, array'd in smiles, denying
 The true complexion of his mind ;

For seriously around surveying
 Each character, in youth and age,
 Of fools betray'd and knaves betraying,
 That play'd upon this human stage :

(Peaceful himself and undesigned)
 He loath'd the scenes of guile and strife,
 And felt each secret wish inclining
 To leave this fretful farce of life.

Yet to whate'er above was fated
 Obediently he bow'd his soul ;
 For, what all-bounteous Heaven created,
 He thought Heaven only should control.

THE TOMB OF SHAKSPEARE.

A VISION.

WHAT time the jocund rosy-bosom'd hours
 Led forth the train of Phœbus and the spring,
 And zephyr mild, profusely scatter'd flowers
 On earth's green mautle from his musky wing ;

The morn unbar'd the' ambrosial gates of light,
 Westward the raven-pinion'd darkness flew,
 The landscape smil'd in vernal beauty bright,
 And to their graves the sullen ghosts withdrew.

The nightingale no longer swell'd her throat
 With love-lorn plainings, tremulous and slow ;
 And on the wings of silence ceas'd to float
 The gurgling notes of her melodious woe :

The god of sleep mysterious visions led
 In gay procession 'fore the mental eye,
 And my free'd soul awhile her mansion fled,
 To try her plumes for immortality.

Through fields of air methought I took my flight,
 Through every clime o'er every region pass'd,
 No paradise or ruin 'scap'd my sight,
 Hesperian garden, or Cimmerian waste.

On Avon's banks I lit, whose streams appear
 To wind with eddies fond round Shakspeare's tomb,
 The year's first feathery songsters warble near,
 And violets breathe, and earliest roses bloom.

Here Fancy sat (her dewy fingers cold .
 Decking with flowerets fresh the' unsullied sod)
 And batli'd with tears the sad sepulchral mold,
 Her favourite offspring's long and last abode.

' Ah ! what avails (she cried) a poet's name ?
 Ah ! what avails the' immortalizing breath
 To snatch from dumb oblivion other's fame ?
 My darling child here lies a prey to death !

' Let gentle Otway, white-rob'd pity's priest,
 From grief domestic teach the tears to flow ;
 Or Southern captivate the' impassion'd breast
 With heartfelt sighs and sympathy of woe.

 ' For not to these his genius was confin'd,
 Nature and I each tuneful power had given,
 Poetic transports of the maddening mind,
 And the wing'd words that waft the soul to heaven.

' The fiery glance of the' intellectual eye,
 Piercing all objects of creation's store,
 Which on this world's extended surface lie ;
 And plastic thought that still created more.'

' O grant, (with eager rapture I replied)
 Grant me, great goddess of the changeful eye !
 To view each being in poetic pride,
 To whom thy son gave immortality.'

Sweet Fancy smil'd, and wav'd her mystic rod,
 When straight these visions felt her powerful arm
 And one by one succeeded at her nod,
 As vassal sprites obey the wizard's charm.

First a celestial form ¹ (of azure hue,
 Whose mantle, bound with brede ethereal, flow'd
 To each soft breeze its balmy breath that drew)
 Swift down the sun-beams of the noon-tide rode.

Obedient to the necromantic sway
 Of an old sage, to solitude resign'd,
 With fenny vapours he obscur'd the day,
 Launch'd the long lightning, and let loose the wind.

¹ Ariel, in the Tempest.

He whirl'd the tempest through the howling air,
 Rattled the dreadful thunderclap on high,
 And rais'd a roaring elemental war
 Betwixt the sea-green waves and azure sky :

Then like Heaven's mild ambassador of love
 To man repentant, bade the tumult cease ;
 Smooth'd the blue bosom of the realms above,
 And hush'd the rebel elements to peace.

Unlike to this, in spirit or in mien,
 Another form² succeeded to my view ;
 A two-legg'd brute, which nature made in spleen,
 Or from the loathing womb unfinish'd drew.

Scarce could he syllable the curse he thought,
 Prone were his eyes to earth, his mind to evil,
 A carnal fiend to imperfection wrought,
 The mongrel offspring of a witch and devil.

Next bloom'd, upon an ancient forest's bound,
 The flowery margin³ of a silent stream,
 O'er-arch'd by oaks with ivy mantled round,
 And gilt by silver Cynthia's maiden beam.

On the green carpet of the unbended grass,
 A dapper train of female fairies play'd,
 And ey'd their gambols in the watery glass,
 That smoothly stole along the shadowy glade.

Through these the queen, Titania, pass'd ador'd,
 Mounted aloft in her imperial car,
 Journeying to see great Oberon her lord
 Wage the mock battles of a sportive war.

² Caliban, in the Tempest.

³ Fairy-land, from the Midsummer-Night's Dream.

Arm'd cap-a-pee, forth march'd the fairy king,
 A stouter warrior never took the field,
 His threatening lance a hornet's horrid sting,
 'The sharded beetle's scale his sable shield.

Around their chief the elfin host appear'd,
 Each little helmet sparkling like a star,
 And their sharp spears a pierceless phalanx rear'd,
 A grove of thistles glittering in the air.

The scene then chang'd from this romantic land
 To a bleak waste by boundary unconfin'd,
 Where three swart sisters⁴ of the weird band
 Were muttering curses to the troublous wind.

Pale want had wither'd every furrow'd face,
 Bow'd was each carcase with the weight of years,
 And each sunk eye-ball from its hollow case
 Distill'd cold rhenm's involuntary tears.

Hors'd on three staves, they posted to the bourn.
 Of a drear island, where the pendant brow
 Of a rough rock, shag'd horribly with thorn,
 Frown'd on the boistrous waves which rag'd below.

Deep in a gloomy grot, remote from day,
 Where smiling comfort never show'd her face,
 Where light ne'er enter'd, save one rueful ray
 Discovering all the terrors of the place,

They held damn'd mysteries with infernal state,
 Whilst ghastly goblins glided slowly by,
 The screech-owl scream'd the dying call of fate,
 And ravens croak'd their horrid augury.

⁴ The Witches in Macbeth.

No human footstep cheer'd the dread abode,
 Nor sign of living creature could be seen,
 Save where the reptile snake, or sullen toad,
 The murky floor had soil'd with venom green.

Sudden I heard the whirlwind's hollow sound,
 Each weird sister vanish'd into smoke ;
 Now a dire yell of spirits⁵ under ground [broke ;
 Through troubled earth's wide yawning surface

When lo ! each injur'd apparition rose ;
 Aghast the murderer started from his bed ;
 Guilt's trembling breath his heart's red current froze,
 And horror's dew-drops bath'd his frantic head.

More had I seen—but now the god of day
 O'er earth's broad breast his flood of light had
 spread,

When Morpheus call'd his fickle train away,
 And on their wings each bright illusion fled.

Yet still the dear enchantress of the brain
 My wakeful eyes with wishful wanderings sought,
 Whose magic will controls the' ideal train,
 The ever-restless progeny of thought.

' Sweet power ! (said I) for others gild the ray
 Of wealth, or honour's folly-feather'd crown ;
 Or lead the madding multitude astray,
 To grasp at air-blown bubbles of renown.

' Me (humbler lot !) let blameless bliss engage,
 Free from the noble mob's ambitious strife,
 Free from the muckworm miser's lucrous rage,
 In calm contentment's cottag'd vale of life.

- ‘ If frailties there (for who from them is free?)
Through error’s maze my devious footsteps lead,
Let them be frailties of humanity,
And my heart plead the pardon of my head.
- ‘ Let not my reason impiously require,
What Heaven has plac’d beyond its narrow span ;
But teach me to subdue each fierce desire,
Which wars within this little empire, man.
- ‘ Teach me, what all believe, but few possess,
That life’s best science is ourselves to know ;
The first of human blessings is to bless ;
And happiest he who feels another’s woe.
- ‘ Thus cheaply wise, and innocently great,
While time’s smooth sand shall regularly pass,
Each destin’d atom’s quiet course I’ll wait,
Nor rashly break, nor wish to stop the glass.
- ‘ And when in death my peaceful ashes lie,
If e’er some tongue congenial speaks my name,
Friendship shall never blush to breathe a sigh,
And great-ones envy such an honest fame.’

*VER-VERT:*OR THE
NUNNERY PARROT.

AN HEROIC POEM IN FOUR CANTOS.

*Inscribed to the Abbess of D*****.*

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MONSEUR GRESSET.)

CANTO I.

O you, round whom, at virtue's shrine,
The solitary graces shine,
With native charms all hearts engage,
And reign without religious rage ;
You whose congenial soul by heaven
A pleasing guide to truth was given,
Uniting, with the family
Of rigid duties, harmless mirth,
Daughter of social liberty,
Twin-born with humour at a birth ;
And every other power to please,
Taste, fancy, elegance, and ease ;
O ! since you bid your bard relate
A noble bird's disastrous fate,
In notes of sympathetic woe,
Be you my muse, my soul inspire,
And teach my numbers how to flow
Like those which trembled from your lyre
In soft and sorrow-soothing sound,
Whilst listening Cupids wept around,

When dear Sultana's¹ spirit fled,
 In youthful vigour's vernal bloom,
 To the dark mansions of the dead :
 Then for my hero's hapless doom
 Such tears might once again be shed.

One might, upon his virtues cross'd
 By adverse fortune's envious rage,
 And wanderings over many a coast,
 Swell out the soporific page,
 And other Odysseys compose
 To lull the reader to repose :
 One might the gods and devils raise
 Of superannuated lies,
 Spin out the deeds of forty days
 To volumes of dull histories,
 And with a pompons tediousness,
 Sublimely heavy, moralize
 Upon a bird, in epic dress,
 Who as Æneas' self was great,
 As famous too for godliness,
 And each way more unfortunate ;
 But folios are, in verse, excess,
 Which the sweet Muses must abhor,
 For they are sportive bees of spring,
 Who dwell not long on any bower,
 But, lightly wandering on the wing,
 Collect the bloom from flower to flower,
 And, when one fragrant blossom's dry,
 To other sweets unrifled fly.
 This truth my observation drew
 From faultless nature, and from you ;
 And may these lines, I copy, prove
 I'm govern'd by the laws I love !

¹ A lap-dog.

Should I, too faithfully portraying
Some cloyster'd characters, reveal
The convent arts themselves, arraying
In pomp, with hieroglyphic skill,
Each weighty business of the grate,
Each serions nothing's mystic face,
Each trifle swell'd with holy state ;
Your native humour, whilst I trace
The comic semblance, will forbear.
To blame the strokes you cannot fear ;
You may despise, from folly free,
What dulness is oblig'd to wear,
The formal mask of gravity :
Illusion's meteors never shine
To lead astray such souls as thine.
All holy arts Heaven values less
Than amiable cheerfulness.
Should virtue her own image show
To ravish'd mortals here below,
With features fierce she'd not appear,
Nor superstition's holy leer,
But, like the graces, or like you,
She'd come to claim her altar's due.—
In many an author of renown
I've read this curious observation,
That, by much wandering up and down,
Men catch the faults of every nation,
And loose the virtues of their own.
'Tis better, ev'n where scanty fare is,
Our homely hearths and honours watching,
Under protection of our lares,
A calm domestic life to wed,
Than run about infection catching
Wherever chance and error tread ;

The youth too soon who goes abroad,
Will half a foreigner become,
And bring his wondering friends a load
Of strange exotic vices home.

This truth the hero of my tale
Exemplifies in tarnish'd glory ;
Should sceptic wits the truth assail,
I call, for witness to my story,
Each cloister'd echo now that dwells
In Nevers' consecrated cells.

At Nevers, but few years ago,
Among the nuns o' the' visitation,
There dwelt a parrot, though a beau,
For sense of wondrous reputation ;
Whose virtues and genteel address,
Whose figure, and whose noble soul,
Would have secur'd him from distress,
Could wit and beauty fate control.
Ver-Vert (for so the nuns agreed
To call this noble personage)
The hopes of an illustrious breed,
To India ow'd his parentage ;
By an old missionary sent
To this said convent for his good,
He yet was young and innocent,
And nothing worldly understood :
Beauteous he was and debonnair,
Light, spruce, inconstant, gay, and free,
And unreserv'd, as youngsters are,
Ere age brings on hypocrisy ;
In short, a bird, from prattling merit,
Worthy a convent to inherit.

The tender cares I need not tell
Of all the sisterhood devout,

Nothing, 'tis said, each lov'd so well,
Leave but her ghostly father out;
Nay in some hearts, not void of grace,
One plain historian makes no doubt
The parrot of the priest took place.
He shar'd in this serene abode
Whate'er was lov'd by the profession ;
On him such dainties were bestow'd
As nuns prepare against confession,
And for the sacred entrails hoard
Of holy fathers, in the Lord.
Sole licens'd male to be belov'd,
Ver-Vert was bless'd without control,
Caressing and caress'd he rov'd
Of all the monast'ry the soul ;
Except some antiquated dames,
Whose hearts, to pleasure callous grown,
Remark'd with jealous eyes the flames
Of bosoms younger than their own.
At years of reason not arriv'd,
A life of privilege he liv'd,
He said and did whate'er he wou'd,
And what he said or did was good.
He'd peck the nuns in wanton play,
To wile their plain-work hours away;
No party ever was approv'd
Without his favourite company :
In him they found what females lov'd,
That life of bliss—variety.
He'd strut a beau in sportive rings,
Uttering pert sentences by rote,
Mimic the butterfly's light wings,
Or nightingale's complaining note ;

He'd laugh, sing, whistle, joke, and leer,
And frolic, but discreetly so,
With a prudential cautious fear,
As nuns probationary do.

Question'd at once by many a tongue
Incessantly inquisitive,
He could, discordant sounds among,
To each a proper answer give ;
This power from Cæsar's nothing vates,
Who did at once great plans conceive,
And dictate to four secretaries.

If chronicles may be believ'd,
So lov'd the pamper'd gallant liv'd,
That with the nuns he always din'd
On rarities of every kind ;
Then hoards, occasionally varied,
Of biscuits, sweet-meats, nuts, and fruit,
Each sister in her pocket carried,
Subordinately to recruit.
At leisure times, when not at table,
His stomach indefatigable.

The little cares, with tender faces
And fond attentions, as they say,
Are natives of these holy places,
As Ver-vert witness'd every day.
No human parrot of the court
Was fondled half so much as he ;
In indolence genteel, and sport,
His hours roll'd on delightfully :
Each chamber that he fancied best
Was his the dormitory round,
And, where at eve he chose to rest,
Honour'd, thrice honour'd, was the ground :
And much the lucky nun was bless'd !

But nights he very seldom pass'd
With those whom years and prudence bless'd,
The plain neat room was more his taste
Of some young damsel, not profess'd;
This nicety at board and bed
Show'd he was nobly born and bred.
When the young female anchorite,
Whom all the rest with envy view'd,
Had fix'd him for the coming night,
Perch'd on her Agnus-box he stood,
Silent in undisturb'd repose
Till Venus' warning star arose:
And when at morn the pious maid
Her toilet's mysteries display'd,
He freely saw whate'er was done;
I say the toilette, for I've read,
(But speak it in a lower tone,)
That virgins, in a cloister bred,
Their looks and languishings review
In mirrors, to their eyes as true
As those that serve to show the faces
Of dames who flaunt in gems and laces.
For, as in city or at court
Some certain taste or mode prevails,
There is among the godly sort
A taste in putting on their veils;
There is an art to fold with grace,
Round a young vestal's blooming face,
Plain crape, or other simple stuff,
With happy negligence enough.
Often the sportive loves in swarms,
Which to the monast'ries repair,
Spread o'er the holy fillets charms,
And tie them with a killing air;

In short, the nuns are never seen
In parlour or at grate below,
Ere at the looking-glass they've been,
To steal a decent glance or so.
This softly whisper'd, friends between,
Further digression we adjourn,
And to our hero now return.
Safe in this unmolested scene
Ver-Vert, amidst a life of bliss,
Unrivall'd reign'd on every part ;
Her slighted sparrows took amiss
This change in sister Thecla's heart ;
Four finches through mere rage expir'd,
At his advancement mortified ;
And two grimalkins, late admir'd,
With envy languish'd, droop'd, and died.

In days like these of joy and love,
Who would have thought such tender cares
To form his youthful mind, should prove,
Through fortune's spite, destructive snares ?
Or that an adverse time should come
When this same idol of their hearts
Should stand the mark, by cruel doom,
Of horror's most envenom'd darts ?
But stop, my muse, forbid to flow
The tears arising from the sight
Of such an unexpected woe,
Too bitter fruit, alas ! to grow
From the soft root of dear delight.

CANTO II.

In such a school, a bird of sense
Would soon acquire, it is confess'd,
The gift of copious eloquence;
For, save his meals and hours of rest,
His tongue was always occupied:
And no good treatise could excel,
In phrases ready cut and dried,
His doctrines about living well.
He was not like those parrots rude
Whom, dangling in a public cage,
The common manners of the age
Have render'd conversably lewd;
Who, doctor'd by the worldly tribe,
With frail concupiscence endued,
Each human vanity describe.

Our Ver-vert was a saint in grain,
A soul with innocence fraught,
Who never utter'd word profane,
Who never had immodest thought:
But in the room of ribald wit
Each mystic colloquy he knew,
And many a text in holy writ,
With prayers and collects not a few;
Could psalms and canticles repeat,
And *benedicite* complete;
He could petition heaven for grace
With sanctimonious voice and eyes,
And at a proper time and place
Religiously soliloquize.
Each help he had in this learn'd college
That could conduce to sacred knowledge:

For many virgins had retreated,
Through grace, to this religious fold,
Who, word for word, by rote repeated
Each Christmas carol, new and old.
From frequent lessons every day
The scholar grew as learn'd as they ;
Their very tone of speaking too
In pions drawlings he express'd,
The same religious sighs he drew
Deep heaving from the godly breast,
And languid notes in which these doves
Mournfully chaunt their mystic loves :
In short, the bird perform'd his part
In all the psalmodizing art.

Such merit could not be confin'd
Within a cloister's narrow bound,
But flew, for fame is swift as wind,
The neighbouring territories round ;
Through Nevers' town, from morn to night,
Scarce any other talk was heard,
But of discourses exquisite
Betwixt the nuns and Indian bird ;
And ev'n from Moulins numbers came
To witness to the truth of fame.
Ver-Vert, the parlour's boasted glory,
Whilst all that came were told his story,
Perch'd proud upon his favourite stand,
Sister Melania's ivory hand,
Who pointed out each excellence
Of mind or body he possess'd,
His sweet mild temper, polish'd sense,
And various colours on his breast,
When his engaging aspect won
Each visitor he look'd upon :

But beauty the most exquisite
Was, in our tender proselyte,
The least his qualities among,
For all forgot his feathery pride,
And every outward charm beside,
The moment that they heard his tongue.
With various righteous graces fill'd,
By the good sisterhood instill'd.
The illustrious bird his speech began,
At every turn allusions new,
Conceptions fine, and doctrines true,
In streams of honey'd language ran.
But what was singularly new,
In this uncommon gift of speech,
And scarce will be reputed true,
Not any whilst they heard him preach,
Did ever feel (his powers were such)
Ecclesiastic lethargy,
From soporific sanctity ;
What orator can boast as much ?
Much was he prais'd, and much caress'd,
Whilst he, familiariz'd to fame,
Convinc'd 'twas only a mere name,
His head on his projected breast
With priestly gentleness reclin'd,
And always modestly express'd
The inward triumph of his mind.
When he had utter'd to the crowd
His treasur'd scientific store,
He mutter'd something not aloud,
And sunk in cadence more and more,
Till, with an aspect sanctified,
At last in silence down he sat,
And left his audience edified
On what had pass'd to ruminate.

These eloquent harangues would flow
With choice of sweetest phrases fraught,
Except a trifling word or so,
Which accidentally he caught,
Of scandal at the grate below,
Or some small syllable of haste,
Which gentle nuns will, by the by,
At one another sometimes cast,
When none but holy ears are nigh.

Thus liv'd in this delightful cage,
As saint, as master, or as sage,
Good father Ver-Vert, dear to more
Than of veil'd Hebes half a score,
As any cloister'd monk as fat,
As reverend too in holy state,
Learn'd as an abbé town-approv'd,
And fair as youths by brides caress'd ;
For, lovely, he was always lov'd,
Perfum'd, well-bred, in fashion dress'd ;
In short, had he not hapless rov'd
To see the world, completely bless'd.

But soon the fatal moments came
Of ever-mournful memory,
Destructive to our hero's fame :
Voyage of crimes and misery,
Of sad remorse and endless shame !
Would foresight, in a former age,
Had torn it from the historic page !
Ah ! what a dangerous good at best
Is the possession of renown ;
Obscurity is sooner bless'd,
From his sad fate it will be shown :
Too much success and brilliant parts
Have often ruin'd virtuous hearts.

Thy talents, Ver-Vert, and thy name,
To these lone walls were not confin'd ;
As far as Nants the voice of fame
Proclaim'd the' endowments of thy mind.
At Nants, 'tis known, the visitation
Of reverend sisters has a fold,
Who there, as elsewhere through the nation,
Know first whate'er by fame is told.
With other news, each holy dame,
This parrot's merit having heard,
Had longings to behold the bird.
A lay-maid's wish is like a flame ;
But, when a nun has such desire,
'Tis fifty times a fiercer fire.
Their curious hearts already burn'd,
Their thoughts to distant Nevers flew,
And many a holy head was turn'd,
The feather'd prodigy to view.
Immediately upon the spot
To the good abbess of the place
A female secretary wrote,
Beseeching her to have the grace
To Nants, by water down the Loire,
To send the bird so fam'd for sense,
That all the female Nantine choir
Might hear and see his excellence.

The letter goes : all question, when
The bearer will return again :
'Twill be eleven days at least,
An age to any female breast !
They send each day fresh invitation,
Depriv'd of sleep through expectation.
Howe'er, at length to Nevers came
This letter of importauce great ;

At once the convent's in a flame,
And the whole chapter's summon'd straight :—
‘Lose Ver-Vert ! heaven ! send rather death !
What comfort will with us be left,
These solitary towers beneath,
When of the darling bird bereft ?’
Thus spoke the nuns of blooming years,
Whose hearts, fatigued with holy leisure,
Prefer'd to penance and to tears
Soft sentiments of harmless pleasure.
In truth, a holy flock, at least,
So close confin'd, might fairly claim
To be by one poor bird caress'd,
Since there no other parrot came,
Fledg'd or unfledg'd, to cheer their nest.
Yet 'twas the' opinion of the dames
Who, by their age superior, sat
Rulers in senatorial state,
Whose hearts resisted passion's flames,
That, for a fortnight's space or so,
Their dear disciple straight should go ;
For, prudence overweighing love,
The' infatuated state decreed
A stubborn negative might prove
The cause of mutual hate, and breed
For ever after much bad blood
‘Twixt theirs and Nants's sisterhood.
Soon as the ladies, in conclusion,
O' the' upper house the bill had pass'd,
The commons were in great confusion ;
Young Seraphina cry'd in haste,
‘Ah ! what a sacrifice they make !
And is it true, consent they give ?
Fate from us nothing more can take !
How, Ver-Vert leave us, and we live !’

Another, though reputed sage,
Grew pale at what she heard them say ;
No counsel could her grief assuage,
She trembled, wept, and swoon'd away.
All mourn'd departing Ver-Vert's fate,
Presaging, from I know not what,
This tour would prove unfortunate.
In horrid dreams the night they spent,
The morn redoubled horrors sent.
Too vain regret ! the mournful hour
Already's come, within their view
The boat is waiting at the shore,
The fates command to bid adieu,
And to his absence, for a while,
Their throbbing bosoms reconcile.
Already every sister pin'd
Like the soft turtle of the grove,
To grief beforehand self-resign'd
For the lone hours of widow'd love.
What tender kisses were bestow'd
On Ver-Vert leaving this abode !
What briny streams of sorrow flow'd !
The nearer his departure drew
They doated on him more and more,
And found each moment genius new,
And beauties never seen before.
At length he leaves their wishful eyes,
Love with him from the convent flies.
‘ Ah ! go, my child ; my dearest, haste,
Where honour calls thee from my arms ;
But, O ! return, thy exile past,
For ever true, and full of charms !
May zephyrs with their airy plumes
Waft thee securely on thy way !

Whilst I, amidst these dreary tombs
 In anguish waste the tardy day,
 And sadly solitary mourn,
 Uncomforted, till thy return.
 O Ver-Vert, dearest soul ! adieu ;
 And, whilst thy journey happy proves,
 May all, thy beauteous form who view,
 Think thee the eldest of the loves ?
 Such were the words and parting scene
 Of one young lately-veiled fair,
 Who oft, to dissipate chagrin,
 In bed made many a fervent prayer,
 Learnt from the manual of Racine :
 And who with all her heart, no doubt,
 Would, for sweet Ver-Vert's company,
 Have left the holy monast'ry,
 And follow'd him the world throughout.

But now the droll is put on board,
 At present virtuous and sincere,
 And modest too in deed and word :
 O ! may his bosom every where,
 By prudence guarded, still retain
 That worth, and bring it home again !
 Be that however as it may,
 The boat's already on its way ;
 The noise of waves beneath the prow
 Re-echoes in the air above ;
 The zephyrs favourably blow,
 And Nevers backward seems to move.

CANTO III.

In the same passage-boat, that bore
This bird of holiness from shore,
There happen'd the same time to sail
Two nymphs of constitution frail,
A nurse loquacious, two Gascoons,
A vagrant monk, and three dragoons,
Which, for a youth of piety,
Was worshipful society !
Ver-Vert, unpractis'd in their ways,
As folks in foreign countries do,
Stood silently in fix'd amaze ;
Their thoughts and language both were new.
The style he did not understand ;
It was not, like the Scriptures, phras'd
In dialect of holy land,
With sacred eastern figures rais'd ;
Nor that, in which the vestal band
Of nuns their Maker pray'd and prais'd ;
But full of what the bird surpris'd,
Big words not over Christianiz'd ;
For the dragoons, a wordy race
Not burden'd with religious grace,
Spoke fluently the sutler's tongue ;
Saint Bacchus only they ador'd,
To whom libations oft they pour'd
For pastime as they sail'd along ;
The Gascoons and the female three
Convers'd in idioms which belong
To Venus's great mystery ;
On t'other hand the sailors swore,
Cur'sd, and blasphem'd each heavenly power,

Whose voices, not in flowers of speech,
But words sonorous, us'd to deal,
Roundly articulated each,
Nor lost the smallest syllable.
In this variety of sound
And unintelligible prate,
Ver-Vert, surpris'd at all around,
Sad, silent, and embarrass'd sat :
He fear'd his ignorance to betray,
And knew not what to think or say.

The monk, to satisfy the crowd
Who long'd to hear his thoughts aloud,
To talk the pensive stranger press'd ;
The girls in words too debonnair,
Unus'd at penance, or in prayer,
The melancholy bird caress'd :
Here by the sex he lov'd address'd,
The parrot (whilst his look benign
With usual light religious glisters)
In sacred sighs and nunnery whine
Answers, ' God save you, holy sisters !
At this ' God save you,' we'll suppose,
An universal laugh arose :
In ridicule the words aloud
Were echoed through the noisy crowd.
Thus mock'd, abash'd the novice stood,
And inly chew'd the mental cud.
He found what he had said was wrong,
And saw 'twas needful to endeavour
To speak the language of the throng,
If e'er he hop'd to gain their favour !
His heart, by nature fond of praise,
Which had been nourish'd all his days,

Till then, with flattery's incense full,
Now could, alas ! sustain no more
Of constancy the modest power
Against the' assaults of ridicule ;
Here first, by sour impatience cross'd,
Ver-Vert his innocence lost.
From thence he pour'd ungrateful curses
Against the nuns his former nurses,
Who never had adorn'd his mind,
Careless of literary merit,
With language copious and refin'd,
Replete with elegance and spirit.
To' acquire this great accomplishment
Each earnest faculty he bent,
And though his prudent tongue lay still,
His soul of thinking had its fill.
But first the bird resolv'd, in pet,
All the old gew-gaws to forget
Which hitherto compos'd his creed,
That new ideas might succeed.
In two days, by strict computation,
All former knowledge he expell'd ;
So much the present conversation
The convent dialect excell'd.
This first step made, within a trice,
The truly docile animal
(Yonng minds too soon are skill'd in vice !)
In ribaldry was clerical,
And quickly learnt to curse and swear,
As fast as an old devil would chatter,
Bound down by chains of mystic prayer,
Beneath a pot of holy water.
His practice contradicted plain
A maxim which old books maintain,

That none to heinous crimes can leap
At first, but progress step by step ;
For he at once, without degree,
Was doctor in iniquity.

He learnt by heart the alphabet
Of watermen, the Loire along ;
And when, in any stormy fit,
An oath escap'd a sailor's tongne,
Ver-Vert, emphatically plain,
Re-echo'd 'damn you' back again.
On this, applauded by the crew,
Proudly content with what had past,
Solicitous he daily grew,
The shameful honour to pursue
Of pleasing their corrupted taste :
And, soon degrading to their bent
His generous organ of discourse,
Becaine profanely eloquent.
Ah ! why should bad examples force
A youthful heart, born free from evils,
From heaven's allegiance to the devil's ?

Ye nymphs of Nevers' convent chaste,
What did you in your cloister'd cells,
Wherè pensive melancholy dwells,
Whilst these unlucky moments pass'd ?
In that sad interval, no doubt,
Nine days you spent in prayers devout,
Petitioning kind Heaven to give
A happy journey home again
To the most thankless soul alive,
Who, quite regardless of your pain,
Abroad engag'd in pleasures new,
Spent not a single thought on you.

The yawning band of tediousness
The convent round besieg'd each gate ;
And spleen in fanciful distress
Sat sullen at the gloomy grate ;
Nay, what the sex shuns every where,
Silence herself came almost there.
Ah ! cease your vows, for Ver-Vert's grown
Unworthy of your lavish loves ;
Ver-Vert no longer will be known
By heart as spotless as the dove's,
By temper softer than the down,
By fervency of soul in prayer :
Oh ! must the muse the truth declare ?
A very wretched profligate,
A scoffer of his ancient home,
Blasphemer of your holy state,
And loose apostate he's become ;
What you such care and labour cost,
Among the winds and waves is lost.
Then, fair ones, fondly boast no more
His science, and his docile soul,
Genius is vain, and learning's store,
If virtue governs not the whole.
Forget him quite ; the shameful wretch
His heart has tainted with pollution,
And given up all those powers of speech,
And mighty parts, to prostitution.

But now to Nants, the boat's last station,
Our hero and his friends draw nigh,
Where through impatient expectation
The holy sisters almost die :
For their desires the rising sun
Begins his daily course too late ;
Too slow his fiery coursers run,
To gain at eve the western gate.

The flatterer hope, in this suspense,
For ever artful to deceive,
Promis'd a prodigy to give
Of genius, dignity, and sense ;
A parrot highly-born and bred,
Possess'd of noble sentiments,
Persuasive tongue, discerning head ;
In short, with all accomplishments :
But O ! I mention it with pain,
These expectations all were vain !

At length the vessel reaches land,
Where an old solemn sister sat,
Commission'd by the sacred band
The arrival of the bird to wait :
Who, on that errand daily sent,
E'er since the first epistle went,
At first approach of rising day
Her wandering eyes impatient cast,
Which seem'd, along the watery waste,
To waft our hero on his way.
The sly bird had no sooner seen
The nun, near whom he disembark'd,
But straight he knew her by the mien
And eyes with holy prudery mark'd,
By the white gloves and languid tone,
The veil, and linsey-woolsey vest,
And, what would have suffic'd alone,
The little cross upon her breast.
He shudder'd at the approaching evil,
And soldier-like, we may conclude,
Sincerely wish'd her at the devil ;
Preferring much the brotherhood
Of the dragoons, who spoke out plain,
Whose dialect he understood,
Than to return to learn again

Prayers stuff'd with many a holy notion,
And ceremonials of devotion :
But the vex'd droll, by force, was fated
To be conducted where he hated.
The careful carrier held her prize
In spite of all his rueful cries ;
Though much he bit her, by the way,
Upon her arms, her neck, and face,
And in his anger, as they say,
Would not have scrupled any place.
At last, howe'er, with much ado,
She brought him safe to sacred ground :
Ver-Vert's announc'd : the rumour flew
Swift as the wind the convent round.
The bell proclaims the welcome morn :
Straight from the choir each sister springs,
And to the common parlour's borne
On expectation's eager wings.
All crowd this wonder to behold
With longings truly female fir'd ;
Nay ev'n the feeble and the old
With youth's warm thoughts are reinspir'd ;
Whilst each, regardless of her years,
For speed forgets the load she bears ;
And mother Agnes, near fourscore,
Now runs, who never ran before.

CANTO IV.

AT length expos'd to public view,
His figure was by all admir'd ;
Charm'd with a sight so fair and new,
Their eager eyes were never tir'd :

Their taste beyond dispute was true!
For though the rogue had swerv'd from duty,
He had not lost one jot of beauty,
And the camp mien and rakish stare
Improv'd it with an easy air.
Why, heaven, should charms attractive glow,
Brilliant, around a son of sin?
Rather deformity should show
The badness of the heart within.
To praise his looks and lovely feather
Our sisters babbled so together,
Unheard, it would have been no wonder,
If Heaven had roll'd its loudest thunder;
Meanwhile unmov'd the apostate bird
Deign'd not to speak one pious word,
But like a lusty Carmelite
Roll'd his lascivious eyes about.
This gave offence: so lewd a sight
Was shocking to the band devout.
Next, when the mother-abbess came,
With an authoritative look,
The feather'd libertine to blame,
Contemptuously his tail he shook:
And, not maturely having weigh'd
The horror of the words he said,
Replied, in military phrase,
' What damn'd fools nuns are now-a-days !'
Our history notes, that on the way
These words he'd heard the sailors say.
At this, with looks demure, another
The holy sisterhood among,
(Willing to make him hold his tongue)
Cried, ' Fie ! for shame, my dearest brother !'

For thanks this dearest brother swore,
And us'd, sagaciously enough,
One syllable that rhymes to more,
'Gainst which few female ears are proof.
' Jesu ! good mother, (she exclaim'd)
This is some wicked witch, 'tis clear ;
And not the bird of Nevers fam'd,
To friends of our religion dear !
Here, sutler-like, he cry'd aloud
' The devil seize this noisy crowd !'
By turns each sister did essay
To curb the feather'd grenadier ;
And each as fast was sent away
With something buzzing in her ear ;
For, laughing at the younger tribe,
He mimic'd their loquacious rage ;
And, still more freely to describe
The dull grimace of scolding age,
He ridicul'd the dying closes
Of precepts snuffled through their noses.
But, what was worse than all the rest,
By these dull sermons much oppress'd,
And with unvented choler swelling,
He thunder'd out each horrid word,
The very tars in noise excelling,
Which on the river he had heard ;
Cursing and swearing all along,
Invoking every power of hell,
Whilst B's redundant from his tongue,
And F's emphatically fell.
The sense of what they heard him speak
The younger sisters could not tell ;
For they believ'd his language Greek.

Next he came out with, ‘ blood! and zounds !
Damnation—brimstone—fire—and thunder !’
The grate, at these terrific sounds
Trembling, is almost split asunder ;
And the good nuns, in speechless fright,
Crossing their throbbing bosoms, fly
Each to her cell remote from light,
Thinking the day of judgment nigh.
Wide opening her sepulchral jaws,
One ancient sister whines, ‘ What evil
Have we design’d, good Heaven ! that draws
Upon us this incarnate devil ?
By what incentive is he mov’d
So like the damn’d below to swear ?
Is this that Ver-Vert so approv’d ?
Are these his faculties so rare ?
But let us without further pain
Send back the profligate again.’
‘ Mother of God ! (another cries,)
What horrors are before our eyes !
In Nevers’ consecrated dome
Is this the language vestals speak ?
Is all their youth taught thus at home
Home with the hateful heretic !
For, if he enters, we shall dwell
In league with all the fiends of hell.’

In fine, his freedom Ver-Vert lost ;
And ’twas resolv’d, without delay,
To send the wretch cag’d-up away.
This end our pilgrim wish’d the most :
Howe’er, in form, he’s cited first,
Arraign’d, detestable declar’d,
Convicted by the court, accurs’d,
And from each charity debar’d,

For having wickedly assail'd
The virtue of the sisters veil'd.
All sign the sentence, yet bemoan
The object it's inflicted on ;
For pity 'tis, ere full age blooms,
To find depravity so foul,
Or that, beneath such beauteous plumes,
A debauchee's corrupted soul,
The pagan manners of a Turk,
And tongue of Infidel, should lurk.
In short, his old conductress bore
The banish'd culprit to the port ;
But in returning, as before,
He never bit our sister for't ;
For joyfully he left the shore,
And in a tilt-boat home return'd,
Where Nevers' nuns his absence mourn'd.

Such was the Iliad of his woes !
But ah ! what unexpected mourning,
What clamour and despair arose,
When, to his former friends returning,
He shock'd them with a repetition
Of his late verbal acquisition !
What could the afflicted sisters do ?
With eyes in tears, and hearts in trouble,
Nine venerable nuns, for woe
Each in a veil funereal double,
Into the seat of judgment go,
Who, in their wrinkled fronts, resembled
Nine ages in a court assembled.
There, without hopes of happy ending,
Depriv'd of all to plead his cause
On whom there was the least depending,
Poor Ver-Vert sat, unskill'd in laws,

Chain'd to his cage, in open court,
And stript of glory and support.
To condemnation they proceed ;
Two Sibyls sentence him to bleed ;
'Twas voted by two sisters more,
Not so religiously inhuman,
To send him to that Indian shore
Unknown to any Christian woman,
That conscience might his bosom gore,
And yield him up a prey to death,
Where first, with Brachmen, he drew breath.
But the five others all according
In lesser punishments awarding,
For penance, two long months conclude
That he should pass in abstinence,
Three more in dismal solitude,
And four in speechless penitence ;
During which season they preclude
Biscuits and fruits, the toilet's treasures :
Alcoves and walks, those convent pleasures.
Nor was this all : for, to complete
His miserable situation,
They gave him, in his sad retreat,
For jailor, guard, and conversation,
A stale lay-sister, or much rather
An old veil'd ape, all skin and bone,
Or, cover'd o'er with wrinkled leather,
A walking female skeleton ;
An object proper, to fall'n glory,
To cry aloud, memento mori.
Spite of this dragon's watchful soul,
The younger nuns would often go,
With looks of pity to condole :
Which ev'n in exile soften'd woe.

Nay some, from morning-prayers returning,
With nuts and candied almonds came ;
But to a wretch in prison mourning
Weeds and ambrosia were the same.
Taught by misfortune's sound tuition,
Cloth'd with disgrace, and stung with pain,
Or sick of that old scarecrow vision,
The bird became in pure contrition
Acquainted with himself again :
Forgetting his belov'd dragoons,
And quite according with the nuns
In one continued unison
Of air, of manners, and of tone ;
No sleek prebendal priest could be
More thoroughly devout than he.
When this conversion was related,
The grey divan at once awarded
His banishment should be abated,
And further vengeance quite discarded.
There the bless'd day of his recal
Is annually a festival,
Whose silken moments, white and even,
Spun by the hands of smiling love,
Whilst all the attendant fates approve,
To soft delights are ever given.

How short's the date of human pleasure !
How false of happiness the measure !
The dormitory, strew'd with flowers,
Short prayer, rejoicing, song, and feast,
Sweet tumult, freedom, thoughtless hours,
Their amiable zeal express'd,
And not a single sign of sorrow
The woes predicted of to-morrow.
But, O ! what favours misapplied
Our holy sisterhood bestow'd !

From abstinence's shallow tide
Into a stream that overflow'd
With sweets, so long debar'd from tasting,
Poor Ver-Vert too abruptly hasting,
(His skin with sugar being waded,
With liquid fires his entrails burn'd)
Beheld at once his roses faded,
And to funereal cypress turn'd.
The nuns endeavour'd, but in vain,
His fleeting spirit to detain :
But sweet excess had hasten'd fate ;
And, whilst around the fair ones cried,
Of love a victim fortunate,
On pleasure's downy breast he died ;
His dying words their bosoms fir'd,
And will for ever be admir'd.
Venus herself his eye-lids clos'd,
And in Elysium plac'd his shade,
Where hero-parrots safe repos'd
In almond groves that never fade,
Near him, whose fate and fluent tongue
Corinna's lover wept and sung.

What tongue sufficiently can tell
How much bemoan'd our hero fell !
The nun, whose office 'twas, invited
The bearers to the illustrious dead ;
And letters circular indited,
In which this mournful tale I read.
But, to transmit his image down
To generations yet unknown,
A painter, who each beauty knew,
His portraiture from nature drew ;
And many a hand, guided by love,
O'er the stretch'd sampler's canvass plain,

In broidery's various colours strove
 To raise his form to life again;
 Whilst grief, to assist each artist, came
 And painted tears around the frame.
 All rites funereal they bestow'd,
 Which erst to birds of high renown
 The band of Helicon allow'd,
 When from the body life was flown.
 Beneath a verdant myrtle's shade,
 Which o'er the mausoleum spread,
 A small sarcophagus was laid,
 To keep the ashes of the dead.
 On porphyry grav'd in characters
 Of gold, with sculptur'd garlands grac'd,
 These lines, exciting pity's tears,
 Our convent Artemisias plac'd :

' Ye novice nuns, who to this grove repair,
 To chat by stealth, unaw'd by age's frown ;
 Your tongues one moment, if you can, forbear,
 Till the sad tale of our affliction's known.
 If 'tis too much that organ to restrain,
 Use it to speak what anguish death imparts :
 One line this cause for sorrow will explain ;
 Here Ver-Vert lies ; and here lie all our hearts.'

'Tis said however (to pursue
 My story but a word or two)
 The soul of Ver-Vert is not pent
 Within the' aforesaid monument,
 But, by permission of the fates,
 Some holy sister animates ;
 And will in transmigration run
 From time to time, from nun to nun,
 Transmitting to all ages hence
 In them his deathless eloquence.

SELECT POEMS

OF

PAUL WHITEHEAD.

PAUL WHITEHEAD.

THE STATE DUNCES:

A SATIRE.

(*Inscribed to Mr. Pope, 1733.*)

' I from my soul sincerely hate
Both kings and ministers of state.'

SWIFT.

WHILE cringing crowds at faithless levees wait,
Fond to be fools of fame, or slaves of state ;
And others, studious to increase their store,
Plough the rough ocean for Peruvian ore ;
How bless'd thy fate, whom calmer hours attend,
Peace thy companion, fame thy faithful friend !
While in thy Twickenham bowers, devoid of care,
You feast the fancy, and enchant the ear ;
Thames gently rolls her silver tide along,
And the charm'd Naiads listen to thy song.

Here peaceful pass the gentle hours away,
While tuneful science measures out the day !
Here, happy bard, as various fancies lead,
You paint the blooming maid, or flowery mead !

Sound the rough clangour of tumultuous war¹,
 Or sing the ravish'd tendrils of the fair²!
 Now melting move the tender tear to flow,
 And wake our sighs with Eloisa's woe³.
 But chief, to dulness ever foe decreed,
 The apes of science with thy satire bleed⁴;
 Peers, poets, panders, mingle in the throng,
 Smart with thy touch, and tremble at thy song⁵.

Yet vain, O Pope! is all thy sharpest rage,
 Still starveling dunces persecute the age;
 Faithful to folly, or enrag'd with spite,
 Still tasteless Timons build, and Tibbalds write;
 Still Welsted tunes his beer-inspired lays,
 And Ralph, in metre, holds forth Stanhope's praise.
 Ah! hapless victim to the poet's flame,
 While his eulogiums crucify thy fame.

Shall embryo wits thy studious hours engage,
 Live in thy labours, and profane thy page;
 While virtue, ever-lov'd, demands thy lays,
 And claims the tuneful tribute of thy praise?
 Can Pope be silent, and not grateful lend
 One strain to sing the patriot and the friend,
 Who, nobly anxious in his country's cause,
 Maintains her honours, and defends her laws?
 Could I, my bard, but equal numbers raise,
 Then would I sing—for, oh! I burst to praise—
 Sing how a Pulteney⁶ charms the listening throng,
 While senates hang enraptur'd on his tongue;
 With Tully's fire how each oration glows,
 In Tully's music how each period flows;
 Instruct each babe to lisp the patriot's name,
 Who in each bosom breathes a Roman flame.

¹ Homer. ² Rape of the Lock. ³ Eloisa to Abelard.

⁴ Dunciad. ⁵ Epistles. ⁶ Afterwards Earl of Bath.

So, when the genius of the Roman age
Stem'd the strong torrent of tyrannic rage,
In freedom's cause each glowing breast he warm'd,
And, like a Pulteney, then a Brutus charm'd.

How bless'd, while we a British Brutus see,
And all the Roman stands confess'd in thee !
Equal thy worth, but equal were thy doom,
To save Britannia, as he rescued Rome :
He from a Tarquin snatch'd the destin'd prey ;
Britannia still laments a Walpole's sway.

Arise, my tuneful bard, nor thus in vain
Let thy Britannia, whom thou lov'st, complain :
If thou in moanful lays relate her woe,
Each heart shall bleed, each eye with pity flow ;
If to revenge you swell the sounding strain,
Revenge and fury fire each British swain :
Obsequious to thy verse each breast shall move,
Or burn with rage, or soften into love.

O let Britannia be her poet's care !
And lash the spoiler, while you save the fair.
Lo ! where he stands, amidst the servile crew,
Nor blushes stain his cheek with crimson hue ;
While dire corruption all around he spreads,
And every ductile conscience captive leads :
Brib'd by his boons, behold the venal band
Worship the idol they could once command !
So Britain's now, as Judah's sons before,
First raise a golden calf, and then adore.

Let dull Parnassian sons of rhyme no more
Provoke thy satire, and employ thy pow'r ;
New objects rise to share an equal fate,
The big, rich, mighty dunces of the state.
Shall Ralph, Cooke, Welsted, then engross thy rage,
While courts afford a Hervey, York, or Gage ?

Dulness no more roosts only near the sky,
But senates, drawing-rooms, with garrets vie ;
Plump peers, and breadless bards, alike are dull ;
St. James's and Rag-fair club fool for fool.

Amidst the mighty dull, behold how great
An Appius swells the Tibbald of the state !
Long had he strove to spread his lawless sway
O'er Britain's sons, and force them to obey ;
But, blasted all his blooming hopes, he flies
To vent his woe, and mourn his lost excise.

Pensive he sat, and sigh'd, while round him lay
Loads of dull lumber, all inspir'd by pay :
Here, puny pamphlets, spun from prelates' brains ;
There, the smooth jingle of Cooke's lighter strains ;
Here, Walsingham's ⁷ soft lulling opiates spread ;
There, gloomy Osborn's ⁷ quintessence of lead :
With these the statesman strove to ease his care,
To soothe his sorrows, and divert despair ;
But long his grief sleep's gentle aid denies ;
At length a slumbrous Briton clos'd his eyes.

Yet vain the healing balm of downy rest,
To chase his woe, or ease his labouring breast :
Now frightful forms rise hideous to his view,
More, Stafford, Laud, and all the headless crew ;
Daggers and halters boding terror breeds,
And here a Dudley swings, there Villiers bleeds.

Now goddess Dulness, watchful o'er his fate,
And ever anxious for her child of state,
From couch of down slow rais'd her drowsy head,
Forsook her slumbers, and to Appius sped.

‘ Awake, my son, awake,’ the goddess cries,
‘ Nor longer mourn thy darling lost excise ;
(Here the sad sound unseal'd the statesman's eyes)

⁷ Names assumed by writers of two ministerial papers.

Why slumbers thus my son, oppress'd with care?
 While Dulness rules, say, shall her sons despair?
 O'er all I spread my universal sway;
 Kings, prelates, peers, and rulers, all obey:
 Lo! in the church my mighty power I shew,
 In pulpit preach, and slumber in the pew;
 The bench and bar alike my influence owns:
 Here prate my magpies, and there doze my drones.
 In the grave dows, how formal is my mien,
 Who rule the gallipots of Warwick-lane!
 At court behold me strut in purple pride,
 At Hockley roar, and in Crane-court preside.
 But chief in thee my mighty power is seen;
 'Tis I inspire thy mind, and fill thy mien;
 On thee, my child, my duller blessings shed,
 And pour my opinn o'er thy favourite head;
 Rais'd thee a ruler of Britannia's fate,
 And led thee, blundering, to the helm of state.'

Here bow'd the statesman low, and thus address'd:
 'O goddess, sole inspirer of my breast!
 To gall the British neck with Gallic chain,
 Long have I strove, but long have strove in vain;
 While Caleb⁸, rebel to thy sacred pow'r,
 Unveils those eyes which thou hast curtain'd o'er;
 Makes Britain's sons my dark designs foresee,
 Blast all my schemes, and struggle to be free.
 O, had my projects met a milder fate,
 How had I reign'd a bashaw of the state!
 How o'er Britannia spread imperial sway!
 How taught each free-born Briton to obey!

⁸ Caleb d' Anvers, the name assumed by the writers of the Craftsman.

No smiling freedom then had cheer'd her swains;
But Asia's deserts vied with Albion's plains :
Turks, Vandals, Britain ! then compar'd with thee,
Had hug'd their chains, and joy'd that they were
free :

While wondering nations all around had seen
Me rise a great Mogul, or Mazarin :
Then had I taught Britannia to adore,
Then led her captive to my lawless power.
Methinks I view her now no more appear
First in the train, and fairest midst the fair :
Joyless I see the lovely mourner lie,
Nor glow her cheek, nor sparkle now her eye ;
Faded each grace, no smiling feature warm ;
Torn all her tresses, blighted every charm :
Nor teeming plenty now each valley crowns ;
Slaves are her sons, and tradeless all her towns.
For this, behold yon peaceful army fed ;
For this, on senates see my bounty shed ;
For this what wonders, goddess, have I wrought !
How bullied, beg'd, how treated, and how fought !
What wandering maze of error blunder'd through,
And how repair'd old blunders still by new !
Hence the long train of never-ending jars,
Of warful peaces and of peaceful wars,
Each mystie treaty of the mighty store,
Which to explain demands ten treaties more :
Hence scarecrow navies, floating raree-shows ;
And hence Iberia's pride, and Britain's woes.
These wondrous works, O goddess ! have I done,
Works ever worthy Dulness' fav'rite son.

‘ Lo ! on thy sons alone my favours show'r ;
None share my bounty that disdain thy pow'r :

Yon feathers, ribbons, titles light as air,
 Behold, thy choicest children only share :
 Each views the pageant with admiring eyes,
 And fondly grasps the visionary prize ;
 Now proudly spreads his leading string of state,
 And thinks—to be a wretch, is to be great.

‘ But turn, O goddess ! turn thine eyes, and view
 The darling leaders of thy gloomy crew.

‘ Full open-mouth’d Newcastle there behold,
 Aping a Tully, swell into a scold,
 Grievous to mortal ear.—As at the place
 Where loud-tongu’d virgins vend the scaly race,
 Harsh peals of vocal thunder fill the skies,
 And stunning sounds in hideous discord rise ;
 So, when he tries the wondrous power of noise,
 Each hapless ear’s a victim to his voice.

How bless’d, O Cheselden ⁹ ! whose art can mend
 Those ears Newcastle was ordain’d to rend.

‘ See Harrington secure in silence sit ;
 No empty words betray his want of wit :
 If sense in hiding folly is express’d,
 O Harrington ! thy wisdom stands confess’d.

‘ To Dulness’ sacred cause for ever true,
 Thy darling Caledonian, goddess, view ;
 The pride and glory of thy Scotia’s plains,
 And faithful leader of her venal swains :
 Loaded he moves beneath a servile weight,
 ‘The dull laborious packhorse of the state ;
 Drudges through tracks of infamy for pay,
 And hackneys out his conscience by the day :
 Yonder behold the busy peerless peer,
 With aspect meagre and important air ;

⁹ William Cheselden, an eminent surgeon.

His form how gothic, and his looks how sage !
 He seems the living Plato of the age.
 Bless'd form ! in which alone thy merit's seen,
 Since all thy wisdom centers in thy mien !

'Here Egmont, Albemarle (for senates fit),
 And W——by the wise, in council sit :
 Here looby G——n, Gr——m ever dull,
 By birth a senator, by fate a fool.

'While these, Britannia, watchful o'er thy state,
 Maintain thine honours, and direct thy fate,
 How shall admiring nations round adore,
 Behold thy greatness, tremble at thy pow'r ;
 New Shebas come, invited by thy fame,
 Revere thy wisdom, and extol thy name !

'Lo ! to yon bench now, goddess, turn thine eyes,
 And view thy sons in solemn dulness rise ;
 All doating, wrinkled, grave, and gloomy, see
 Each form confess thy dull divinity ;
 True to thy cause, behold each trencher'd sage
 Increas'd in folly as advanc'd in age :
 Here Ch——r¹⁰, learn'd in mystic prophecy,
 Confuting Collins, makes each prophet lie :
 Poor Woolston by thy Smallbrook there assail'd ;
 Gaols sure convinc'd him, though the prelate fail'd.

'But chief Pastorius, ever grave and dull,
 Devoid of sense, of zeal divinely full,
 Retails his squibs of science o'er the town,
 While charges, pastorals, through each street re-
 These teach a heavenly Jesus to obey, [sound ;
 While those maintain an earthly Appius' sway.
 Thy gospel truth, Pastorius, cross'd we see,
 While God and Manimon's serv'd at once by thee.

¹⁰ Chandler, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, and afterwards of Durham.

‘ Who would not trim, speak, vote, or conscience,
 To lord it o’er a see, and swell in lawn ? [pawn,
 If arts like those, O Sherlock ! honours claim,
 Than thee none merits more the prelate’s name :
 Wondering behold him faithful to his fee,
 Prove parliaments dependent to be free ;
 In senates blunder, flounder, and dispute,
 For ever reasoning, never to confute.
 Since courts for this their fated gifts decree,
 Say, what is reputation to a see ?

‘ Lo ! o’er yon flood Hare casts his louring eyes,
 And wishful sees the reverend turrets rise,
 While Lambeth opens to thy longing view,
 Hapless ! the mitre ne’er can bind thy brow :
 Though courts should deign the gift, how wondrous
 By thy own doctrines still to be debar’d ! [hard
 For, if from change ¹¹ such mighty evil springs,
 Translations sure, O Hare ! are sinful things.

‘ These rulers see, and nameless numbers more,
 O goddess, of thy train the choicest store,
 Who ignorance in gravity entrench,
 And grace alike the pulpit and the bench.

‘ Full plac’d and pension’d, see ! Horatio stands ;
 Begrim’d his face, unpurified his hands ;
 To decency he scorns all nice pretence,
 And reigns firm foe to cleanliness and sense.
 How did Horatio Britain’s cause advance !
 How shine the sloven and buffoon of France !
 In senates now, how scold, how rave, how roar,
 Of treaties run the tedious train-trow o’er !
 How blunder out whate’er should be conceal’d,
 And how keep secret what should be reveal’d !

¹¹ A noted sermon preached on the 30th of January, on this text, ‘ Woe be unto them that are given to change,’ &c.

True child of Dulness ! see him, goddess, claim
Power next myself, as next in birth and fame.

‘ Silence ! ye senates, while enribbon’d Young
Pours forth melodious nothings from his tongue !
How sweet the accents play around the ear,
Form’d of smooth periods, and of well-tun’d air !
Leave, gentle Young, the senate’s dry debate,
Nor labour midst the labyrinthis of state ;
Suit thy soft genius to more tender themes,
And sing of cooling shades, and purling streams ;
With modern sing-song murder ancient plays ¹²,
Or warble in sweet ode a Brunswick’s praise :
So shall thy strains in purer dulness flow,
And laurels wither on a Cibber’s brow.
Say, can the statesman wield the poet’s quill,
And quit the senate for Parnassus’ hill ?
Since there no venal vote a pension shares,
Nor wants Apollo lords commissioners.

‘ There W—— and P——, goddess, view,
Firm in thy cause, and to thy Appins true !
Lo ! from their labours what reward betides !
One pays my army, one my navy guides.

‘ To dance, dress, sing, and serenade the fair,
“ Conduct a singer, or reclaim a hair,”
O'er baleful tea with females taught to blame,
And spread a slander o'er a virgin's fame ;
Form'd for these softer arts shall Hervey strain
With stubborn politics his tender brain !

¹² This gentleman, with the assistance of Roome, Concanen, and several others, committed a barbarous murder on the body of an old comedy, by turning it into a modern ballad opera ; which was scarce exhibited on the stage before it was thought necessary to be contracted into one act.

For ministers laborious pamphlets write,
In senates prattle, and with patriots fight!
Thy fond ambition, pretty youth, give o'er,
Preside at balls, old fashions lost restore ;
So shall each toilette in thy cause engage,
And H——ey shine a P——re of the age.

‘ Behold a star emblazon C——n’s coat !
Not that the knight has merit, but a vote.
And here, O goddess, numerous wrongheads trace,
Lur’d by a pension, riband, or a place.

‘ To murder science, and my cause defend,
Now shoals of Grub-street garretteers descend;
From schools and desks the writing insects crawl,
Unlade their dulness, and for Appius bawl.

‘ Lo ! to thy darling Osborne turn thine eyes,
See him o'er politics superior rise ;
While Caleb feels the venom of his quill,
And wondering ministers reward his skill :
Unlearn'd in logic, yet he writes by rule,
And proves himself in syllogism—a fool ;
Now flies obedient, war with sense to wage,
And drags the’ idea through the painful page ;
Unread, unanswer'd, still he writes again,
Still spins the endless cobweb of his brain ;
Charm'd with each lieue, reviewing what he writ,
Blesses his stars, and wonders at his wit.

‘ Nor less, O Walsingham, thy worth appears !
Alike in merit, though unlike in years :
Ill-fated youth ! what stars maligoant shed
Their baneful influence o'er thy brainless head, }
Doom'd to be ever writing, never read ! }
For bread to libel liberty and sense,
And damn thy patron weekly with defence.

Drench'd in the sable flood, O hadst thou still
O'er skins of parchment drove thy venal quill,
At Temple ale-house told an idle tale,
And pawn'd thy credit for a mug of ale;
Unknown to Appius then had been thy name,
Unlac'd thy coat, unsacrific'd his fame ;
Nor vast unvended reams would Peele deplore,
As victims destin'd to the common-shore.

‘ As dunce to dunce in endless numbers breed,
So to Concanen see a Ralph succeed ;
A tiny witling of these writing days,
Full-fam'd for tuneless rhymes, and short-liv'd plays,
Write on, my luckless bard, still unasham'd,
Though burnt thy journals, and thy dramas damn'd ;
'Tis bread inspires thy polities and lays,
Not thirst of immortality or praise.

‘ These, goddess, view, the choicest of the train,
While yet unnumber'd dunces still remain ;
Deans, critics, lawyers, bards, a motley crew,
To dulness faithful, as to Appius true.’

‘ Enough, (the goddess cries) enough I've seen ;
While these support, secure my son shall reign ;
Still shalt thou blundering rule Britannia's fate,
Still Grub-street hail thee minister of state.’

THE GYMNASIAD;**OR, BOXING-MATCH.**

A very short, but very curious Epic Poem. With the Prolegomena of Scriblerus Tertius, and Notes variorum.

‘—— Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.’

MART.

TO THE MOST PUSSANT AND INVINCIBLE

MR. JOHN BROUGHTON.

HAD this dedication been addressed to some reverend prelate, or female court-favourite, to some blundering statesman, or apostate patriot, I should doubtless have launched into the highest encomiums on public spirit, policy, virtue, piety, &c. and, like the rest of my brother dedicators, had most successfully imposed on their vanity, by ascribing to them qualities they were utterly unacquainted with; by which means I had prudently reaped the reward of a panegyrist from my patron, and, at the same time, secured the reputation of a satirist with the public.

But, scorning these base arts, I present the following poem to you, unswayed by either flattery or interest; since your modesty would defend you against the poison of the one, and your known economy prevent an author's expectations of the other. I shall therefore only tell you what you really are, and leave those (whose patrons are of

the higher class) to tell them what they really are not. But such is the depravity of human nature, that every compliment we bestow on another is too apt to be deemed a satire on ourselves; yet surely, while I am praising the strength of your arm, no politician can think it meant as a reflection on the weakness of his head; or, while I am justifying your title to the character of a man, will any modern *petit maître* think it an impeachment of his affinity to that of its mimic counterfeit, a monkey.

Were I to attempt a description of your qualifications, I might justly have recourse to the majesty of Agamemnon, the courage of Achilles, the strength of Ajax, and the wisdom of Ulysses; but, as your own heroic actions afford us the best mirror of your merits, I shall leave the reader to view in that the amazing lustre of a character, a few traits of which only the following poem was intended to display; and in which, had the ability of the poet equalled the magnanimity of his hero, I doubt not but the Gymnasiad had, like the immortal Iliad, been handed down to the admiration of all posterity.

As your superior merits contributed towards raising you to the dignities you now enjoy, and placed you even as the safeguard of royalty itself; so I cannot help thinking it happy for the prince that he is now able to boast one real champion in his service; and what Frenchman would not tremble more at the puissant arm of a Broughton, than at the ceremonious gauntlet of a Dimmock? I am, with the most profound respect to your heroic virtues,

Your most devoted,

1744. and most humble servant.

SCRIBLERUS TERTIUS OF THE POEM.

IT is an old saying, that ‘necessity is the mother of invention;’ it should seem then that poetry, which is a species of invention, must naturally derive its being from the same origin; hence it will be easy to account for the many flimsy ghost-like apparitions that every day make their appearance among us; for, if it be true as naturalists observe, that the health and vigour of the mother is necessary to produce the like qualities in the child, what issue can be expected from the womb of so meagre a parent?

But there is another species of poetry, which, instead of owing its birth to the belly, like Minerva springs at once from the head: of this kind are those productions of wit, sense, and spirit, which, once born, like the goddess herself, immediately become immortal. It is true, these are a sort of miraculous births, and therefore it is no wonder they should be found so rare among us.—As glory is the noble inspirer of the latter, so hunger is the natural incentive of the former: thus famine and food are the spurs with which every poet mounts his Pegasus; but as the impetus of the belly is apt to be more cogent than that of the head, so you will ever see the one pricking and goading a tired jade to a hobbling trot, while the other only incites the foaming steed to a majestic capriol.

The gentle reader, it is apprehended, will not long be at a loss to determine, which species the following production ought to be ranked under; but as the parent most unnaturally cast it out as

the spurious issue of his brain, and even cruelly denies it the common privilege of his name ; struck with the delectable beauty of its features, I could not avoid adopting the little poetic orphan, and by dressing it up with a few notes, &c. present it to the public as perfect as possible.

Had I, in imitation of other great authors, only consulted my interest in the publication of this inimitable piece, (which doubtless will undergo numerous impressions) I might first have sent it into the world naked, then, by the addition of a commentary, notes *variorum, prolegomena*, and all that, levied a new tax upon the public; and, after all, by a sort of modern poetical legerdemain, changing the name of the principal hero, and inserting a few hypercritics of a flattering friend's, have rendered the former editions incorrect, and cozened the curious reader out of a treble consideration for the same work ; but however this may suit the tricking arts of a bookseller, it is certainly much below the sublime genius of an author.—I know it will be said, that a man has an equal right to make as much as he can of his wit, as well as of his money : but then it ought to be considered, whether there may not be such a thing as usury in both ; and the law having only provided against it in one instance, is, I apprehend, no very moral plea for the practice of it in the other.

The judicious reader will easily perceive, that the following poem, in all its properties, partakes of the epic ; such as fighting, speeching, bullying, ranting, &c. (to say nothing of the moral) ; and, as many thousand verses are thought necessary to the construction of this kind of poem, it may be

objected, that this is too short to be ranked under that class : to which I shall only answer, that as conciseness is the last fault a writer is apt to commit, so it is generally the first a reader is willing to forgive ; and though it may not be altogether so long, yet I dare say it will not be found less replete with the true *vis poetica*, than (not to mention the *Iliad*, *Æneid*, &c.) even *Leonidas* itself.

It may further be objected, that the characters of our principal heroes are too humble for the grandeur of the epic fable ; but the candid reader will be pleased to observe, that they are not here celebrated in their mechanic, but in their heroic capacities, as boxers ; who, by the ancients themselves, have ever been esteemed worthy to be immortalized in the noblest works of this nature ; of which the Epëus and Euryalus of Homer, and the Entellus and Dares of Virgil, are incontestable authorities. And as those authors were ever careful, that their principal personages (however mean in themselves) should derive their pedigree from some deity, or illustrious hero, so our author has, with equal propriety, made his spring from Phaëton and Neptune ; under which characters he beautifully allegorizes their different occupations of waterman and coachman.—But, for my own part, I cannot conceive that the dignity of the hero's profession is anywise essential to that of the action ; for, if the greatest persons are guilty of the meanest actions, why may not the greatest actions be ascribed to the meanest persons ?

As the main action of this poem is entirely supported by the principal heroes themselves, it has been maliciously insinuated to be designed, as an

unmannerly reflection on a late glorious victory, where, it is pretended, the whole action was achieved without the interposition of the principal heroes at all.—But as the most innocent meanings may, by ill minds, be wrested to the most wicked purposes ; if any such construction should be made, I will venture to affirm, that it must proceed from the factious venom of the reader, and not from any disloyal malignity in our author, who is too well acquainted with the power, ever to arraign the purity of government. Besides, the poignance of the sword is too prevalent for that of the pen ; and who, when there are at present so many thousand unanswerable standing arguments ready to defend, would ever be Quixote enough to attack, either the omnipotence of a prince, or the omniscience of his ministers?

Were I to attempt an analysis of this poem, I could demonstrate that it contains (as much as a piece of so sublime a nature will admit of) all those true standards of wit, humour, raillery, satire, and ridicule, which a late writer has so marvellously discovered, and might, on the part of our author, say with that profound critic—*Jacta est Alea*.—But as the obscurity of a beauty too strongly argues the want of one, so an endeavour to elucidate the merits of the following performance, might be apt to give the reader a disadvantageous impression against it ; as it might tacitly imply they were too mysterious to come within the compass of his comprehension. I shall therefore leave them to his more curious observation, and bid him heartily farewell—*Lege et delectare*.

SCRIBLERUS TERTIUS.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The invocation, the proposition, the night before the battle described ; the morning opens, and discovers the multitude hasting to the place of action ; their various professions, dignities, &c. illustrated ; the spectators being seated, the youthful combatants are first introduced ; their manner of fighting displayed ; to these succeed the champions of a higher degree ; their superior abilities marked, some of the most eminent particularly celebrated ; meanwhile, the principal heroes are represented sitting, and ruminating on the approaching combat, when the herald summons them to the lists.

SING, sing, O muse ! the dire contested fray,
And bloody honours of that dreadful day,
When Phaëton's bold son (tremendous name !)
Dar'd Neptune's offspring to the lists of fame.
What fury fraught thee with ambition's fire, 5
Ambition, equal foe to son and sire ?

Ver. 3, 4. It is usual for poets to call the sons after the names of their fathers ; as Agamemnon the son of Atreus, and Achilles the son of Peleus, are frequently termed Pelides and Atrides. Our author would doubtless have followed this laudable example, but he found Broughtonides and Stephensonides, or their contractions, too unmusical for metre, and therefore with wonderful art adopts two poetical parents ; which obviates the difficulty, and, at the same time, heightens the dignity of his heroes. *Bentleides.*

Ver. 6. It has been maintained by some philosophers, that the passions of the mind are in some measure hereditary, as well as the features of the body. According to this doctrine,

One, hapless fell by Jove's ethereal arms,
And one the Triton's mighty power disarms.
Now all lay hush'd within the folds of night,
And saw, in painted dreams, the' important fight ;
While hopes and fears alternate turn the scales, 11
And now this hero, and now that prevails :
Blows, and imaginary blood, survey,
Then waking, watch the slow approach of day ;
When, lo ! Aurora in her saffron vest
Darts a glad ray, and gilds the ruddy east.
Forth issuing now all ardent seek the place
Sacred to fame, and the athletic race.
As from their hive, the clustering squadrons pour
O'er fragrant meads, to sip the vernal flow'r ; 20
So from each inn the legal swarms impel,
Of banded seers, and pupils of the quill.

our author very beautifully represents the frailty of ambition descending from father to son ;—and as original sin may in some sort be accounted for on this system, it is very probable our author had a theological, as well as physical and moral meaning in this verse. (For the latter part of this note, we are obliged to an eminent divine.)

Ver. 21. An ingenious critic of my acquaintance objected to this simile, and would by no means admit the comparison between bees and lawyers to be just : one, he said, was an industrious, harmless, and useful species, none of which properties could be affirmed of the other ; and therefore he thought the drone, that lives on the plunder of the hive, a more proper archetype. I must confess myself in some measure inclined to subscribe my friend's opinion ; but then we must consider, that our author did not intend to describe their qualities, but their number ; and in this respect noone, I think, can have any objection to the propriety of the comparison.

Senates and shambles pour forth all their store,
 Mindful of mutton, and of laws, no more ;
 E'en money-bills, uncourtly, now must wait,
 And the fat lamb has one more day to bleat.
 The highway-knight now draws his pistol's load,
 Rests his faint steed, and this day franks the road.
 Bailiffs, in crowds, neglect the dormant writ,
 And give another Sunday to the wit : 50
 He, too, would hie, but ah ! his fortunes frown :
 Alas ! the fatal passport's—half-a-crown !
 Shoals press on shoals, from palace and from cell ;
 Lords yield the court, and butchers Clerkenwell.
 St. Giles's natives, never known to fail,
 All who have haply 'scap'd the' obdurate jail ;

Ver. 24. The original MS. has it *bribes* ; but, as this might seem to cast an invidious aspersion on a certain assembly, remarkable for their abhorrence of venality ; and, at the same time, might subject our publisher to some little inconveniences ; I thought it prudent to soften the expression. Besides, I think this reading renders our author's thought more natural ; for, though we see the most trifling avocations are able to draw off their attention from the public utility, yet nothing is sufficient to divert a steady pursuit of their private emolument.

Ver. 28. Our poet here artfully insinuates the dignity of the combat he is about to celebrate, by its being able to prevail on a highwayman to lay aside his business, to become a spectator of it—and as, on this occasion, he makes him forsake his daily bread, while the senator only neglects the business of the nation ; it may be observed, how satirically he gives the preference, in point of disinterestedness, to the highwayman.

There many a martial son of Tottenham lies,
Bound in Deveilian bands, a sacrifice
To angry justice, nor must view the prize.

Assembled myriads crowd the circling seats, 40
High for the combat every bosom beats,
Each bosom partial for its hero bold,
Partial through friendship—or depending gold.

Bnt first, the infant progeny of Mars
Join in the lists, and wage their pigmy wars :
Train'd to the manual fight, and bruiseful toil,
The stop defensive, and gynastic foil ;
With nimble fists their early prowess show,
And mark the future hero in each blow.

To these the hardy iron-race succeed, 50
All sons of Hockley and fierce Brick-street breed :

Ver. 37. The unwary reader may, from this passage, be apt to conclude, that an amphitheatre is little better than a nursery for the gallows, and that there is a sort of physical connection between boxing and thieving ; but although boxing may be a useful ingredient to a thief, yet it does not necessarily make him one. Boxing is the effect, not the cause ; and men are not thieves because they are boxers, bnt boxers because they are thieves. Thus tricking, lying, evasion, with several other such-like cardinal virtues, are a sort of properties pertaining to the practice of the law, as well as to the mercenial profession. But would any one therefore infer, that every lawyer must be a thief ?

Scholiast.

Ver 44. Our author, in this description, alludes to the *Iusus Trojæ* of Virgil :

‘ Incedunt Pueri ——————

————— Trojæ Juventus

————— Pugnæque cinct simulacra sub armis.

Ver. 51. Two famous athletic seminaries.

Mature in valour, and inur'd to blood,
Dauntless each foe in form terrific stood !
Their callous bodies, frequent in the fray,
Mock'd the fell stroke, nor to its force gave way.
'Mongst these Gloverius, not the last in fame,
And he whose clog delights the beauteous dame ;
Nor least thy praise, whose artificial light
In Dian's absence gilds the clouds of night.

While these the combat's direful arts display,
And share the bloody fortunes of the day, 61
Each hero sat, revolving in his soul
The various means that might his foe control ;
Conquest and glory each proud bosom warms,
When, lo ! the herald summons them to arms.

Ver. 57. Here we are presented with a laudable imitation of the ancient simplicity of manners ; for, as Cincinnatus disdained not the homely employment of a ploughman, so we see our hero condescending to the humble occupation of a clogmaker ; and this is the more to be admired, as it is one characteristic of modern heroism, to be either above or below any occupation at all.

Ver. 58. Various and violent have been the controversies, whether our author here intended to celebrate a lamp-lighter or a link-boy ; but as there are heroes of both capacities at present in the school of honour, it is difficult to determine whether the poet alludes to a Wells or a Buck-horse.

BOOK II.**THE ARGUMENT.**

Stephenson enters the lists ; a description of his figure ; an encomium on his abilities, with respect to the character of coachman. Broughton advances ; his reverend form described ; his superior skill in the management of the lighter and wherry displayed ; his triumph of the badge celebrated ; his speech ; his former victories recounted ; the preparation for the combat, and the horror of the spectators *.

FIRST to the fight advanc'd the charioteer ;
High hopes of glory on his brow appear,
Terror vindictive flashes from his eye,
(To one the fates the visual ray deny ;)
Fierce glow'd his looks, which spoke his inward rage ;
He leaps the bar, and bounds upon the stage. 6
The roofs re-echo with exulting cries,
And all behold him with admiring eyes.

Ver. 6, 7. See the descriptions of Dares in Virgil :

' Nec mora, continuo vastis cum viribus effert
Ora Dares, magnoque virum se murmure tollit.'

* It was doubtless in obedience to custom, and the example of other great poets, that our author has thought proper to prefix an argument to each book, being minded that nothing should be wanting in the usual parapheuation of works of this kind.—For my own part, I am at a loss to ac-

Ill-fated youth ! what rash desires could warm
 Thy manly heart, to dare the Triton's arm? 10
 Ah ! too unequal to these martial deeds,
 Though none more skill'd to rule the foaming steeds:
 The coursers, still obedient to thy rein,
 Now urge their flight, or now their flight restrain.
 Had mighty Diomed provok'd the race,
 Thou far hadst left the Grecian in disgrace.
 Where'er you drove, each inn confess'd your sway,
 Maids brought the dram, and ostlers flew with hay :
 But know, though skill'd to guide the rapid car,
 None wages like thy foe the manual war. 20

Now Neptune's offspring, dreadfully serene,
 Of size gigantic, and tremendous mien,
 Steps forth, and midst the fated lists appears ;
 Reverend his form, but yet not worn with years.
 To him none equal, in his youthful day,
 With feather'd oar to skim the liquid way ;
 Or through those streights whose waters stun the ear,
 The loaded lighter's bulky weight to steer.
 Soon as the ring their ancient warrior view'd,
 Joy fill'd their hearts, and thundering shouts
 ensu'd; 30

count for the use of them, unless it be to swell a volume,
 or, like bills of fare, to advertise the reader what he is to
 expect ; that if it contains nothing likely to suit his taste, he
 may preserve his appetite for the next course.

Ver. 19. Here our author inclinates a fine moral, by showing how apt men are to mistake their talents ; but were men only to act in their proper spheres, how often should we see the parson in the pew of the peasant, the author in the character of his hawker, or a beau in the livery of his footman ! &c.

Loud as when o'er Thamesis' gentle flood,
Superior with the Triton-youths he row'd ;
While far a-head his winged wherry flew, [due.
Touch'd the glad shore, and claim'd the badge its

Then thus indignant lie accosts the foe,
(While high disdain sat prideful on his brow :)
' Long has the laurel-wreath victorious spread
Its sacred honours round this hoary head ;
The prize of conquest in each doubtful fray,
And dear reward of many a dire fought day. 40
Now youth's cold wane the vigorous pulse has chas'd,
Froze all my blood, and every nerve unbrac'd ;
Now, from these temples shall the spoils be torn,
In scornful triumph by my foe be worn ?
What then avail my various deeds in arms,
If this proud crest thy feeble force disarms ?
Lost be my glories to recording fame,
When foil'd by thee, the coward blasts my name !

Ver. 34. A prize given by Mr. Dogget, to be annually contested on the first of August.—As, among the ancients, games and sports were celebrated on mournful as well as joyful events, there has been some controversy, whether our loyal comedian meant the compliment to the setting or rising monarch of that day : but, as the plate has a horse for its device, I am induced to impute it to the latter ; and, doubtless, he prudently considered, that as a living dog is better than a dead lion, the living horse had at least an equal title to the same preference.

Ver. 42. See Virgil :

‘ —— Sed enim gelidus tardante senecta
Sanguis hebet, frigentque effeteæ in corpore vires.’

I who, ere manhood my young joints had knit,
 First taught the fierce Grettonius to submit ; 50
 While, drench'd in blood, he prostrate press'd the
 floor,

And inly groan'd the fatal words—no more !
 Allenius too, who every heart dismay'd,
 Whose blows, like hail, flew rattling round the head ;
 Him oft the ring beheld with weeping eyes,
 Stretch'd on the ground, reluctant yield the prize.
 Then fell the swain, with whom none e'er could vie,
 Where Harrow's steeple darts into the sky.
 Next the bold yonth a bleeding victim lay,
 Whose waving curls the barber's art display. 60
 You too this arm's tremendous prowess know ;
 Rash man, to make this arm again thy foe !

Ver. 50. Gretton, the most famous athlete in his days, over whom our hero obtained his maiden prize.

Ver. 53. Vulgarly known by the Plebeian name of Pipes, which a learned critic will have to be derived from the art and mystery of pipe-making, in which it is affirmed this hero was an adept.—As he was the *delicium pugnacis generis*, our author, with marvellous judgment, represents the ring weeping at his defeat.

Ver. 54. Virgil :

‘—— quam multa grandine nimbi
 Culminibus crepitant.’——

Ver. 57. Jeoffrey Birth, who in several encounters served only to augment the number of our hero's triumphs.

Ver. 59. As this champion is still living, and even disputes the palm of manhood with our hero himself, I shall leave him to be the subject of immortality in some future Gymnasiad, should the superiority of his prowess ever justify his title to the *corona pugnea*.

This said—the heroes for the fight prepare,
Brace their big limbs, and brawny bodies bare.
The sturdy sinews all aghast behold,
And ample shoulders of Atlean mould :
Like Titan's offspring, who 'gainst heaven strove,
So each, though mortal, seem'd a match for Jove.
Now round the ring a silent horror reigns,
Speechless each tongue, and bloodless all their
veins; 70

When, lo ! the champions give the dreadful sign,
And hand in hand in friendly token join ;
Those iron hands, which soon upon the foe
With giant force must deal the deathful blow.

Ver. 63. Virgil :

' Hæc fatus, duplicem ex humeris rejicit amictum ;
Et magnos membrorum artus, magna ossa lacertosque
Exuit.'

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

A description of the battle ; Stephenson is vanquished ; the manner of his body being carried off by his friends ; Broughton claims the prize ; and takes his final leave of the stage.

FULL in the centre now they fix in form,
Eye meeting eye, and arm oppos'd to arm ;
With wily feints each other now provoke,
And cautious meditate the' impending stroke.
The' impatient youth, inspir'd by hopes of fame,
First sped his arm, unfaithful to its aim ;
The wary warrior, watchful of his foe,
Bends back, and 'scapes the death-designing blow ;
With erring glance it sounded by his ear,
And, whizzing, spent its idle force in air, 10
Then quick advancing on the' unguarded head,
A dreadful shower of thunderbolts he shed ;
As when a whirlwind, from some cavern broke,
With furious blasts assaults the monarch oak,
This way and that its lofty top it bends,
And the fierce storm the crackling branches rends ;

Ver. 7. 8. Virgil :

' ————— ille ictum venientem a vertice velox
Prævidit, celerique elapsus corpore cessit.'

Ver. 10. Idem :

' ————— vires in ventum effudit.' —————

So wav'd the head, and, now to left and right
Rebounding flies, and crash'd beneath the weight.

Like the young lion wounded by a dart,
Whose fury kindles at the galling smart; 20
The hero rouses with redoubled rage,
Flies on the foe, and foams upon the stage.
Now, grappling, both in close contention join,
Legs lock in legs, and arms in arms entwine:
They sweat, they heave, each tugging nerve they
strain;

Both, fix'd as oaks, their sturdy trunks sustain.
At length the chief his wily art display'd,
Poiz'd on his hip the hapless youth he laid;
Aloft in air his quivering limbs he throw'd,
Then on the ground down dash'd the ponderous
load. 30

So some vast ruin on a mountain's brow,
Which tottering hangs, and dreadful nods below,
When the fierce tempest the foundation rends,
Whirl'd through the air with horrid crush descends.

Bold and undaunted up the hero rose,
Fiercer his bosom for the combat glows;

Ver. 19. It may be observed, that our author has treated the reader but with one simile throughout the two foregoing books; but in order to make him ample amends, has given him no less than six in this. Doubtless this was in imitation of Homer, and artfully intended to heighten the dignity of the main action, as well as our admiration, towards the conclusion of his work.—*Finis coronat opus.*

Ver. 24. Virgil:

‘ Immiscentque manus in quibus, pugnauique lacescant..

Ver. 35. Virgil:

‘ At non tardatus casu, neqne territus heros,
Acrior ad pugnam reddit, ac vim suscitat ira,
Tum pondor incendit vires——?

Shame stung his manly heart, and fiery rage
 New steel'd each nerve, redoubled war to wage.
 Swift to revenge the dire disgrace he flies,
 Again suspended on the hip he lies ; 40
 Dash'd on the ground, again had fatal fell,
 Haply the barrier caught his flying heel ;
 There fast it hung, the' imprison'd head gave way,
 And the strong arm defrauded of its prey.
 Vain strove the chief to whirl the mountain o'er;
 It slipt—he headlong rattles on the floor.
 Around the ring loud peals of thunder rise,
 And shouts exultant echo to the skies.

Ver. 42. Our author, like Homer himself, is no less to be admired in the character of an historian than in that of a poet; we see him here faithfully reciting the most minute incidents of the battle, and informing us, that the youthful hero, being on the lock, must again inevitably have come to the ground, had not his heel catched the bar; and that his antagonist, by the violence of his straining, slipped his arm over his head, and by that means received the fall he intended the enemy.—I thought it incumbent on me as a commentator to say thus much, to illustrate the meaning of our author, which might seem a little obscure to those who are unacquainted with conflicts of this kind.

Ver. 48. Virgil:

“ *It clamor cœlo——.*”

The learned reader will perceive our author's frequent allusions to Virgil; and whether he intended them as translations or imitations of the Roman poet, must give us pause: but as, in our modern productions, we find imitations are generally nothing more than bad translations, and translations nothing more than bad imitations; it would equally, I suppose, satisfy the gall of the critic, should these unluckily fall within either description.

Uplifted now inanimate he seems,
 Forth from his nostrils gush the purple streams ;
 Gasping for breath, and impotent of hand, 51
 The youth beheld his rival staggering stand :
 But he, alas ! had felt the unnerving blow,
 And gaz'd, unable to assault the foe.
 As when two monarchs of the brindled breed
 Dispute the proud dominion of the mead,
 They fight, they foam, then, wearied in the fray,
 Aloof retreat, and louring stand at bay :
 So stood the heroes, and indignant glar'd;
 While grim with blood their rueful fronts were
 smear'd ; 60

Till with returning strength new rage returns,
 Again their arms are steel'd, again each bosom burns.

Incessant now their hollow sides they pound,
 Loud on each breast the bounding bangs resound ;
 Their flying fists around the temples glow,
 And the jaws crackle with the massy blow.

The raging combat every eye appals,
 Strokes following strokes, and falls succeeding falls.
 Now droop'd the youth, yet, urging all his might,
 With feeble arm still vindicates the fight ; 70

Till on the part where heav'd the panting breath,
 A fatal blow impress'd the seal of death :
 Down drop'd the hero, weltering in his gore,
 And his stretch'd limbs lay quivering on the floor.
 So, when a falcon skims the airy way,
 Stoops from the clouds, and pounces on his prey,

Ver. 63. Virgil :

‘ Multa viri nequicquam inter se vulnera jactant ;
 Multa cavo lateri ingeminant, et pectore vastos
 Dant sonitus, erratque aures et tempora circum
 Crebra manus : duro crepitant sub vulnere malæ.’

Dash'd on the earth the feather'd victim lies,
 Expands its feeble wings, and, fluttering, dies.
 His faithful friends their dying hero rear'd, 79
 O'er his broad shoulders dangling hung his head ;
 Dragging its limbs, they bear the body forth,
 Mash'd teeth and clotted blood came issuing from
 his mouth.

Thus then the victor—‘ O celestial pow'r !
 Who gave this arm to boast one triumph more ;
 Now grey in glory, let my labours cease,
 My blood-stain'd laurel wed the branch of peace ;
 Lur'd by the lustre of the golden prize,
 No more in combat this proud crest shall rise :
 To future heroes future deeds belong,
 Be mine the theme of some immortal song.’ 90

This said—he seiz'd the prize, while round the
 ring,
 High soar'd applause on acclamation's wing.

Ver. 79. Virgil:

‘ Ast illum fidi æquales, genua ægra trahentem,
 Jactantemque utroque caput, crassumque cruentem
 Ore rejectantem, mistosque in sanguine dentes,
 Ducunt ad naves.’ —————

Ver. 88. Idem:

‘ — hic victor cæstus, artemque repono.’

HONOUR.

A SATIRE. 1747.

Primores populi arripuit populumque tributum ;
 Scilicet uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.

HOR.

' Load, load the pallet, boy ! hark ! Hogarth cries,
 ' Fast as I paint, fresh swarms of fools arise !
 Groups rise on groups, and mock the pencil's pow'r,
 To catch each new-blown folly of the hour.'

While humorous Hogarth paints each folly dead;
 Shall vice triumphant rear its hydra-head ?
 At satire's sovereign nod disdain to shrink ?
 New reams of paper, and fresh floods of ink !
 On then, my muse ! Herculean labours dare,
 And wage with virtue's foes eternal war ;
 Range through the town in search of every ill,
 And cleanse the' Augean stable with thy quill.

' But what avails the poignance of the song,
 Since all, you cry, still persevere in wrong ?
 Would courtly crimes to Mulgrave's¹ muse submit ?
 Or blush'd the monarch, though a Wilmot² writ ?
 Still pander peers disgrac'd the rooms of state,
 Still Cæsar's bed sustain'd a foreign weight ;
 Slaves worship'd still the golden calf of pow'r,
 And bishops, bowing, bless'd the scarlet whore.

¹ Translator of Horace's Art of Poetry, and afterwards Duke of Buckingham.

² Earl of Rochester.

Shall then thy verse the guilty-great reclaim,
Though fraught with Dryden's heaven-descended
flame?

Will harpy Heathcote, from his mouldering store,
Drag forth one cheering drachma to the poor?
Or Harrington, unfaithful to the seal,
Throw in one suffrage for the public weal?
Pointless all satire, and misplac'd its aim,
To wound the bosom that's obdur'd to shame:
The callous heart ne'er feels the goad within;
Few dread the censure, who can dare the sin.'

Though on the culprit's cheek no blush should
Still let me mark him to mankind a foe: [glow,
Strike but the deer, however slight the wound,
It serves at least to drive him from the sound.
Shall reptile sinners frowning justice fear,
And pageant titles privilege the peer?
So falls the humbler game in common fields,
While the branch'd beast the royal forest shields.
On, Satire, then! pursue thy generous plan,
And wind the vice, regardless of the man.
Rouse, rouse! the ennobled herd for public sport,
And hunt them through the covert of a court.

Just as the player the mimic portrait draws,
All claim a right of censure or applause:
What guards the placeman from an equal fate,
Who mounts but actor on the stage of state?
Subject alike to each man's praise and blame,
Each critic voice the fiat of his fame;
Though to the private some respect we pay,
All public characters are public prey:
Pelham and Garrick, let the verse forbear,
What sanctifies the treasurer or play'r

Great in her laurell'd sages Athens see,
 Free flow'd her satire while her sons were free :
 Then purpled guilt was drag'd to public shame,
 And each offence stood flagrant with a name ;
 Polluted ermine no respect could win,
 No hallow'd lawn could sanctify a sin ;
 Till tyrant power usurp'd a lawless rule :
 Then sacred grew the titled knave and fool ;
 Then penal statutes aw'd the poignant song,
 And slaves were taught, that kings could do no
 wrong.

Guilt still is guilt, to me, in slave or king,
 Fetter'd in cells, or garter'd in the ring :
 And yet behold how various the reward,
 Wild falls a felon, Walpole mounts a lord !
 The little knave the law's last tribute pays,
 While crowns around the great-one's chariot blaze.
 Blaze, meteors, blaze ! to me is still the same
 The cart of justice, or the coach of shame.

Say, what's nobility, ye gilded train !
 Does nature give it, or can guilt sustain ?
 Blooms the form fairer, if the birth be high ?
 Or takes the vital stream a richer dye ?
 What ! though a long patrician line ye claim,
 Are noble souls entail'd upon a name ?
 Anstis may ermine out the lordly earth,
 Virtue's the herald that proclaims its worth.

Hence mark the radiance of a Stanhope's star,
 And glow-worm glitter of thine, D***r :
 Ignoble splendour ! that but shines to all,
 The humble badge of a court hospital.
 Let lofty L**r wave his nodding plume,
 Boast all the blushing honours of the loom,

Resplendent bondage no regard can bring,
'Tis Methuen's heart must dignify the string.

Vice levels all, however high or low ;
And all the difference but consists in show.
Who asks an alms, or supplicates a place,
Alike is beggar, though in rags or lace :
Alike his country's scandal and its curse,
Who vends a vote, or who purloins a purse ;
They gamblers, Bridewell, and St. James's bites,
The rooks of Mordington's, and sharks at White's.

' Why will you urge,' Eugenio cries, ' your fate ?
Affords the town no sins, but sins of state ?
Perches vice only on the court's high hill ?
Or yields life's vale no quarry for the quill ?
Manners, like fashions, still from courts descend,
And what the great begin, the vulgar end.
If vicious then the mode, correct it here ;
He saves the peasant, who reforms the peer.
What Hounslow-knight would stray from honour's
If guided by a brother of the Bath ? [path,

Honour's a mistress all mankind pursue ;
Yet most mistake the false one for the true :
Lur'd by the trappings, dazzled by the paint,
We worship oft the idol for the saint.
Courted by all, by few the fair is won ;
Those lose who seek her, and those gain who shun,
Naked she flies to merit in distress,
And leaves to courts the garnish of her dress.

The million'd merchant seeks her in his gold ;
In schools the pedant, and in camps the bold :
The courtier views her, with admiring eyes,
Flutter in ribbons, or in titles rise :
Sir Epicene enjoys her in his plume ;
Mead, in the learned wainscot of a room :

By various ways all woo the modest maid ;
Yet lose the substance, grasping at the shade.

Who, smiling, sees not with what various strife
Man blindly runs the giddy maze of life ?
To the same end still different means employs ;
This builds a church, a temple that destroys ;
Both anxious to obtain a deathless name,
Yet, erring, both mistake report for fame.

Report, though vulture-like the name it bear,
Drags but the carrion-carcass through the air ;
While fame, Jove's nobler bird, superior flies,
And, soaring, mounts the mortal to the skies.
So Richard's ³ name to distant ages borne,
Unhappy Richard still is Britain's scorn :
Be Edward's wafted on fame's eagle wing,
Each patriot mourns the long-departed king ;
Yet thine, O Edward ! shall to George's ⁴ yield,
And Dettingen eclipse a Cressy's field.

Through life's wild ocean, who would safely roam,
And bring the golden fleece of glory home,
Must, heedful, shun the barking Scylla's roar,
And fell Charybdis' all-devouring shore ;
With steady helm an equal course support,
'Twixt faction's rocks, and quicksands of a court ;
By virtue's beacon still direct his aim,
Through honour's channel, to the port of fame.

Yet, on this sea, how all mankind are lost !
For one that's sav'd, what multitudes are lost !
Misguided by ambition's treacherous light,
Through want of skill, few make the harbour right.

Hence mark what wrecks of virtue, friendship,
For four dead letters added to a name ! [fame,

³ Richard the Second,

⁴ George the Second.

Whence dwells such syren music in a word,
Or sounds not Brutus noble as my lord?
Though crownets, Pulteney, blazen on thy plate,
Adds the base mark one scruple to its weight?
Thongh sounds patrician swell thy name, O Sandys!
Stretches one acre thy plebeian lands?
Say, the proud title meant to plume the son,
Why gain by guilt, what virtue might have won?
Vain shall the son his herald honours trace,
Whose parent peer's but patriot in disgrace.

Vain, on the solemn head of hoary age
Totters the mitre, if ambition's rage
To mammon-power the hallow'd heart incline,
And titles only mark the priest divine.
Bless'd race! to whom the golden age remains,
Ease without care, and plenty without pains:
For you the earth unlabour'd treasure yields,
And the rich sheaves spontaneous crown the fields:
No toilsome dews pollute the reverend brow,
Each holy hand unharden'd by the plough:
Still burst the sacred garners with their store,
And flails, unceasing, thunder on the floor.

O bounteous heaven! yet heaven how seldom shares
The tytheful tribute of the prelate's pray'rs!
Lost to the stall, in senates still they nod,
And all the monarch steals them from the god:
Thy praises, Brunswick, every breast inspire,
The throne their altar, and the court their choir;
Here earliest incense they devoutly bring,
Here everlasting hallelujahs sing:
Thou! only thou! almighty to—translate,
Thou their great golden deity of state.

Who seeks on merit's stock to graft success,
In vain invokes the ray of power to bless:

The stem, too stubborn for the courtly soil,
 With barren branches mocks the virtuous toil,
 More pliant plants the royal regions suit,
 Where knowledge still is held forbidden fruit ;
 'Tis these alone the kindly nurture share,
 And all Hesperia's golden treasures bear.

Let folly still be fortune's fondling heir,
 And science meet a step-dame in the fair.
 Let courts, like fortune, disinherit sense,
 And take the idiot charge from Providence.
 The idiot head the cap and bells may fit,
 But how disguise a Lyttelton and Pitt?

O, once-lov'd youths ! Britannia's blooming hope,
 Fair freedom's twins, and once the theme of Pope ;
 What wondering senates on your accents hung,
 Ere flattery's poison chill'd the patriot tongue !
 Rome's sacred thunder awes no more the ear ;
 But Pelham smiles, who trembled once to hear.

Say, whence this change ? less galling is the
 chain,
 Though Walpole, Carteret, or a Pelham reign ?
 If senates still the poisonous bane imbibe,
 And every palm grows callous with the bribe ;
 If seven long years mature the venal voice,
 While freedom mourns her long-defrauded choice ;
 If justice waves o'er fraud a lenient hand,
 And the red locust rages through the land.

Sunk in these bonds, to Britain what avails,
 Who wields her sword, or balances her scales ?
 Veer round the compass, change to change succeed,
 By every son the mother now must bleed :
 Vain all her hosts, on foreign shores array'd,
 Though lost by Wentworth, or preserv'd by Wade.

Fleets, once which spread through distant worlds
her name!

Now ride inglorious trophies of her shame⁵ ;
While fading laurels shade her drooping head,
And mark her Burleighs, Blakes, and Marlboroughs
dead.

Such were thy sons, O happy isle ! of old,
In counsel prudent, and in action bold :
Now view a Pelham puzzling o'er thy fate,
Lost in the maze of a perplex'd debate ;
And sage Newcastle, with fraternal skill,
Guard the nice conduct of a nation's quill :
See truncheons trembling in the coward-hand,
Though bold rebellion half subdue the land ;
While ocean's god, indignant, wrests again
The long-deputed trident of the main⁶.

Sleep our last heroes in the silent tomb?
Why spring no future worthies from the womb?
Not nature sure, since nature's still the same,
But education bars the road to fame.
Who hopes for wisdom's crop, must till the soul,
And virtue's early lesson should control :
To the young breast who valour would impart,
Must plant it by example in the heart.

Ere Britain fell to mimic modes a prey,
And took the foreign polish of our day,

⁵ Alluding to the ever memorable no-fight in the Mediterranean, As the nation was unluckily the only victim on that occasion, the lenity of our aquarian judicature has, I think, evidently proved, that a court-martial and a martial-court are by no means synonymous terms.

⁶ These lines were written before Admirals Anson and Warren had so eminently distinguished themselves in the service of their country.

Train'd to the martial labours of the field,
Our youth were taught the massy spear to wield ;
In halcyon peace, beneath whose downy wings
The merchant smiles, and labouring peasant sings ;
With civil arts to guard their country's cause,
Direct her counsels, and defend her laws :
Hence a long race of ancient worthies rose,
Adorn'd the land, and triumph'd o'er our foes,

Ye sacred shades ! who through the' Elysian grove
With Rome's fam'd chiefs and Grecian sages rove,
Blush to behold what arts your offspring grace !
Each fopling heir now marks his sire's disgrace ;
An embryo breed ! of such a doubtful frame,
You scarce could know the sex, but by the name :
Fraught with the native follies of his home,
Torn from the nurse, the babe of birth must roam :
Through foreign climes exotic vice explore,
And pull each weed, regardless of the flow'r.
Proud of thy spoils, O Italy and France !
The soft enervate strain, and capering dance :
From Sequan's streams, and winding banks of Po,
He comes, ye gods ! an all-accomplish'd beau !
Unhumaniz'd in dress, with cheek so wan !
He mocks God's image in the mimic man ;
Great judge of arts ! o'er toilets now presides,
Corrects our fashions, or an opera guides ;
From tyrant Handel rends the' imperial bay,
And guards the Magna Charta of—Sol-fa.

Sick of a land where virtue dwells no more,
See liberty prepar'd to quit our shore !
Pruning her pinions, on yon beacon'd height
The goddess stands, and meditates her flight ;
Now spreads her wings, unwilling yet to fly,
Again o'er Britain casts a pitying eye :

Loth to depart, methinks I hear her say,
‘ Why urge me thus, ungrateful isle, away !
For you, I left Achaia’s happy plains,
For you, resign’d my Romans to their chains ;
Here fondly fix’d my last lov’d favourite seat,
And midst the mighty nations made thee great :
Why urge me then, ungrateful isle, away !’
Again she, sighing, says or seems to say :

‘ O Stanhope⁷ ! skill’d in every moving art,
That charms the ear, or captivates the heart !
Be yours the task, the goddess to retain,
And call her parent virtue back again ;
Improve your power a sinking land to save,
And vindicate the servant from the slave :
O ! teach the vassal courtier how to share
The royal favour with the public pray’r :
Like Latium’s genius⁸ stem thy country’s doom,
And, though a Cæsar smile, remember Rome ;
With all the patriot dignify the place,
And prove at least one statesman may have grace.’

⁷ Earl of Chesterfield.

⁸ Brutus.

AN

EPISTLE TO DOCTOR THOMPSON¹.

1755.

Sed quia mente minus validus, quam corpore toto,
Nil audire velim, nil discere, quod levet ægrum,
Fidis offendar medicis. ——————

HOR.

WHY do you ask, ‘ that in this courtly dance,
Of in and out, it ne’er was yet my chance,
To bask beneath a statesman’s fostering smile,
And share the plunder of the public spoil?’

E’er wants my table the health-cheering meal,
With Bansted mutton erown’d, or Essex veal?
Smoke not from Lincoln meads the stately loin,
Or rosy gammon of Hantonian swine?
From Dorking’s roosts the feather’d victims bleed,
And Thames still wafts me ocean’s scaly breed.
Though Gallia’s vines their costly juice deny,
Still Tajo’s² banks the jocund glass supply;

¹ Dr. Thompson was one of the physicians to Frederick Prince of Wales, in that disorder which ended his life. Upon that occasion the doctor differed from all the physicians that attended his Highness, which brought upon him their most virulent rage and indignation; for, the Prince dying, the world was inclined to favour Doctor Thompson’s recommendations. He was a man of a peculiar character; but learned, and ingenuous.

² The Tagus—a principal river of Portugal, famous for golden sauds.

‘ Qua Tagus auriferis pallet turbatus arenis.’

Sil.xvi. 559.

Still distant worlds nectareous treasures roll,
 And either India sparkles in my bowl ;
 Or Devon's boughs, or Dorset's bearded fields,
 To Britain's arms a British beverage yields.

Rich in these gifts, why should I wish for more ?
 Why barter conscience for superfluous store ?
 Or haunt the levee of a purse-proud peer,
 To rob poor Fielding of the eurale chair ³?
 Let the lean bard, whose belly, void of bread,
 Puffs up Pierian vapours to his head,
 In birth-day odes his flimsy fustian vent,
 And torture truth into a compliment ;
 Wear out the knocker of a great man's door ;
 Be pimp and poet, furnish rhyme or whore ;
 Or fetch and carry for some foolish lord,
 To sneak—a sitting footman at his board.
 If such the arts that captivate the great,
 Be yours, ye bards ! the sunshine of a state ;
 For place or pension prostitute each line ;
 Make gods of kings, and ministers divine ;
 Swear St. John's self could neither read nor write,
 And Cumberland out-bravos Mars in fight ;

³ It is reported, that during the time Mr. Addison was secretary of state, when his old friend and ally Ambrose Philips applied to him for some preferment, the great man very coolly answered, that ‘ He thought he had already provided for him, by making him justice for Westminster.’ To which the bard, with some indignation, replied, ‘ Though poetry was a trade he could not live by, yet he scorned to owe his subsistence to another, which he ought not to live by.’ However great men, in our days, may practise the secretary’s prudence, certain it is, the person here pointed at was very far from making a precedent of his brother poet’s principles.

Call Dorset patriot, Willes⁴ a legal tool,
Horace⁵ a wit, and Dodington a fool.
Such be your venal task, whilst, bless'd with ease,
'Tis mine to scribble when and what I please.

‘Hold! what you please? (Sir Dudley cries) my
Say, must my labours never, never end?⁶ [friend,
Still doom'd 'gainst wicked wit my pen to draw,
Correct each bard by critic rules of law;
'Twixt guilt and shame the legal buckler place,
And guard each courtly culprit from disgrace?
Hard task! should future jurymen inherit
The city-twelve's self-judging British spirit⁶.⁷

While you, my Thompson! spite of med'cine save,
Mark how the college peoples every grave!
See Mead transfer estates from sire to son,
And * * bar succession to a throne⁷.
See Shaw scarce leave the passing-bell a fee,
And N **'s set the captive husband free!

⁴ Lord High Admiral Willes—a title, by which this excellent chief magistrate was often distinguished among our marine, for his spirited vindication of the supremacy of the civil flag, and rectifying the martial mistakes of some naval tribunals.

⁵ A certain modern of that name, whose sole pretension to this character (except a little arch buffoonery) consists in a truly poetical negligence of his person.

⁶ Alluding to the constitutional verdict given on the trial of William Owen for publishing ‘The case of the Honourable Alexander Murray, Esq.’—a pamphlet written by P. Whitehead.

⁷ This line furnishes a melancholy memento of the most fatal catastrophe that perhaps ever befel this nation. Among the various tributary verses which flowed on that occasion, our author wrote the following; and which he here takes the liberty to insert, being willing to seize every opportunity, to

Though widow'd Julia giggles in her weed,
 Yet who arraigns the doctor for the deed?
 O'er life and death all absolute his will,
 Right the prescription, whether cure or kill.

Not so,—whose practice is the mind's disease;
 His potion must not only cure, but please;
 Apply the caustic to the callous heart,
 Undone's the doctor, if the patient smart;
 Superior pow'rs his mental bill control,
 And law corrects the physic of the soul⁸.
 Shall Galen's sons with privilege destroy,
 And I not one sound alt'rative employ,

perpetuate his sense of our public loss, in the death of that
 truly patriot prince, Frederic.

When Jove, late revolving the state of mankind,
 'Mong Britons no traces of virtue could find,
 O'er the island, indignant, he stretch'd forth his rod;
 Earth trembled, and ocean acknowledg'd the God*,
 Still provok'd by our crimes, Heaven's vengeance to show,
 Ammon, grasping his bolts, aim'd at Britain the blow;
 But pausing—more dreadful, his wrath to evince,
 Threw the thunder aside, and sent fate for the Prince.

* A like correction, with regard to the physic of the body, might prove no bad security for the life and property of the patient, as the faculty are at present accountable to no other power but that of heaven, for the rectitude of their conduct. And, perhaps, no civilized nation can afford such an instance of physical anarchy as ours, where the surgeon is permitted to usurp the province of the physician, and the apothecary plumes himself in the periwig and plunder of both professions.—In a public-spirited endeavour to cure this anarchy and restore a proper discipline in practice, consists a Thompson's empiricism.—‘*Hinc illæ lachrymae.*’—

* Alluding to the preceding earthquakes, in 1750.

To drive the rank distemper from within?
Or is man's life less precious than his sin?

With palsied hand should justice hold the scale,
And o'er a judge court-complaisance prevail,
Satire's strong dose the malady requires :
I write—when, lo ! the bench indignant fires ;
Each hoary head erects its load of hair ;
Their fns all bristle, and their eye-balls glare ;
In rage they roar, ‘ With reverend ermine sport !
Seize ! seize him, Tipstaff ! — ’Tis contempt of court.’

Led by the meteor of a mitre's ray,
If Sion's sons through paths unballow'd stray,
For courtly rites neglect each rubrie rule,
Quit all the saint, and truckle all the tool ;
Their Maker only in the monarch see,
Nor e'er omit, at Brunswick's name, the knee ;
To cure this loyal lethargy of grace,
And rouse to heaven again his recreant race,
Say ! should the muse, with one irreverend line,
Probe bnt the mortal part of the divine ;
’Tis blasphemy, by every priest decreed !
No benefit of clergy may I plead ;
With every cannon ⁹ pointed at my head,
Alive I'm censur'd, and I'm dann'd when dead.

Lawyer and priest, like doctors, still agree ;
’Tis theirs to give advice ; ’tis ours the fee :
To them alone all earthly rule is giyen,
Diploma'd from St. James's, and from heaven.

Yet ill's there are, nor bench, nor pulpit reach ;
In vain may Ryder charge, or Sherlock preach ;

⁹ A certain piece of spiritual ordnance, which was formerly played off with great execution by our church-militant; but at present no otherwise terrible, than in its fulminating explosion.

For law too mighty, and too proud for grace,
 Lurk in the star, or lord it in a place ;
 Brood in the sacred circle of a crown,
 While fashion wafts their poison through the town :
 Hence o'er each village the contagion wings,
 And peasants catch the maladies of kings.

When purpled vice shall humble justice awe,
 And fashion make it current, spite of law ;
 What sovereign med'cine can its course reclaim ?
 What, but the poet's panacea—shame !
 Thus wit's great *Esculapius*¹⁰ once prevail'd,
 And satire triumph'd, where the fasces fail'd :
 No consul's wreath could lurking folly hide,
 No vestal looks secure the guilty bride ;
 The poignant verse pierc'd through each fair disgnise,
 And made Rome's matrons modest, statesmen wise.

Search all your statutes, serjeant ! where's the
 Can cure the itching of a courtier's palm ? [balm
 Where the chaste canon, say, thou hallow'd sage,
 The virgin's glowing wishes can assuage ?
 Let but the star his longing lordship see,
 What power can set the captive conscience free ?
 Hang but the sparkling pendant at her ears,
 What trembling maid the generous lover fears ?

By names celestial, mortal females call ;
 Angels they are, but angels in their fall.
 One royal *Phœnix*¹¹ yet redeems the race,
 And proves, in Britain, beauty may have grace.

Vain shall the muse the various symptoms find,
 When every doctor's of a different mind.

¹⁰ Horatius Flaccus.

¹¹ Princess of Wales, mother of his present majesty George III.

In * * 's palm, be foul corruption found,
 Each court-empiric holds, his grace is sound ;
 In Sackville's ¹² breast let public spirit reign,
 ' Blisters ! (they cry) the cause is in his brain !'
 So, Talbot's want of place is want of sense,
 And Dashwood's ¹³ stubborn virtue, downright insolence.

When ills are thus just what the doctors please,
 And the soul's health is held the mind's disease ;
 Not all thy art, O Horace ! had prevail'd ;
 Here, all thy Roman recipes ¹⁴ had fail'd.

Had fate to Flaccus but our days decreed,
 What Pollio would admire ? what Cæsar read ?
 Great Maro's ¹⁵ self had died an humble swain,
 And Terence sought a Lælius now in vain.
 Science no more employs the courtier's care,
 No muse's voice can charm Northumberland's ear.
 The solid vote aërial verse outweighs,
 And wins all courtly favour from the bays ;
 Hence flow alone the sacred gifts of kings,
 Staves, truncheons, feathers, mitres, stars, and
 strings.

Hence cradles, see ! with lisping statesmen spawn,
 And infant limbs beswaddled in the lawn ;
 While honest Boyle ¹⁶, too impotent for place,
 Sets, in meridian glory of disgrace :
 Nor all the patriot music of Malone
 Can charm a court, like Sackville, or like Stone ;

¹² See a proposal for a militia, published by Lord Middlesex.

¹³ Sir Francis Dashwood, afterwards Lord Le Despenser, the patron of our author.

¹⁴ Satires.

¹⁵ Virgil.

¹⁶ Lord Orrery.

Bless'd twins of state ! whom love and power
conjoin,
Like Leda's offspring, made by Jove divine ;
Fix'd in Hibernia's hemisphere to rule,
And shed your influence o'er each knave and fool ¹⁷.

Whilst the sad summons of the mortar's knell
The rival deeds of each diploma tell ;
And death's increasing muster-rolls declare,
That health and Thompson are no longer here ;
How shall the muse this salutation send ?
What place enjoys thee ? or what happier friend ?
Say, if in Eastbury's ¹⁸ majestic towers,
Or wrapt in Ashley's ¹⁹ amaranthine bowers,
By friendship favour'd, and unaw'd by state,
You barter science with the wise and great :
O'er Pelham's politics in judgment sit,
Reform the laws of nations, or of wit :
With Attic zest enrich the social bowl,
Crack joke on joke, and mingle soul with soul ;
On laughter's wanton wing now frolic sport,
Nor envy Fox ²⁰ the closet of a court.

Lost in this darling luxury of ease,
Alike regardless both of faine and fees,

¹⁷ As our author lamented the occasion of these lines, so no one more sincerely rejoices to find, that the beam of public spirit is likely to dispel the clouds which had interposed between loyalty and patriotism—A new political Star in our days, and which some more Eastern Magi would do well to follow.

¹⁸ A seat belonging to George Dodington, Esq. afterwards Lord Melcombe.

¹⁹ Another belonging to Lord Middlesex.

²⁰ Lord Holland.

' Let Shaw (you cry) o'er physic sovereign reign,
Or W** boast his hecatombs of slain :

Be mine, to stay some friend's departing breath,
And Child's²¹ may take the drudgery of death.'

Yet, Thompson ! say (whose gift it is to save,
Make sickness smile, and rescue from the grave)
Say, to what end this healing power was meant?
Nor hide the talent, which by heaven is lent.
Though envy all her hissing serpents raise,
And join with happy fraud to blast thy bays ;
Shall wan disease in vain demand thy skill,
While health but waits the summons of your quill ?
Shall Egypt's plague²² the virgin cheek invade,
And beauty's wreck not win thee to its aid ?
O ! stretch a saving hand, and let the fair
Owe all her future triumphs to thy care ;
Resume the pen ! and be thyself, once more,
What Ratcliff, Friend, and Sydenham were before.

Yet, when reviving patients set you free,
Let Vaughan²³ yield one social hour to me.
Come then, my friend ! if friendship's name can woo,
Come ! bring me all I want, that all in you.

²¹ A coffee-house noted for the resort of our modern Esculapics, where they ply for those patients the apothecary is pleased to consign over to them ; and where another appendage to physic (called the undertakers) never fails to attend the physical levee, in order to receive the lucrative news of their joint-endeavours.

²² The small-pox, said to have first appeared at Alexandria.

²³ Owen Evan Vaughan, Esq. of Bodidris Castle ; a gentleman, in whose friendship the doctor and our author particularly pride themselves.

If rural scenes have still the power to please,
 Flocks, vallies, hills, streams, villas, cots, and trees;
 Here all in one harmonious prospect blend,
 And landscapes rise, scarce Lambert's²⁴ art can
 mend.

Thames, made immortal by her Denham's strains,
 Meandering glides through Twickenham's flowery
 plains;

While royal Richmond's cloud-aspiring wood
 Pours all its pendent pomp upon the flood.
 By Rome's proud dames let storied Tiber flow,
 And all Palladio grace the banks of Po;
 Here nature's charms in purer lustre rise,
 Nor seek from wanton art her vain supplies.

Lo! Windsor, reverend in a length of years,
 Like Cybele, her tower-crown'd summit rears;
 And Hampton's turrets, with majestic pride,
 Reflect their glories in the passing tide:
 There British Henrys gave to Gallia law;
 Here bloom'd the laurels of a great Nassau²⁵.
 O! could these scenes one monarch more but please,
 No frozen climates, no tempestuous seas,
 For Brunswick's weal alarming fears should bring;
 Nor Britain envy meaner courts her king.

Here Campbell's²⁶ varied shades with wonder see,
 Like heaven's own Eden, stor'd with every tree;
 Each plant with plant in verdant glory vies;
 High-towering pines, like Titans, scale the skies;
 And Lebanon's rich groves on Hounslow's deserts }
 rise.

²⁴ A landscape-painter, then much celebrated.

²⁵ William the Third.

²⁶ Duke of Argyle, celebrated as a warrior and a statesman.

But chief—with awful step, O! let us stray,
 Where Britain's Orpheus tun'd his sacred lay,
 Whose grove enchanted from his numbers grew,
 And proves, what once was fabled, now is true.
 Here oft the bard with Arbuthnot retir'd ;
 Here flow'd the verse his healing art inspir'd ²⁷ :
 Alike thy merit like thy fame should rise,
 Could friendship give, what feeble art denies :
 Though Pope's immortal verse the gods refuse,
 Accept this offering from an humbler muse.
 Weak though her flight, yet honest still her strain,
 And what no minister could ever gain :
 Pleas'd if the grateful tribute of her song,
 Thy merit, Thompson ! shall one day prolong.

In marshall'd slaves let hungry princes trade,,
 And Britain's bullion bribe their venal aid ²⁸ ;
 Let brave Bosawen trophied honours gain,
 And Anson wield the trident of the main.
 Safe, in the harbour of my Twickenham ²⁹ bower,
 From all the wrecks of state, or storms of power ;
 No wreaths I court, no subsidies I claim,
 Too rich for want, too indolent for fame.
 Whilst here with vice a bloodless war I wage,
 Or lash the follies of a trifling age,

²⁷ Pope's epistle to Arbuthnot.

²⁸ Alluding to a modern kind of military traffic which consists in the exchange of British gold for German valour, and by which means, it is presumed, our politicians intend the native wants of either party shall be reciprocally supplied.

²⁹ He had a neat villa, in the style of a chateau, on the north side of Twickenham Common, sacred to the muses. It was afterwards inhabited by Lady Bridget Tollemache, daughter of the late Lord Northington.

Each gay-plum'd hour, upon its downy wings,
The Hybla freight of rich contentment brings :
Health, rosy handmaid, at my table waits,
And halcyon peace broods watchful o'er my gates.

Here oft, on contemplation's pinion bore,
To heaven I mount, and nature's works explore ;
Or, led by reason's intellectual clue,
Through error's maze, truth's secret steps pursue ;
View ages past in story's mirror shown,
And make time's mouldering treasures all my own ;
Or here the muse now steals me from the throng,
And wraps me in the enchantment of her song.

Thus flow, and thus for ever flow ! my days
Unaw'd by censure, or unbrib'd by praise ;
No friend to faction, and no dupe to zeal ;
Foe to all party, but the public weal.
Why then, from every venal bondage free,
Courts have no glittering shackles left for me :
My reasons, Thompson ! prithee ask no more ;
Take them, as Oxford's Flaccus sung before³⁰.

' My ease and freedom if for aught I vend,
Would not you cry, "To Bedlam, Bedlam, friend!"
But to speak out—shall what could ne'er engage
My frailer youth, now captivate in age ?
What cares can vex, what terrors frightful be,
To him whose shield is hoary sixty-three ?
When life itself so little worth appears,
That ministers can give no hopes or fears ;
Although grown grey within my humbler gate,
I ne'er kiss'd hands, or trod the rooms of state ;
Yet not unhonour'd have I liv'd, and bless'd
With rich convenience, careless of the rest ;
What boon more grateful can the gods bestow,
On those avow'd their favourite sons below ?'

³⁰ See conclusion of Dr. King's *Apology*.

VERSES,

DROPPED IN MR. GARRICK'S TEMPLE OF
SHAKSPEARE.

WHILE here to Shakspeare¹ Garrick pays
 His tributary thanks and praise ;
 Invokes the animated stone,
 To make the poet's mind his own ;
 That he each character may trace
 With humour, dignity, and grace ;
 And mark, unerring mark, to men,
 The rich creation of his pen ;

Prefer'd the pray'r—the marble god
 Methinks I see, assenting, nod,
 And, pointing to his laurell'd brow,
 Cry—‘ Half this wreath to you I owe :
 Lost to the stage, and lost to fame ;
 Murder'd my scenes, scarce known my name ;
 Sunk in oblivion and disgrace
 Among the common, scribbling race,
 Unnotic'd long thy Shakspeare lay,
 To dullness, and to time, a prey :
 But now I rise, I breathe, I live
 In you—my representative !
 Again the hero's breast I fire,
 Again the tender sigh inspire ;
 Each side, again, with laughter shake,
 And teach the villain-heart to quake ;

¹ The statue of Shakspeare, in the temple dedicated to the bard by Mr. Garrick, in his garden at Hampton, was the work of that able and ingenious master, Roubiliac.

All this, my son! again I do—
I?—No, my son!—'Tis I and you.'

While thus the grateful statue speaks,
A blush o'erspreads the suppliant's cheeks—
‘ What!—Half this wreath, wit's mighty chief?
O grant (he cries) one single leaf;
That far o'erpays his humble merit,
Who's but the organ of thy spirit.’

Phœbus the generous contest heard—
When thus the god address'd the bard :
‘ Here, take this laurel from my brow,
On him your mortal wreath bestow ;—
Each matchless, each the palm shall bear,
In heaven the bard, on earth the play'r.’

CUPID BAFFLED.

DIANA, hunting on a day,
Beheld where Cupid sleeping lay,
 His quiver by his head :
One of his darts she stole away,
And one of her's did close convey
 Into the other's stead.

When next the archer through the grove,
In search of prey, did wanton rove,
 Anrelia fair he spied ;
Aurelia, who to Damon's pray'r
Disdain'd to lend a tender ear,
 And Cupid's power defied.

Soon a's he ey'd the rebel maid ;
‘ Now know my pow'r !’ enrag'd, he said ;

Tben levell'd at her heart :
 Full to the head the shaft he drew ;
 But harmless to her breast it flew,
 For, lo !—'twas Dian's dart.

Exulting, then the fair-one cried,
 ' Fond urchin lay your bow aside ;
 Your quiver be unbonnd :
 Would you Aurelia's heart subdue,
 Thy plaything arrows ne'er will do ;
 Bid Damon give the wound.'

DEATH AND THE DOCTOR.

'TWIXT Death and Schomberg, t' other day,
 A contest did arise ;
 Death swore his prize he'd bear away ;
 The doctor death defies.

Enrag'd to hear his power defied,
 Death drew his keenest dart ;
 But, wondering, saw it glance aside,
 And miss the vital part.

TO DR. SCHOMBERG,
OF BATH.

To Schomberg quoth Death, ‘ I your patient will have ;’
To Death replied Schomberg, ‘ My patient I’ll save.’
Then Death seiz’d his arrow, the Doctor his pen,
And each wound the one gave, t’other heal’d it again ;
Till Death swore he never had met such defiance,
Since he and the college had been in alliance.

VERSES

INSCRIBED ON A MONUMENT, CALLED ‘ THE TOMB
OF CARE,’

In the Garden of the late John Rich, Esq. at Cowley in Middlesex; whereon three beautiful Boys are covering a Funeral Urn with a Veil of Flowers.

WHY, busy boys, why thus entwine
The flowery veil around this shrine ?
As if, for halcyon days like these,
The sight too solemn were to please :
Mistaken boys ! what sight’s so fair—
To mortals, as the Tomb of Care ?
Here let the gloomy tyrant lie ;
His urn an altar shall supply,
Sacred to ease and social mirth ;
For Care’s decease is Pleasure’s birth.

THE EPITAPH

(IN LETTERS OF BRASS, INSERTED BY A FEMALE FIGURE REPRESENTING HISTORY) ON A MARBLE PYRAMID OF THE MONUMENT OF JOHN DUKE OF ARGYLL.

BRITON, behold, if patriot worth be dear,
 A shrine that claims thy tributary tear!
 Silent that tongue admiring senates heard,
 Nerveless that arm opposing legions fear'd!
 Nor less, O Campbell! thine the pow'r to please,
 And give to grandeur all the grace of ease.
 Long, from thy life, let kindred heroes trace
 Arts which enoble still the noblest race—
 Others may owe their future fame to me ;
 I borrow immortality from thee.

Westminster-Abbey.

P. WHITEHEAD.

VERSES

ON THE NAME OF P. WHITEHEAD,

*Subscribed to the above Inscription, being removed thence
 some time after the Monument was erected.*

O'ER the tombs as pale Envy was hovering around,
 The manes of each hallow'd hero to wound ;
 On Argyll's, when she saw only truth was related
 Of him, whom alive she most mortally hated,
 And finding the record adopted by fame,
 In revenge to the poet—she gnaw'd out his name.

*VERSES ON MR. BROOKE,**ON THE REFUSAL OF A LICENCE TO HIS PLAY OF
GUSTAVUS VASA.*

WHILE Athens glory'd in her free-born race,
And science flourish'd round her favourite place,
The muse unfetter'd trod the Grecian stage ;
Free were her pinions, unrestrain'd her rage :
Bold and secure she aim'd the pointed dart,
And pour'd the precept poignant to the heart,
Till dire dominion stretch'd her lawless sway,
And Athens' sons were destin'd to obey ;
Then, first, the stage a licens'd bondage knew,
And tyrants quash'd the scene they fear'd to view :
Fair freedom's voice no more was heard to charm,
Or liberty the Attic audience warm.

Then fled the muse, indignant, from the shore,
Nor deign'd to dwell where freedom was no more :
Vain then, alas ! she sought Britannia's isle,
Charm'd with her voice, and cheer'd us with her
smile.

If Gallic laws her generous flight restrain,
And bind her captive with the ignoble chain ;
Bold and unlicens'd, in Eliza's days,
Free flow'd her numbers, flourish'd fair her bays ;
O'er Britain's stage majestic, unconfin'd,
She tun'd her patriot lessons to mankind ;
For mighty heroes ransack'd every age,
Then beam'd them glorious in her Shakspeare's page.

Shakspeare's no more ! lost was the poet's name,
Till thou, my friend, my genius, sprung to fame ;

Lur'd by his laurel's never-fading bloom,
You boldly snatch'd the trophy from his tomb,
Taught the declining muse again to soar,
And to Britannia gave one poet more.

Pleas'd, in thy lays we see Gustavus live ;
But, O Gustavus ! if thou canst, forgive
Britons, more savage than the tyrant Dane,
Beneath whose yoke you drew the galling chain ;
Degenerate Britons, by thy worth dismay'd,
Profane thy glories, and proscribe thy shade.

SELECT POEMS

OF

JOHN BROWN, D. D.

2173 OCT 10 1978

— AL AL MURRAY TALKS

JOHN BROWN, D. D.

THE CURE OF SAUL.

A SACRED ODE.

'VENGEANCE, arise from thy infernal bed;
And pour thy tempest on his guilty head !'

Thus heaven's decree, in thunder's sound,
Shook the dark abyss profound.—

The unchain'd furies come !

Pale melancholy stalks from hell :

The abortive offspring of her womb,
Despair and anguish, round her yell.

By sleepless terror Saul possess'd,

Deep feels the fiend within his tortur'd breast,

Midnight spectres round him howl :

Before his eyes

In troops they rise :

And seas of horror overwhelm his soul.

Haste ! to Jesse's son repair ;

He best can sweep the lyre,

Wake the solemn-sounding air,

And lead the vocal choir :

On every string soft-breathing raptures dwell,

To soothe the throbings of the troubled breast ;

Whose magic voice can bid the tides of passion swell,

Or lull the raging storm to rest.

Sunk on his couch, and loathing day,
 The heaven-forsaken monarch lay :
To the sad couch the Shepherd now drew near ;
 And while the' obedient choir stood round,
Prepar'd to catch the soul-commanding sound,
 He drop'd a generous tear.—
Thy pitying aid, O God ! impart !
For lo, thy poison'd arrows drink his heart !

The mighty song from chaos rose.—
' Around his throne the formless atoms sleep,
And drowsy darkness broods upon the deep.—
 Confusion, wake !
Bid the realms of chaos shake !
 Rouse him from his dread repose !
Hark ! loud discord breaks her chain :
The hostile atom's clash with deafening roar :
Her hoarse voice thunders through the drear do-
 main ;
And kindles every element to war.—
 " Tumult cease !
 Sink to peace !
Let there be light!"—the' Almighty said :
 And lo, the radiant sun,
 Flaming from his orient bed,
 His endless course begun,
 See, the twinkling pleiads rise :
Thy star, Orion, reddens in the skies :
 While slow around the northern plain
 Arcturus wheels his nightly wane.

" Thy glories, too, resplendent moon ! he sung,
 Thy mystic mazes, and thy changeful ray :
 O fairest of the starry throng !

Thy solemn orb of light
 Guides the triumphant car of night
 O'er silver clouds, and sheds a softer day !

‘ Ye planets, and each circling constellation,
 In songs harmonious tell your generation !
 Oh, while yon radiant seraph turns the spheres,
 And on the stedfast pole-star stands sublime ;
 Wheel your rounds
 To heavenly sounds ;
 And soothe his song-enchanted ears
 With your celestial chime.’

In dumb surprise the listening monarch lay ;
 (His woe suspended by sweet music's sway !)
 And, awe-struck, with uplifted eye
 Mus'd on the new-born wonders of the sky.

Lead the soothing verse along :
 He feels, he feels the power of song—
 ‘ Ocean hastens to his bed :
 The labouring mountain rears his rock-encumber'd
 Down his steep and shaggy side [head :
 The torrent rolls his thundering tide ;
 Then smooth and clear, along the fertile plain
 Winds his majestic waters to the distant main.
 Flocks and herds the hills adorn :
 The lark, high-soaring, hails the morn.
 And while along yon crimson-clouded steep
 The slow sun steals into the golden deep,
 Hark ! the solemn nightingale
 Warbles to the woodland dale,
 See, descending angels shower
 Heaven's own bliss on Eden's bower ;

Peace on Nature's lap reposes ;
 Pleasure strews her guiltless roses :
 Joys divine in circles move,
 Link'd with innocence and love.

Hail, happy love, with innocence combin'd !
 All hail, ye sinless parents of mankind !

They paus'd :—the monarch, prostrate on his bed,
 Submissive, bow'd his head ;—
 Ador'd the works of boundless power divine :
 Then, anguish-struck, he cried (and smote his breast)
 ‘ Why, why is peace the welcome guest
 Of every heart but mine ?’

Now let the solemn numbers flow,
 Till he feel that guilt is woe.—

‘ Heavenly harp, in mournful strain
 O'er yon weeping bower complain :
 What sounds of bitter pangs I hear !
 What lamentations wound mine ear !

In vain, devoted pair, these tears ye shed :
 Peace with Innocence is fled.

The messengers of grace depart :
 Death glares, and shakes the dreadful dart !
 Ah, whither fly ye, by yourselves abhor'd,
 To shun that frowning cherub's fiery sword !—

Lo !

Hapless, hapless pair,
 Goaded by despair,
 Forlorn, through desert climes they go !

Wake, my lyre ! can pity sleep
 When heaven is mov'd, and angels weep !
 Flow, ye melting numbers, flow,
 Till he feel that guilt is woe.’—

The king, with pride, and shame, and anguish torn,
Shot fury from his eyes and scorn.

The glowing youth,
Bold in truth,

(So still should virtue guilty power engage)
With brow undaunted met his rage.

See, his cheek kindles into generous fire :
Stern he bends him o'er his lyre ;
And, while the doonr of guilt he sings,
Shakes horror from the tortur'd strings.

‘ What sounds of terror and distress
Rend yon howling wilderness !

The dreadful thunders sound ;
The forked lightnings flash along the ground.

Why yawns that deepening gulf below ?—

’Tis for heaven’s rebellious foe :

Fly, ye sons of Israel, fly,
Who dwells in Korah’s guilty tents must die !
They sink !—Have mercy, Lord ! Their cries
In dreadful tumult rise !

Hark from the deep their loud laments I hear !
They lessen now, and lessen on the ear !

Now destruction’s strife is o'er ;

The countless host
For ever lost !

The gulf is clos’d !—Their cries are heard no more !—

‘ But oh, my lyre, what accents can relate
Sinful man’s appointed fate !

He comes, he coines ! the’ avenging God !

Clouds and darkness round him roll :

Tremble, earth ! ye mountains, nod !

He bows the skies, and shakes the pole,

The gloomy banners of his wrath unsurl'd,
 He calls the floods, to drown a guilty world :—
 “Ruin, lift thy baleful head ;
 Rouse the guilty world from sleep :
 Lead up thy billows from their cavern'd bed,
 And burst the rocks that chain thee in the
 deep.”—

Now the' impetuous torrents rise ;
 The hoarse-ascending deluge roars :
 Down rush the cataracts from the skies ;
 The swelling waves o'erwhelm the shores.
 Just, O God, is thy decree !
 Shall guilty man contend with thee ?
 Lo, hate and envy, sea-entomb'd,
 And rage with lust in ruin sleep ;
 And scoffing luxury is doom'd
 To glut the vast and ravenous deep !—
 In vain from fate the' astonish'd remnant flies :—
 “Shrink, ye rocks ! ye oceans, rise !”—
 The tottering cliffs no more the floods control ;
 Sea following sea ingulfs the ball :
 O'er the sunk hills the watry mountains roll,
 And wide destruction swallows all :
 Now fiercer let the' impassion'd numbers glow :
 Swell the song, ye mighty choir !
 Wing your dreadful darts with fire !
 Hear me, monarch !—Guilt is woe !

‘Thus while the frowning shepherd pour'd along
 The deep impetuous torrent of his song ;
 Saul, stung by dire despair,
 Gnash'd his teeth, and tore his hair :
 From his blood, by horror chill'd,
 A cold and agonizing sweat distill'd :

Then, foaming with unutterable smart,
 He aim'd a dagger at his heart:—
 His watchful train prevent the blow,
 And call each lenient balm to soothe his frantic woe:
 But, pleas'd, the Shepherd now beheld
 His pride by heaven's own terrors quell'd ;
 Then bade his potent lyre control
 The mighty storm that rent his soul.

‘ Cease your cares : the body's pain
 A sweet relief may find ;
 But gums and lenient balms are vain,
 To heal the wounded mind.

‘ Come, fair Repentance, from the skies,
 O sainted maid, with upcast eyes !
 Descend, in thy celestial shroud,
 Vested in a weeping cloud :
 Holy guide, descend, and bring
 Mercy from the' Eternal King !
 To his soul your beams impart,
 And whisper comfort to his heart!—

‘ They come : O king, thine ear incline !
 Listen to their voice divine !
 Their voice shall every pang compose,
 To gentle sorrow soothe thy woes ;
 Till each pure wish to heaven shall soar,
 And peace return, to part no more.’

Behold, obedient to their great command,
 The lifted dagger quits his trembling hand :
 Smooth'd is his brow, where sullen care
 And furrow'd horror couch'd with fell despair:

No more his eyes with fury glow ;
 But heavenly grief succeeds to hell-born woe—
 See, the signs of grace appear !
 See the soft relenting tear,
 Trickling at sweet mercy's call ;
 Catch it angels, ere it fall !
 And let the heart-sent offering rise,
 Heaven's best accepted sacrifice !—

Yet, yet again ?—Ah see, the pang returns !
 Again with inward fire his heaving bosom burns !
 Now, shepherd, wake a mightier strain ;
 Search the deep, heart-rending pain ;
 Till the large floods of sorrow roll,
 And quench the tortures of his soul.
 Almighty Lord, accept his pang sincere !
 Let heavenly hope dispel each dark temptation !
 And, while he pours the penitential tear,
 O visit him with thy salvation.—

Stoop from heaven, ye raptur'd throng :
 Sink, ye swelling tides of song !
 For lo ! dissolv'd by music's melting power,
 Celestial sorrow rolls her plenteous shower ;
 O'er his wan cheek the colours rise,
 And beams of comfort brighten in his eyes.
 Happy king, thy woes are o'er !
 Thy God shall wound thy soul no more !
 The pitying Father of mankind
 Meets the pure returning mind.

No more shall black despair afflict his soul :
 Each gentler sound, ye shepherds, now combine ;
 Sweetly let the numbers roll :
 Soothe him into hope divine.

Now lowly let the rustic measure glide,
To quell the dark remains of self-consuming pride,
Till nature's homesprung blessings he confess,
And own that calm content is happiness—
Ye woods and lakes, ye cliffs and mountains !
Haunted grots, and living fountains !

Listen to your shepherd's lay,
Whose artless carols close the day.
Bounding kids around him throng ;
The steep rock echoes back his song :
While all unseen to mortal eye,
Sliding down the evening sky,
Holy peace, though born above,
Daughter of innocence and love,
Quits her throne and mansion bright,
Her crown of stars, and robe of light,
Serene, in gentle smiles array'd,
To dwell beneath his palm-tree shade.
Hail, meek angel ! awful guest !
Still pour thy radiance o'er my breast !
Pride and hate in courts may shine ;
The shepherd's calm and blameless tent is
thine !—

Softly, softly breathe your numbers ;
And wrap his wearied soul in slumbers ;
Gentle sleep, becalm his breast,
And close his eyes in healing rest !
Descend, celestial visions ! ye who wait
God's ministering powers, at heaven's eternal gate !
Ye, who nightly vigils keep,
And rule the silent realms of sleep,
Exalt the just to joys refin'd,
And plunge in woe the guilty mind ;

Descend !—Oh, waft him to the skies,
 And open all heaven's glories to his eyes !
 Beyond yon starry roof, by seraphs trod,
 Where light's unclouded fountains blaze ;
 Where choirs immortal hymn their God,
 Entranc'd in ecstasy of ceaseless praise.
 Angels, heal his anguish !
 Your harps and voices join !
 His grief to bliss shall languish,
 When sooth'd by sounds divine.

Behold, with dawning joy, each feature glows !
 See the blissful tear o'erflows !
 The fiend is fled !—Let music's rapture rise :
 Now harmony, thy every nerve employ :
 Shake the dome, and pierce the skies :
 Wake him, wake him into joy.—

What power can every passion's throne control ?
 What power can boast the charm divine,
 To still the tempest of the soul ?
 Celestial harmony, that mighty charm is thine !
 She, heavenly-born, came down to visit earth,
 When from God's eternal throne
 The beam of all-creative wisdom shone,
 And spake fair order into birth.
 At wisdom's call she rob'd yon glittering skies,
 Attun'd the spheres, and taught consenting orbs to
 Angels wrapt in wonder stood, [rise ;
 And saw that ' all was fair, and all was good.'
 'Twas then, ye sons of God ! in bright array
 Ye shouted o'er creation's day ;
 Then kindling into joy,
 The morning stars together sung ;
 And through the vast ethereal sky
 Seraphic hymns and loud hosannahs rung.

ON HONOUR.

TO THE LORD VISCOUNT LONSDALE.

Hic manus ob Patriam pugnando vulnera passi;
 Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat;
 Quique pii Vates, et Phœbo digna locuti;
 Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes;
 Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo;
 Omnibus his nivea cinguntur tempora vitta.

VIRG.

— Who shall go about
 To cozen fortune, and be honourable
 Without the stamp of merit?

SHAKSP.

YES: all, my lord, usurp fair honour's fame,
 Though false as various be the boasted claim:
 The' ambitious miser swells his boundless store,
 And dreads that highest scandal—to be poor;
 His wiser heir derides the dotard's aim,
 And bids profusion bribe him into fame.
 Oft Honour, perching on the ribbon'd breast,
 Sneers at weak justice, and defies the arrest;
 She dwells exulting on the tongues of kings; 9
 She wakes the muse to flight, and plumes her wings;

Ver. 1. In this and the succeeding verses, the various pretences of mankind to honour and fame are enumerated.—The lines themselves are imitated from the 11th Satire of Boileau.

The soldier views it on the shining blade;
 The pedant midst the lumber in his head.
 She to fell treason the disguise can lend,
 And sheathe her sword, remorseless, in a friend :
 Her throne's fantastic pride, we often see
 Rear'd on the tombs of truth and honesty ;
 Fops, templars, courtiers, slaves, cheats, patriots, all
 Pretend to hear, and to obey her call.

Where fix we then ?—Each boasting thus his own,
 Say, does true honour dwell with all or none ? 20

The truth, my lord, is clear: though impious pride
 Be ever self-ador'd, self-deified ;
 Though fools, by passion or self-love betray'd,
 Fall down and worship what themselves have made ;
 Still does the goddess, in her form divine,
 O'er each grim idol eminently shine ;
 Array'd in lasting majesty, is known
 Through every clime and age, unchang'd, and one.

But how explor'd?—Take reason for your
 guide,

Discard self-love, set passion's glass aside ; 30
 Nor view her with the jaundiced eye of pride.
 Yet judge not rashly, from a partial view,
 Of what is wrong or right, or false or true ;
 Objects too near deceive the observer's eye ;
 Examine those which at a distance lie.

Ver. 21. Though they be thus inconstant and contradictory, yet true honour is a thing fixed and determinate.

Ver. 29. If we would form an impartial judgment of what is truly honourable, we must abstract all considerations which regard ourselves.

Ver. 32. Not only so, but we must remove ourselves to a proper distance from the object we examine, lest some part should predominate in our eye, and occasion a false judgment of the whole.

Scarce is the structure's harmony descried
 Midst the tall column's and gay order's pride ;
 But tow'r'd the destin'd point your sight remove,
 And this shall lessen still, and that improve ;
 New beauties gain upon your wondering eyes, 40
 And the fair whole in just proportion rise.
 Thus honour's true proportions best are seen,
 Where the due length of ages lie between :
 This separates pride from greatness, show from
 worth,

Detects false beauty, real grace calls forth ;
 Points out what merits praise, what merits blame,
 Sinks in disgrace, or rises into fame.

Come then, from past examples, let us prove,
 What raises hate, contempt, esteem, or love.

Can greatness give true honour? can expense?
 Can luxury? or can magnificence? 51

Wild is the purpose, and the fruitless aim
 Like a vile prostitute to bribe fair fame ;
 Persuasive splendour vainly tempts her ear,
 And e'en all-potent gold is baffled here.
 Ye pyramids, that once could threat the skies,
 Aspiring towers, and cloud-wrapt wonders rise !
 To latest age your founder's pride proclaim ;
 Record the tyrant's greatness ; tell his name ;
 No more :—the treacherous brick and mouldering
 stone 60

Are sunk in dust : the boasting title gone ;

Ver. 48. Therefore the surest method is, to prove by past
 examples what commands our love and esteem.

Ver. 50. Expense and grandeur cannot give true honour :
 their most splendid monuments vanish ; and even should
 they last for ever, could not bestow real glory, if only the
 records of pride, tyranny, and vice.

Pride's trophies, swept by time's devouring flood,
The' inscription want, to tell where once they stood,
But could they rival nature, time defy,
Yet what record but vice or vanity?

His the true glory though his name unknown,
Who taught the arch to swell ; to rise, the stone ;
Not his, whose wild command fair art obey'd,
Whilst folly dictated, or passion sway'd. 69

No : spite of greatness, pride and vice are seen,
Shameful in pomp, conspicuously mean.

In vain, O Studley ! thy proud forests spread ;
In vain each gilded turret rears its head ;
In vain thy lord commands the stream to fall,
Extends the view, or spreads the smooth canal,
While guilt's black train each conscious walk invade,
And cries of orphans haunt him in the shade.
Mistaken man ! by crimes to hope for fame !
Thy imag'd glory leads to real shame :

Is villany self-hated ? thus to raise 80
Upbraiding monuments of foul disgrace !
Succeeding times, and ages yet unborn,
Shall view the guilty scenes with honest scorn ;
Disdain each beauty thy proud folly plann'd,
And curse the labours of oppression's hand.

Next view the hero in the' embattled field :
True honour's fruit can conquest's laurel yield ?

Him only honour'd, only lov'd we find,
Who fights not to destroy, but save mankind :

Ver. 72, 73. Much less if purchased by oppression and
guilt. Studley in Yorkshire is the seat of the Aislabies, one
of whom was deeply concerned in a dark transaction of the
year 1720.

Ver. 86. True honour is not to be reaped from unjust
conquest. It is not victory, but a just cause, that can engage
our esteem.

Pelides' fury may our wonder move, 90
 But godlike Hector is the man we love.
 See William's sword a tyrant's pride disarm ;
 See Lewis trembling under Marlborough's arm :
 Say, which to humankind are friends or foes ;
 And who detests not these, and loves not those ?
 Conquest unjust can ne'er command applause ;
 'Tis not the victory charms you but the cause :
 Not Cæsar's self can feign the patriot's part,
 Nor his false virtues hide his poison'd heart ;
 But round thy brows the willing laurels twine, 100
 Whose voice wak'd freedom in the savage mine !
 Yes : truly glorious, only great is he,
 Who conquers, or who bleeds for liberty.
 ' Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
 From Macedonia's madman to the Swede.'
 Like baleful comets flaming in the skies,
 At destin'd times the appointed scourges rise ;
 Awhile in streaming lustre sweep along,
 And fix in wonder's gaze the admiring throng ;
 But reason's eye detects the spurious ray, 110
 And the false blaze of glory dies away.
 Now all the aerial cells of wit explore ;
 The mazy rounds of science travel o'er,
 Search all the deep recesses of the mind,
 And see if there true honour sit enshrin'd.
 Alas ! nor wit nor science this can boast,
 Oft dash'd with error, oft in caprice lost !

Ver. 101. Gustavus Vasa.

Ver. 116. Neither is true glory to be obtained by wit or science : they are chimerical : Sometimes attended with folly, or weakness : often stained with vice, and so render their possessors mischievous and infamous.

Transient as bright the short-liv'd bubbles fly !
 And modes of wit, and modes of science die.
 See Rabelais once the idol of the age ; 120
 Yet now neglected lies the smutty page !
 Of once-renown'd Des Cartes how low the fall,—
 His glory with his whirlpools vanish all !
 See folly, wit—and weakness, wisdom stain—
 And Villiers witty—Bacon wise in vain !
 Oft vice corrupts what sense and parts refine,
 And clouds the splendour of the brighter line,
 Sullies what Congreve and what Dryden writ—
 This fashion's slave : as that, the slave of wit.
 In vain fair genius bids the laurel shoot, 130
 The deadly worm thus eating at the root ;
 Corroded thus, the greenest wreaths decay,
 And all the poet's honours fall away :
 Quick as autumnal leaves, the laurels fade,
 And drop on Rochester's and Otway's head.

Where then is found true honour, heavenly fair,
 Ask Lonsdale, ask your heart—she dictates there.

Yes :—'tis in virtue—that alone can give
 The lasting honour, and bid glory live :
 On virtue's basis only fame can rise, 140
 To stand the storms of age, and reach the skies :
 Arts, conquests, greatness, feel the stroke of fate,
 Shrink sudden, and betray the' incumbent weight ;
 Time with contempt the faithless props surveys,
 ' And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.'

'Tis virtue only can the bard inspire,
 And fill his raptur'd breast with lasting fire ;
 Touch'd by the' ethereal ray, each kindled line
 Beams strong: still virtue feeds the flame divine :

Where'er she treads she leaves her footsteps bright
 In radiant tracts of never-dying light : 151
 These shed the lustre o'er each sacred name,
 Give Spenser's clear, and Shakspeare's noble flame ;
 Blaze to the skies in Milton's ardent song,
 And kindle the brisk-sallying fire of Young ;
 These gild each humble verse in modest Gay ;
 These give to Swift the keen soul-piercing ray ;
 Mildly through Addison's chaste page they shine,
 And glow and warm in Pope's immortal line.

Nor less the sage must live by virtue's aid; 160
 Truth must support him, or his glories fade ;
 And truth and virtue differ but in name :
 Like light and heat—distinguish'd, yet the same.

To truth and virtue the ascent is sure ;
 The wholesome stream implies the fountain pure ;
 To taste the spring we oft essay in vain :
 Deep lies the source, too short is reason's chain :
 But those the issues of pure truth we know,
 Which in clear strength through virtue's channel
 flow :

Error in vain attempts the foul disguise, 170
 Still tasted in the bitter wave of vice ;
 Drawn from the springs of falsehood all confess
 Each baneful drop that poisons happiness :

Ver. 153. It is virtue only that gives the poet lasting glory : this proved by instances.

Ver. 164. The philosopher can only hope for true glory from the same source, because truth is his object, and nothing can be truth that tends to destroy virtue and happiness. Hence appears the madness, infamy, and falsehood of those destructive schemes set on foot by the sect called 'Free-thinkers.'

Gordon's thin shallows, Tindal's muddy page,
And Morgan's gall, and Woolston's furious rage ;
The' envenom'd stream that flows from Toland's
quill,

And the rank dregs of Hobbes and Mandeville.
Detested names ! yet sentenc'd ne'er to die :
Snatch'd from oblivion's grave by infamy !

Insect-opinions, hatch'd by folly's ray, 180
Bask in the beam that wing'd them for a day :

Ver. 174. Gordon's thin shallows. The work here characterized is entitled, 'The Independent Whig, or a Defence of our Ecclesiastical Establishment ;' yet it may be truly affirmed, that there is not one institution of the Church of England, but what is here misrepresented, and ridiculed with the lowest and most despicable scurrility.

Ver. 174. Alluding to the confusion of ideas, which that dull writer, Tindal, labours under.

Ver. 175. His character is thus drawn by an excellent writer—' He, by the peculiar felicity of a good choice, having learned his morality of our Tindal, and his philosophy of your [the Jews] Spinoza, calls himself, by the courtesy of England, a Moral Philosopher.' *Warb. Div. Leg. of Moses.*

Ver. 176. Toland was a noted advocate for that species of atheism, commonly called Pantheism.

Ver. 177. It is confessed Hobbes was a man of genius and learning : yet through a ridiculous affectation of being regarded as the founder of new systems, he has advanced many things even below confutation.

Ver. 177. Mandeville was the author of that monstrous heap of contradiction and absurdity, ' The Fable of the Bees ; or private Vices public Benefits.' The reader who is acquainted with the writings of these gentlemen, will probably observe a kind of climax in this place ; ascending from those who have attempted to destroy the several fences of virtue, to the, ' wild boars of the wood, that root it up.'

Ver. 180. Falsehood short-lived ; truth eternal.

Truth, phoenix-like, immortal, though she dies,
With strength renew'd shall from her ashes rise.

See how the lustre of the' Athenian sage
Shines through the lengthen'd gloom of many an age !
Virtue alone so wide the beam could spread,
And throw the lasting glory round his head.
See Newton chase conjecture's twilight ray,
And light up nature into certain day !
He wide creation's trackless mazes trod ; 190
And in each atom found the ruling God.
Unrivall'd pair ! with truth and virtue fraught !
Whose lives confirm'd whate'er their reason taught ;
Whose far-stretch'd views and bright examples
join'd

At once to' enlighten and persuade mankind !
Hail, names rever'd ! which time and truth proclaim
The first and fairest in the list of fame.

Kings, statesmen, patriots, thus to glory rise ;
On virtue grows the fame, or soon it dies ;
But grafted on the vigorous stock, 'tis seen 200
Brighten'd by age, and springs in endless green :
Pride, folly, vice, may blossom for an hour,
Fed by court sunshine, and poetic show'r ;
But the pale tendrils, nurs'd by flattery's hand,
Unwearied tendance, fresh supplies demand ;
By heats unnatural push'd to sudden growth,
They sicken at the' inclement blasts of truth ;

Ver. 184. Socrates and Newton.

Examples of the two most eminent philosophers that ever adorned the world ; the one excellent in moral, the other in natural knowledge.

Ver. 198. Must build their fame on virtue.

Ver. 201. Flattery cannot raise folly or vice into true glory.

Shook by the weakest breath that passes by,
Their colours fade, they wither, droop, and die.

* * * * *

'Tis virtue only that shall grow with time, 210
Live through each age, and spread through every
clime.

See godlike patriots, generous, wise, and good,
Stand in the breach, and stem corruption's flood!

See martyr-bishops at the stake expire,
Smile on the faggot, and defy its fire!

How great in exile Hyde and Tully shone!

How Alfred's virtues brighten'd all his throne!

From worth like this unbidden glories stream;
Nor borrow'd blaze it asks, nor fortune's beam;
Affliction's gloom but makes it still more bright,
As the clear lamp shines clearest in the night. 221

Thus various honours various states adorn,
As different stars with different glories burn;
Their orbs too wider, as their sphere is higher;
Yet all partake the same celestial fire.

See then heaven's endless bounty, and confess,
Which gives, in virtue, fame, and happiness;
See mankind's folly, who the boon despise,
And grasp at pain and infamy in vice! 229

Ver. 214. The catalogue of these heroes, through the several ages of Christianity, is too large to be inserted in a work of this nature. Those of our country were Ridley, Latimer, and the good (though less fortunate) Cranmer.

Ver. 216. Hyde, Earl of Clarendon.

Ver. 222. Thus it appears that every one has the power of obtaining true honour, by promoting the happiness of mankind in his proper station.

Ver. 226. And thus the love of fame, though often perverted to bad ends, is naturally conducive of virtue and happiness.

Not so the man who, mov'd by virtue's laws,
 Reveres himself—and gains, not seeks applause ;
 Whose views concenter'd all to virtue tend ;
 Who makes true glory but his second end :
 Still sway'd by what is fit, and just, and true,
 Who gives to all whate'er to all is due ;
 When parties mad sedition's garb put on,
 Snatches the highest praise—and is of none :
 Whilst round and round the veering patriots roll,
 Unshaken points to truth, as to his pole,
 Contemns alike what factions praise or blame ; —
 O'er rumour's narrow orbit soars to fame : 240
 Unmov'd whilst malice barks, or envy howls,
 Walks firm to virtue, through the scoffs of fools ;
 No minion flatters ; gains no selfish end ;
 His own—his King's—his country's—mankind's
 friend ; —
 Him virtue crowns with wreaths that ne'er decay ;
 And glory circles him with endless day.

Such he, who deep in virtue roots his fame ;
 And such, through ages, shall be Lonsdale's name.

FRAGMENT OF A RAPSODY,

WRITTEN AT THE LAKES IN WESTMORELAND.

Now sunk the sun, now twilight sunk, and night
 Rode in her zenith ; nor a passing breeze
 Sigh'd to the groves, which in the midnight air
 Stood motionless ; and in the peaceful floods
 Inverted hung ; for now the billow slept

Ver. 230, 231. True honour characterized and exemplified.

Along the shore, nor heav'd the deep, but spread
 A shining mirror to the moon's pale orb,
 Which, dim and waning o'er the shadowy cliffs,
 The solemn woods and spiry mountain-tops
 Her glimmering faintness threw. Now every eye
 Oppress'd with toil was drown'd in deep repose,
 Save that the unseen shepherd in his watch,
 Prop'd on his crook, stood listening by the fold,
 And gaz'd the starry vault and pendent moon.
 Nor voice nor sound broke on the deep serene,
 But the soft murmur of swift gushing rills,
 Forth issuing from the mountain's distant steep
 (Unheard till now, and now scarce heard) proclaim'd
 All things at rest, and imag'd the still voice
 Of Quiet, whispering to the ear of Night.

INSCRIPTION.

— Finemque tueri,
 — Naturamque sequi.

WHAT though no glittering turret rise,
 Nor splendour gild these mild retreats,
 Yet Nature *here* in modest guise
 Displays her unambitious sweets:

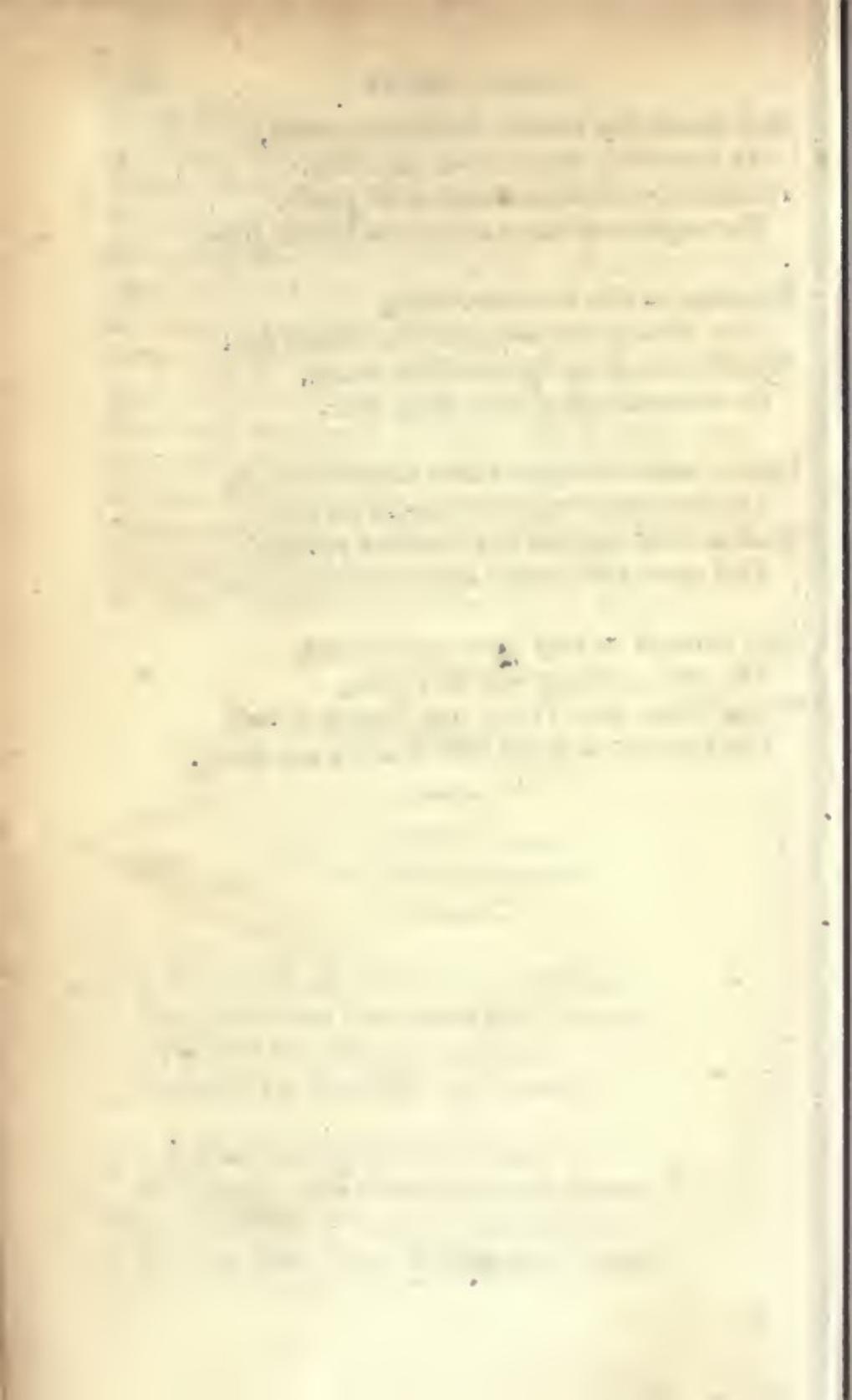
Along each gently-swelling lawn
 She strays, with rustic garlands crown'd!
 And wakes the flowers at early dawn,
 To fling their bosom'd fragrance round.

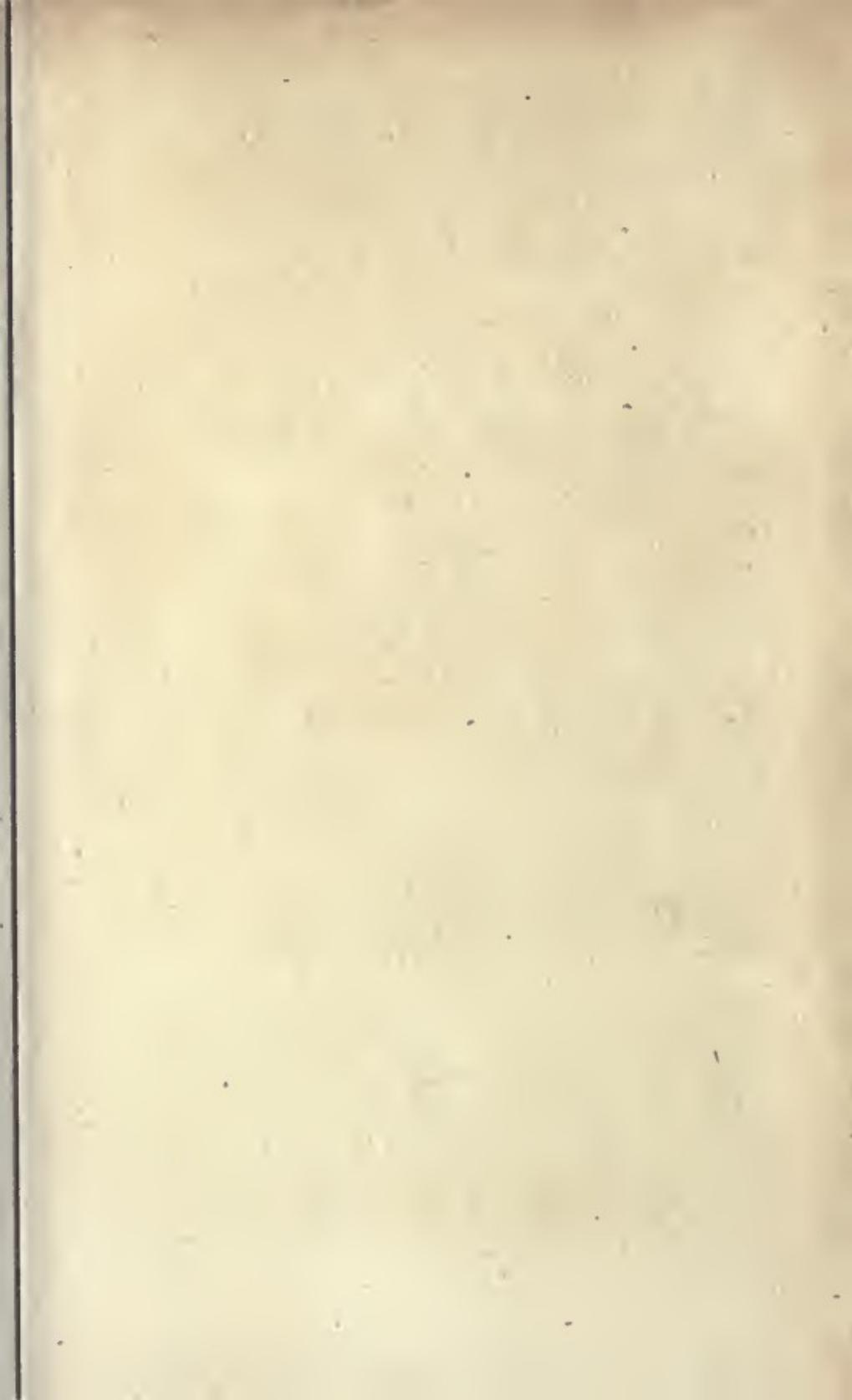
*Here teach thy votary, blameless guide,
To trace thy step serene and free,
To shun the toilsome heights of pride,
Through these calm scenes to follow thee.*

*His silent walks do thou adorn,
O'er these green slopes from tumult far :
Whether he greet the blushing morn,
Or welcome up you evening star.*

*Intent, while through these tufted bowers,
Thy generous whispers charm his ear,
To hail from heaven thy kindred powers,
And meet fair Peace and Freedom here.*

*Yet, prompt to stay his country's fall,
The city's stormy war he'll join,
When Thou, and Truth, and Freedom call,
For Freedom's voice and Truth's are thine.*







G R A N G E R.
Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray
Fetch water from the spring:
She falls, she falls, she dies away—
And soon her knell they ring.

By J. Sharpe

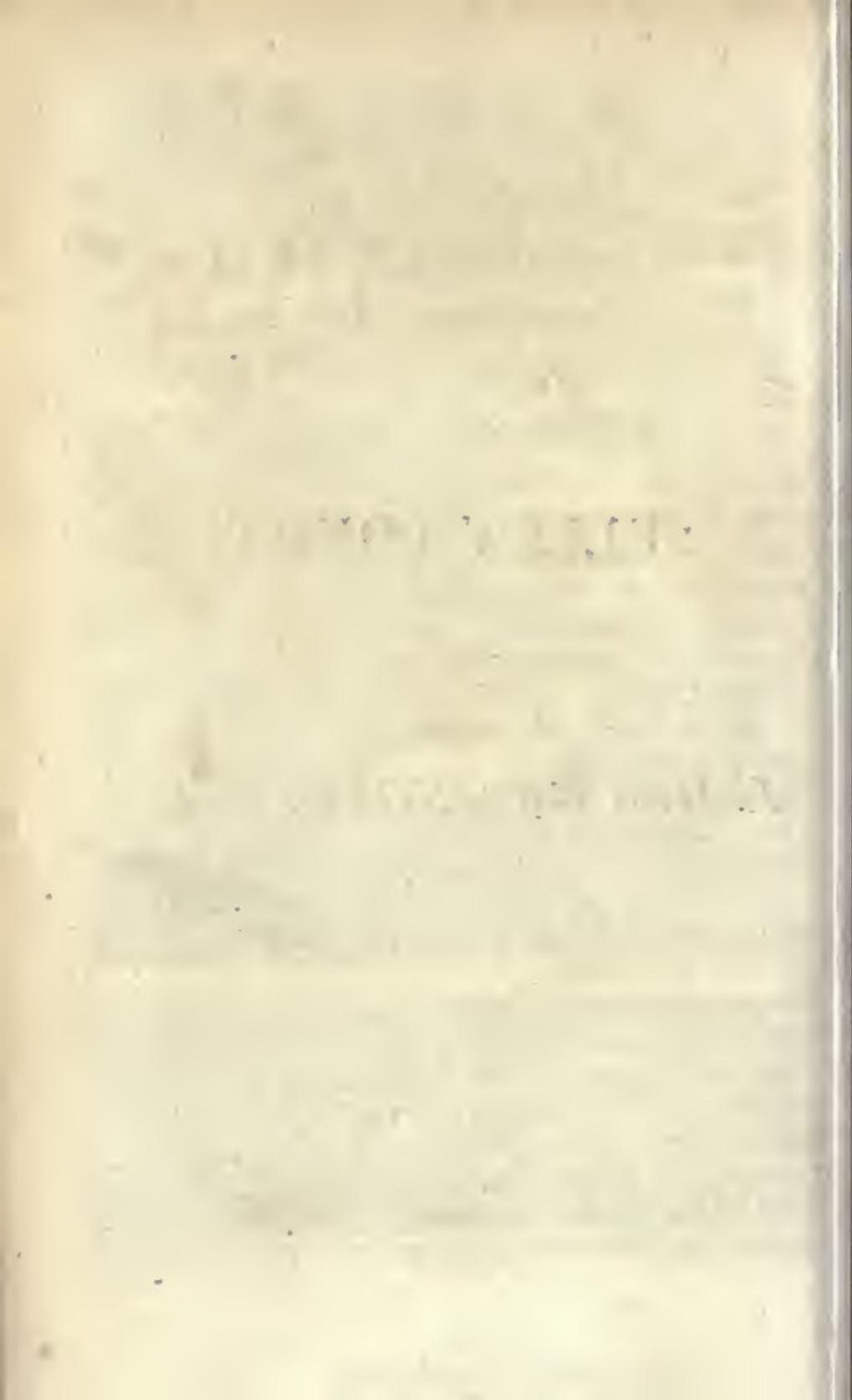
Drawn by Rich'd Cook

Engrav'd by A. Cardon

SELECT POEMS

OF

JAMES GRAINGER, M. D.



JAMES GRAINGER, M. D.

SOLITUDE.

AN ODE.

O SOLITUDE, romantic maid !
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
Or, starting from your half-year's sleep,
From Hecla view the thawing deep ;
Or, at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmor's marble wastes survey ;
 You, recluse, again I woo,
 And again your steps pursue.

Plum'd conceit, himself surveying ;
Folly, with her shadow playing ;
Purse-proud, elbowing insolence ;
Bloated empiric, puff'd pretence ;
Noise, that through a trumpet speaks ;
Laughter, in loud peals that breaks ;
Intrusion with a fopling's face,
(Ignorant of time and place)
Sparks of fire dissention blowing,
Ductile, court-bred flattery, bowing ;

Restraint's stiff neck, grimace's leer,
 Squint-ey'd censure's artful sneer :
 Ambition's buskins, steep'd in blood,
 Fly thy presence, Solitude !

Sage reflection, bent with years ;
 Conscious virtue, void of fears ;
 Muffled silence, wood-nymph shy ;
 Meditation's piercing eye ;
 Halcyon peace, on moss reclin'd ;
 Retrospect, that scans the mind ;
 Rapt earth-gazing revery,
 Blushing artless modesty,
 Health that snuffs the morning air,
 Full-ey'd truth, with bosom bare,
 Inspiration, nature's child,
 Seek the solitary wild.

You, with the tragic muse retir'd ¹,
 The wise Euripides inspir'd,
 You taught the sadly-pleasing air
 That Athens ² sav'd from ruins bare.
 You gave the Cean's tears to flow,
 And unlock'd ³ the springs of woe :
 You pen'd what exil'd Naso thought,
 And pour'd the melancholy note.
 With Petrarch o'er Valcluse you stray'd,
 When death snatch'd his long-lov'd maid ⁴ ;
 You taught the rocks her loss to mourn,
 You strew'd with flowers her virgin-urn,

¹ In the island Salamis.

² See Plutarch in the life of Lysander.

³ Simonides.

⁴ Laura, twenty years, and ten after her death.

And late in Hagley⁵ you were seen,
 With bloodshed eyes, and sombre mien ;
 Hymen his yellow vestment tore,
 And Dirge a wreath of cypress wore.
 But chief your own the solemn lay
 That wept Narcissa young and gay ;
 Darkness clap'd her sable wing,
 While you touch'd the mournful string,
 Anguish left the pathless wild,
 Grim-fac'd melancholy smil'd,
 Drowsy midnight ceas'd to yawn,
 The starry host put back the dawn,
 Aside their harps ev'n seraphs flung,
 To hear thy sweet complaint, O Young !

When all nature's hush'd asleep,
 Nor love nor guilt their vigils keep ;
 Soft you leave your cavern'd den,
 And wander o'er the works of men ;
 But when Phosphor brings the dawn,
 By her dappled coursers drawn,
 Again you to the wild retreat,
 And the early huntsman meet,
 Where as you pensive pace along,
 You catch the distant shepherd's song,
 Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,
 Or the rising primrose view :
 Devotion lends her heaven-plum'd wings,
 You mount, and nature with you sings.
 But when mid-day fervours glow,
 To upland airy shades you go,
 Where never sunburnt woodman came,
 Nor sportsman chas'd the timid game ;

⁵ Monody on the death of Mrs. Lyttelton.

And there, beneath an oak reclin'd,
With drowsy waterfalls behind,
You sink to rest :—
Till the tuneful bird of night,
From the neighbouring poplar's height,
Wake you with her solemn strain,
And teach pleas'd echo to complain.

With you roses brighter bloom,
Sweeter every sweet perfume ;
Purer every fountain flows,
Stronger every wilding grows.

Let those toil for gold who please,
Or for fame renounce their ease.
What is fame? an empty bubble ;
Gold? a transient, shining trouble.
Let them for their country bleed,
What was Sidney's, Raleigh's meed?
Man's not worth a moment's pain,
Base, ungrateful, fickle, vain.
Then let me, sequester'd fair,
To your sibyl grot repair ;
On yon hanging cliff it stands,
Scoop'd by nature's savage hands,
Bosom'd in the gloomy shade
Of cypress, not with age decay'd :
Where the owl still hooting sits,
Where the bat incessant flits,
There in loftier strains I'll sing
Whence the changing seasons spring,
Tell how storms deform the skies,
Whence the waves subside and rise,
Trace the comet's blazing tail,
Weigh the planets in a scale ;

Bend, great God ! before thy shrine,
The bournless macrocosm's thine.

Save me ! what's you shrouded shade,
That wanders in the dark-brown glade ?
It beckons me !——vain fears adieu,
Mysterious ghost, I follow you.
Ah me ! too well that gait I know,
My youth's first friend, my manhood's woe !
Its breast it bares ! what ! stain'd with blood ?
Quick let me stanch the vital flood.
Oh spirit, whither art thou flown ?
Why, left me comfortless alone ?—
O Solitude, on me bestow
The heartfelt harmony of woe,
Such, such, as on the' Ausonian shore,
Sweet Dorian Moschus ⁵ trill'd of yore :
No time should cancel thy desert,
More, more than Bion ⁶ was, thou went.

O goddess of the tearful eye,
The never-ceasing stream supply,
Let us with retirement go
To charnels, and the house of woe ;
O'er friendship's herse low-drooping mourn,
Where the sickly tapers burn,
Where death and nun-clad sorrow dwell,
And nightly ring the solemn knell.
The gloom dispels, the charnel smiles,
Light flashes through the vaulted isles,
Blow silky soft, thou western gale,
O goddess of the desert, hail !

⁵ See Idyll.

⁶ Alluding to the death of a friend.

She bursts from yon cliff-riven cave,
Insulted by the wintry wave ;
Her brow an ivy garland binds,
Her tresses wanton with the winds,
A lion's spoils, without a zone,
Around her limbs are careless thrown ;
Her right hand wields a knotted mace,
Her eyes roll wild, a stride her pace ;
Her left a magic mirror holds,
In which she oft herself beholds.
O goddess of the desert, hail !
And softer blow, thou western gale !

‘ Since in each scheme of life I've fail'd,
And disappointment seems entail'd ;
Since all on earth I valued most,
My guide, my stay, my friend is lost ;
You, only you, can make me bless'd,
And hush the tempest in my breast.
Then gently deign to guide my feet
To your hermit-trodden seat,
Where I may live at last my own,
Where I at last may die unknown.
I spoke, she turn'd her magic ray,
And thus she said, or seem'd to say :

‘ Youth, you're mistaken, if you think to find
In shades a medicine for a troubled mind ;
Wan Grief will haunt you whereso'er you go,
Sigh in the breeze, and in the streamlet flow,
There pale Inaction pines his life away,
And, satiate, curses the return of day :
There naked Frenzy, laughing wild with pain,
Or bares the blade, or plunges in the main :
There Superstition broods o'er all her fears,
And yells of demons in the zephyr hears.

But if a hermit you're resolv'd to dwell,
And bid to social life a last farewell ;
'Tis impious !——

God never made an independent man,
'Twould jar the concord of his general plan :
See every part of that stupendous whole,
" Whose body nature is, and God the soul ;"
To one great end, the general good, conspire,
From matter, brute, to man, to seraph, sire.
Should man through nature solitary roam,
His will his sovereign, every where his home,
What force would guard him from the lion's jaw ?
What swiftness wing him from the panther's paw ?
Or should fate lead him to some safer shore,
Where panthers never prowl, nor lions roar ;
Where liberal nature all her charms bestows,
Suns shine, birds sing, flowers bloom, and water
flows,

Fool, dost thou think he'd revel on the store,
Absolve the care of Heaven, nor ask for more ?
'Though waters flow'd, flower's bloom'd, and Phœ-
bus shone,

He'd sigh, he'd murmur that he was alone.
For know, the Maker on the human breast
A sense of kindred, country, man, impress'd ;
And social life to better, aid, adorn,
With proper faculties each mortal's born.

Though nature's works the ruling mind declare,
And well deserve inquiry's serious care,
The God (whate'er misanthropy may say)
Shines, beams in man, with most unclouded ray.
What boots it thee to fly from pole to pole ?
Hang o'er the sun, and with the planets roll ?

What boots through space's furthest bourns to roam!
If thou, O man! a stranger art at home.
Then know thyself, the human mind survey,
The use, the pleasure, will the toil repay.
Hence inspiration plans his manner'd lays,
Hence Homer's crown; and, Shakspeare! hence
thy bays.

Hence he, the pride of Athens and the shame,
The best and wisest of mankind became.
Nor study only, practise what you know,
Your life, your knowledge, to mankind you owe.
With Plato's olive wreath the bays entwine;
Those who in study, should in practice shine.
Say, does the learned Lord⁷ of Hagley's shade
Charm man, so much by mossy fountains laid,
As when arous'd, he stems corruption's course,
And shakes the senate with a Tully's force?
When freedom gasp'd beneath a Cæsar's feet,
Then public virtue might to shades retreat;
But where she breathes, the least may useful be,
And freedom, Britain, still belong to thee!
Though man's ungrateful, or though fortune frown;
Is the reward of worth a song, or crown?
Nor yet unrecompens'd are virtue's pains,
Good Allen lives, and bounteous Brunswick reigns.
On each condition disappointments wait,
Enter the hut, and force the guarded gate:
Nor dare repine, though early friendship bleed,
From love, the world, and all its cares, he's freed.
But know, adversity's the child of God;
Whom Heaven approves of most, most feel her rod.

⁷ Lord Lyttleton.

When smooth old Ocean, and each storm's asleep,
 Then ignorance may plough the watery deep ;
 But when the demons of the tempest rave,
 Skill must conduct the vessel through the wave.
 Sidney⁸, what good man envies not thy blow ?
 Who would not wish Anytus⁹ for a foe ?
 Intrepid virtue triumphs over fate,
 The good can never be unfortunate :
 And be this maxim graven in thy mind,
 ' The height of virtue is, to serve mankind.'

But when old age has silver'd o'er thy head,
 When mem'ry fails, and all thy vigour's fled,
 Then may'st thou seek the stillness of retreat,
 Then hear aloof the human tempest beat ;
 Then will I greet thee to my woodland cave,
 Allay the pangs of age, and smooth thy grave.

BRYAN AND PEREENE.

A WEST INDIAN BALLAD.

THE north-east wind did briskly blow,
 The ship was safely moor'd,
 Young Bryan thought the boat's crew slow,
 And so leapt overboard.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
 His heart did long enthral,
 And whoso his impatience blames,
 I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

⁸ Sir Philip Sidney, who was killed at the battle of Zutphen.

⁹ One of the accusers of Socrates.

A long, long year, one month and day,
He dwelt on English land,
Nor once in thought would ever stray,
Though ladies sought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
Right blithsome roll'd his e'en,
Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung,
He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
That grac'd his mistress true;
Such charms the old world never saw,
Nor oft, I ween, the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine ;
Her cheeks red dewy rose-buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied,
She cast her weeds away,
And to the palmy shore she lied,
All in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad,
She there impatient stood ;
The crew with wonder saw the lad
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
Which he at parting gave ;
Well pleas'd, the token he survey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions, one and all,
 Rejoicing crowd the strand ;
 For now her lover swam in call,
 And almost touch'd the land.

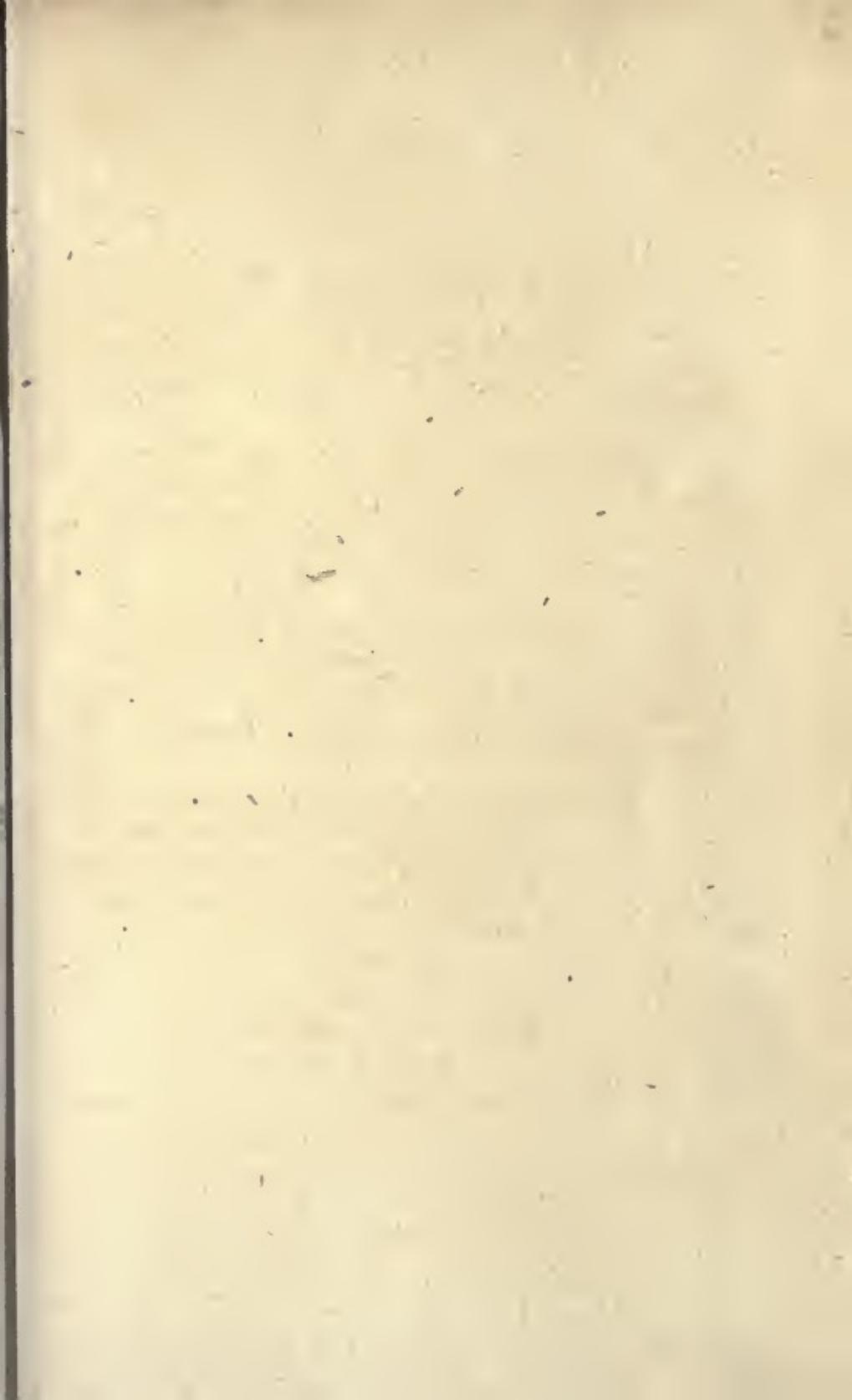
Then through the white surf did she haste,
 To clasp her lovely swain ;
 When, ah ! a shark bit through his waist :
 His heart's blood dy'd the main !

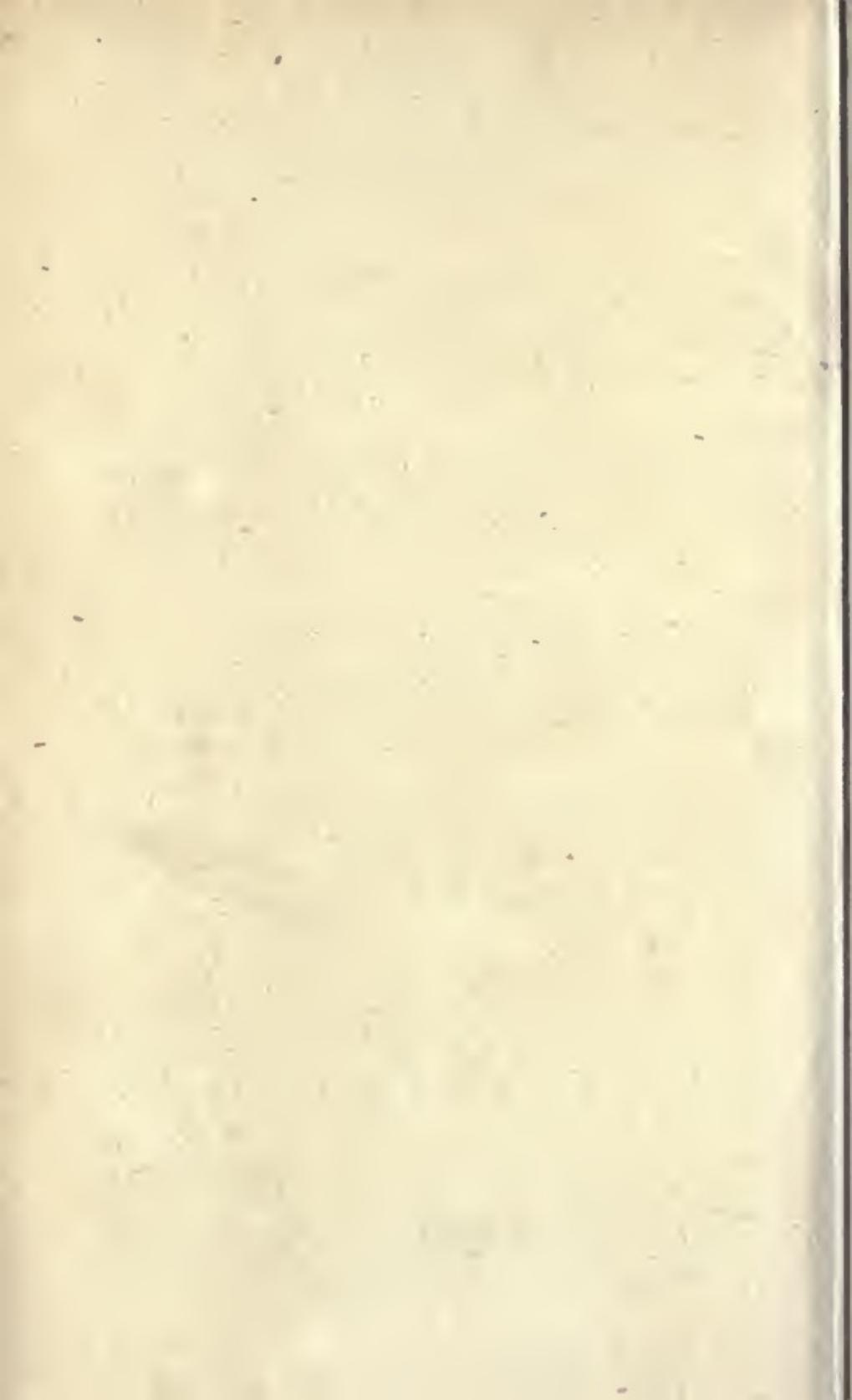
He shriek'd ! his half sprung from the wave,
 Streaming with purple gore,
 And soon it found a living grave,
 And, ah ! was seen no more.

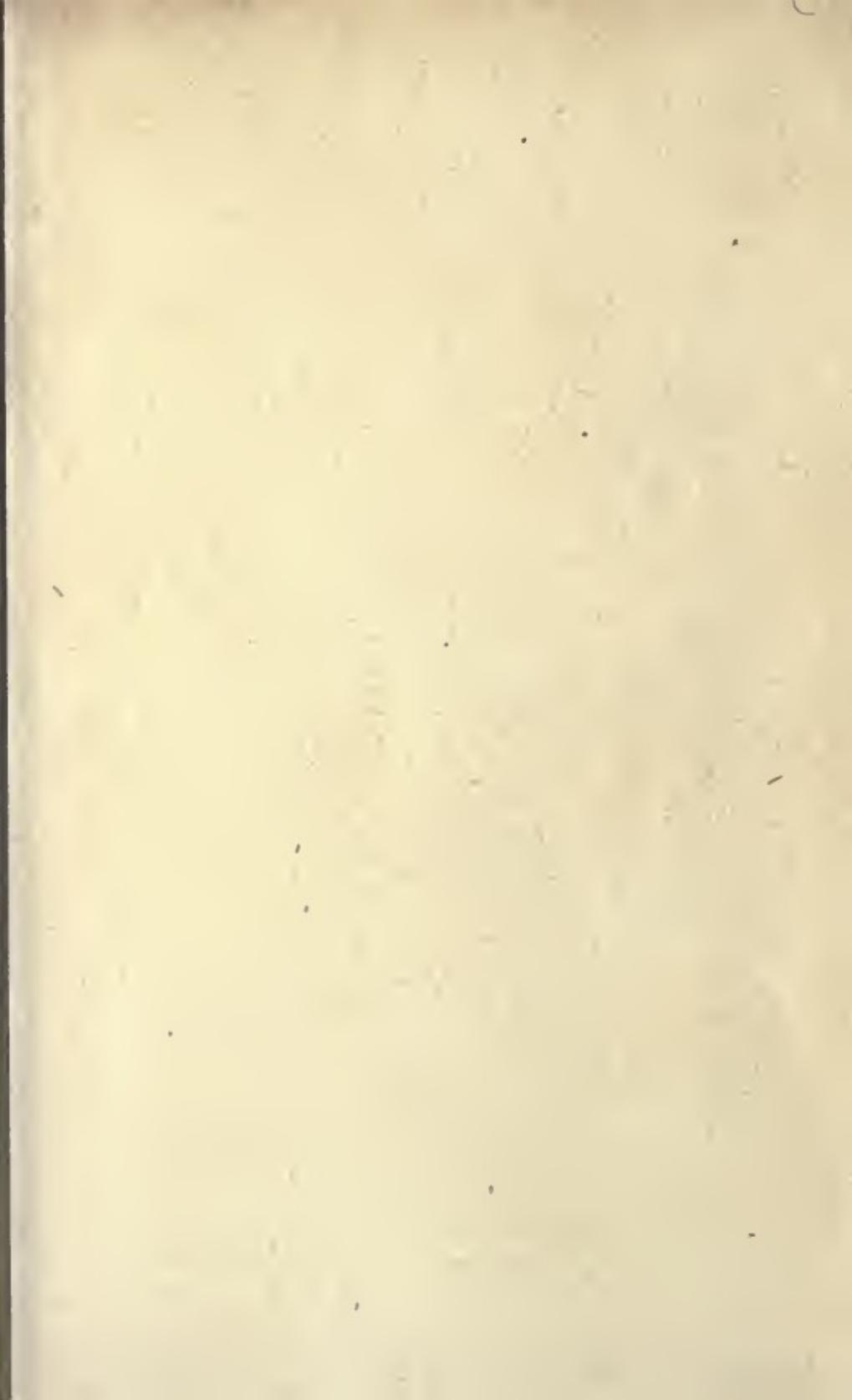
Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
 Fetch water from the spring :
 She falls, she falls, she dies away—
 And soon her knell they ring.

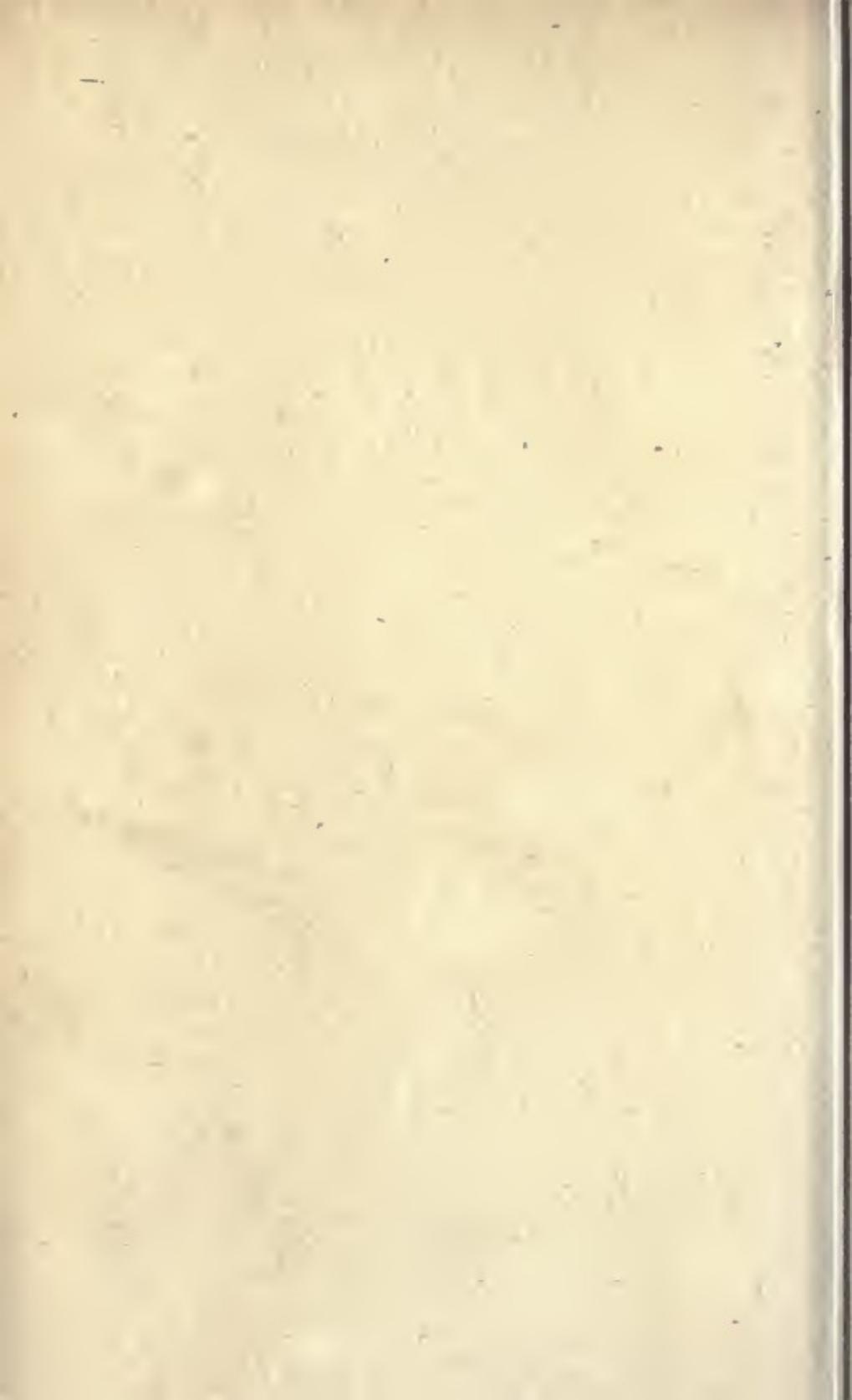
Now each May morning round her tomb,
 Ye fair, fresh flow'rets strew,
 So may your lovers 'scape his doom,
 Her hapless fate 'scape you.

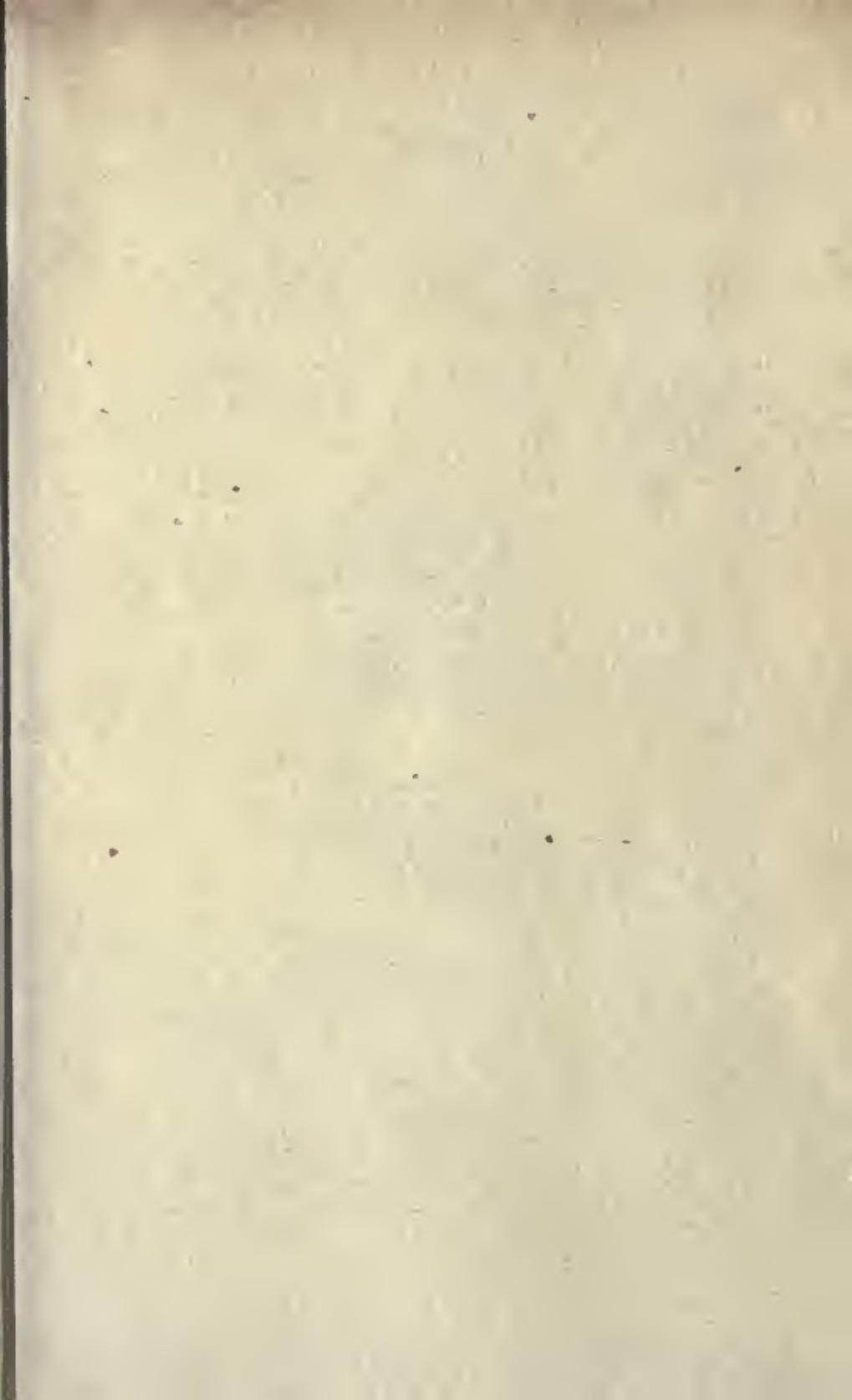
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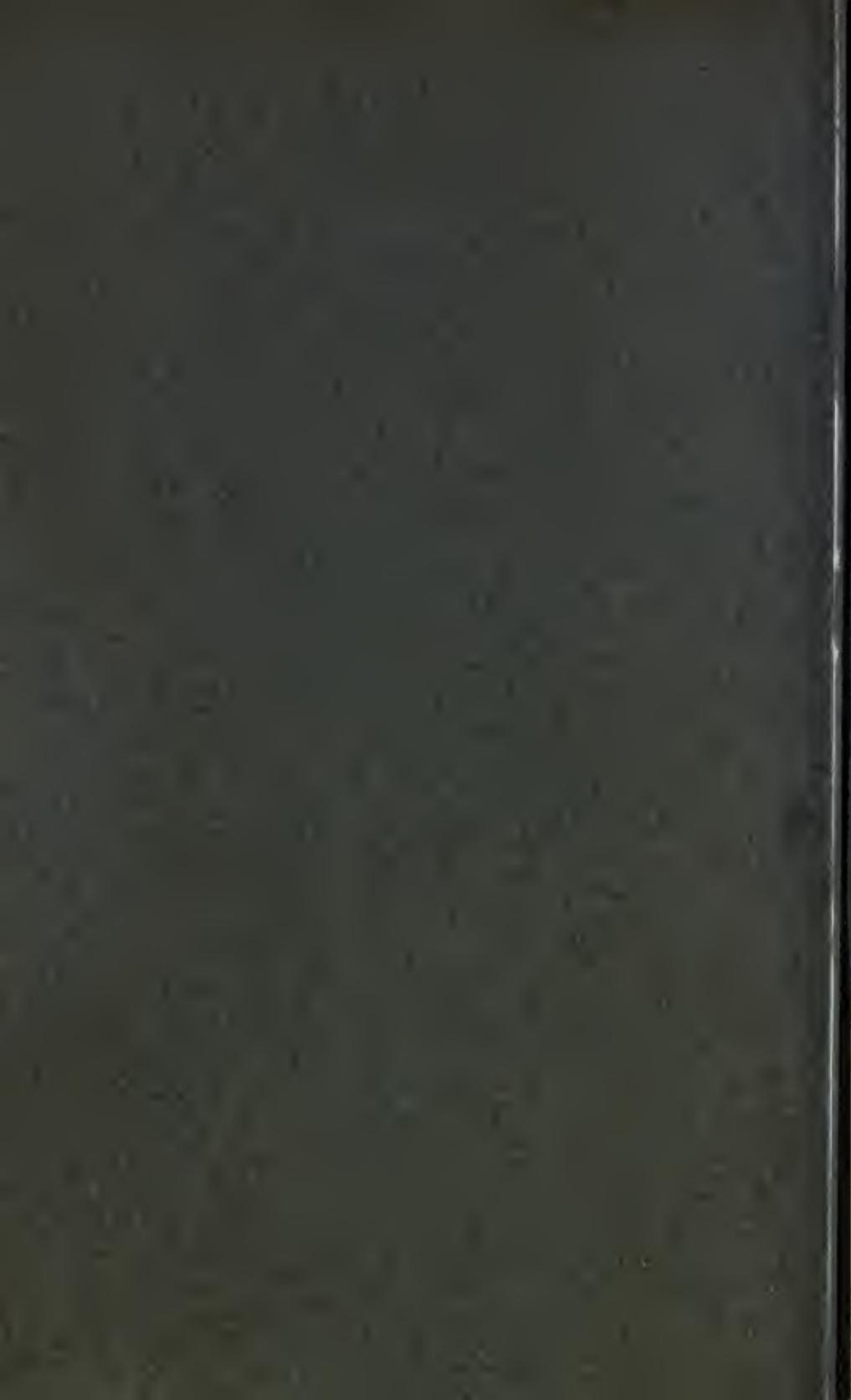












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